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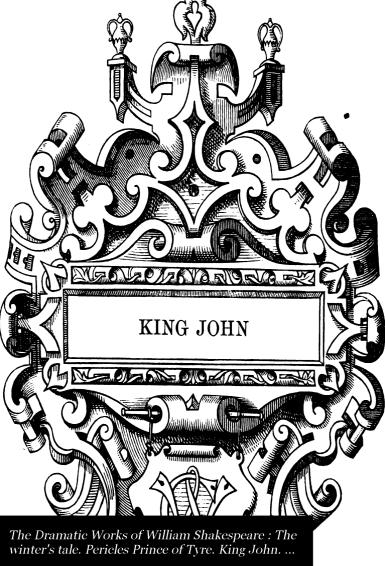
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William Shakespeare

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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH VIGNETTES

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY JOHN THOMPSON

FROM DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD

IN TEN VOLUMES VOL. IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE
PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE
KING JOHN
KING RICHARD 11.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER F.S.A.

THE LIFE OF THE POET AND CRITICAL
ESSAYS ON THE PLAYS
BY WILLIAM WATKISS LLOYD M.R.S.L.

ETC. ETC.



The Winter's Tale. Act iv Sc. 111.

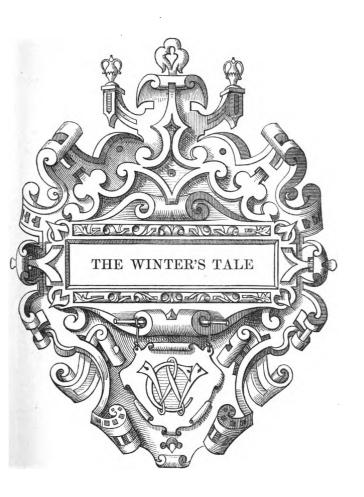
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THE WINTER'S TALE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

HE story of this play is taken from The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, by Robert Greene, which was first printed in 1588. The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus are of the poet's own creation; and many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

A booke entitled A Winter's Night's Pastime, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1594, but which has not come down to us, may have suggested the title, by which Shakespeare thought the romantic and extraordinary incidents of the play well characterized: he several times in the course of the last act makes one of his characters remark its similarity to an old tale. Schlegel has observed that "The Winter's Tale is as appropriately named as the Midsummer Night's Dream. It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, ending at last in general joy; and accordingly Shakespeare has here taken the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors: he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Julio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic Oracle, not to mention other incongruities."

It is extraordinary that Pope should have thought only some single scenes of this play were from the hand of Shakespeare. It breathes his spirit throughout;—in the serious parts as well as in those of a lighter kind: and who but Shakespeare could have conceived that exquisite pastoral scene in which the loves of Florizel and Perdita are developed? It is indeed a pastoral of the golden age, and Perdita "no Shepherdess, but Flora,

IV.





Peering in April's front,"

and breathing flowers, in the spring-tide of youth and beauty. How gracefully she distributes her emblematic favours! What language accompanies them! Well may Florizel exclaim:—

"When you speak, sweet,"
I'd have you do it ever."

The reader re-echoes the sentiment of the lover, and is sorry to come to the close. With what modest unconscious dignity are all her words and actions accompanied: even Polixenes, who looks on her with no favourable eye, says that there is

"nothing she does or says
But smacks of something greater than herself."
The Shepherds and Shepherdess, with whom she has been brought
up, are such as ordinary life affords, and are judicious foils to this

delightful couple of lovers.

The arch roguery and mirthful stratagems of Autolycus are very amusing, and his character admirably sustained. "The jealousy of Leontes (says the judicious Schlegel) is not, like that of Othello, developed with all the causes, symptoms, and gradations; it is brought forward at once, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece." But it has the same intemperate course, is the same soul-goading passion which wrings a noble nature to acts of revengeful cruelty; at which, under happier stars, it would have shuddered, and which are no sooner committed than repented of.

The patient and affecting resignation of the wronged Hermione under circumstances of the deepest anguish; and the zealous and courageous remonstrances of the faithful Paulina, have the stamp of Shakespeare upon them. Indeed I know not what parts of this drama could be attributed to any even of the most skilful of his contemporaries. It was perhaps the discrepancies of the plot (which in fact almost divides it into two plays with an interval of sixteen years between), and the anachronisms, which made Dryden* and Pope overlook the beauties of execution in this enchanting play.

^{*} Dryden, in the Essay at the end of the second part of the Conquest of Granada, speaking of the plays of Shakespeare and Fletcher, says:—" Witness the lameness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they wrote first (for even that age refined itself in some measure), were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name Pericles, nor the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many of the rest, as The Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Lost, Measure for Measure, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so

Malone places the composition of the Winter's Tale in 1611. because it was first licensed for representation by Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels, who did not assume the functions of his office until August, 1610. Since then Mr. Cunningham has shown, from an entry in the "Accounts of the Revels at Court." that it was represented at Whitehall, by the King's players, on the 5th of November, 1611; and Dr. Forman, in his Diary, notes that he saw it played at the Globe Theatre, on the 15th of May in the same year. The mention of the "Puritan singing psalms to hornpipes" also points at this period, as does another passage which is supposed to be a compliment to James on his escape from the Gowrie Conspiracy. Malone had in former instances placed the date much earlier; first in 1594, and then in 1602. The supposition that Ben Jonson intended a sneer at this play and The Tempest, in his Induction to Bartholomew Fair, has been combated by Mr. Gifford; * but there seems little reason to doubt that the words "Servant monster," "Anticks," "Tales," and "Tempests," applied to these then recent productions of Shake-Bartholomew Fair was acted in 1614. speare.

Horace Walpole in his Historic Doubts attempts to show that The Winter's Tale was intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn; but the ground for his conjecture is so slight as scarcely to deserve attention. Indeed it may be answered that the plot of the play is not the invention of Shakespeare, who therefore cannot be charged with this piece of flattery; if it was intended, it must be attributed to Greene, whose novel was published in 1588. I think with Mr. Boswell that these supposed allusions by Shakespeare to the history of his own time are very much to be doubted.

* Works of Ben Jonson, Vol. iv. p. 371.

meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment." Pope, in his Preface to Shakespeare, almost re-echoes this: "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly Love's Labour's Lost, The Winter's Tale, Comedy of Errors, and Titus Andronicus, that only some characters or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, are from the hand of Shakespeare."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia. Mamillius, his Son. CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, Sicilian Lords. DION. Another Sicilian Lord. Rogero, a Sicilian Gentleman. An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius. Officers of a Court of Judicature. POLIXENES, King of Bohemia. FLORIZEL, his Son. ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord. A Mariner. Jailer. An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita. Clown, his Son. Servant to the old Shepherd. AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue. Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady,
Two other Ladies,
MOPSA,
ODRCAS,
Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.



THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

Scene I. Sicilia. An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Archidamus.

F you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beseech you,---

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied¹, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast²; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject³, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.

³ Physicks the subject. Affords a cordial to the state; has the

¹ Royally attornied. Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

³ Over a vast, i. e. over a wide intervening space. See note on Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 2, and The Tempest, Act i. Sc. 2, note 38.

Scene II. The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks: And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one we-thank-you, many thousands more That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;

And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence, that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say, This is put forth too truly ?! Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,

Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

power of assuaging the sense of misery. *Medicine* is used in the same sense in Cymbeline, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

"Great griefs I see medicine the less."

1 I follow the punctuation of the old copies, which had been altered, certainly not to the elucidation of the passage.

² Sneaping, i. e. nipping.

² This is put forth too truly, refers to what Polixenes had just said, "I am questioned by my fears," which make me doubtful of what may happen in my absence from home. Oh that nothing sinister may occur to make me say—"I had too good reason for my fears."

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so; There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world, So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay, To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you. Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir, Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure, All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [To Polixenes] I'll
adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him there a month, behind the gest⁴ Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed⁵, Leontes,

⁵ Good deed, i. e. indeed, in very deed, in troth. Good deed is used

⁴ To let had for its synonymes to stay or stop; to let him there is to stay him there. Gests were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one. Strype says that Cranmer entreated Cecil "To let him have the new resolved upon gests, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was." It is supposed to be derived from the old French word gists.

No, madam.

I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind What lady she her lord 6.—You'll stay?

what lady she her lord .— You il stay Pol.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

SC. II.

You put me off with limber vows: But I, Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys; You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen, Two lads that thought there was no more behind, But such a day to-morrow as to-day, And to be boy eternal.

in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

⁶ Thus the old copies. Mr. Collier, on the authority of a MS. note in Lord Ellesmere's folio, reads, "what lady should her lord." But there is a pleasing quaintness in the old reading:—She vows she loves him as dearly as any lady whatever loves her husband.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i'the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd, Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd That any did: Had we pursued that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven Boldly, Not Guilty; the imposition clear'd', Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather, You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lady, Temptations have since then been born to us⁸: for In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot⁹!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.

⁸ To show that to us was to be read as one syllable it is printed

to's in the old copies.

⁹ Grace to book. An exclamation equivalent to give us grace. In King Richard III. we have:—

"Saint George to boot."

The phrase has been well explained by the author of the Diversions of Purley.

⁷ The imposition clear'd, hereditary ours, i. e. setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st

To better purpose.

Her.

Never?

Leon.

SC. II.

Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us ¹⁰
As fat as tame things. One good deed, dying tongueless.

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, 'would, her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death, Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap 11 thyself my love; then didst thou utter, I am yours for ever.

Her. It is grace, indeed.— Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.

Leon. Too hot, too hot! [Aside.
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods,

¹⁰ The old copies print cram's and make's for cram us, and make us, indicating that they were to be read as one syllable on account of the metre.

And clap thyself my love. At entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. So in the old play of Ram Alley: "Come, clap hands, a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life,

I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances; But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom 12,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are: and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer 13; O! that is entertainment!
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock 14. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—

They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain: And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf! Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling 15

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE. Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

12 The old copy has, "from bounty, fertile bosom." I think with Malone that a letter has been omitted.

13 The mort o' the deer, i. e. the death of the deer. The mort was also certain notes played on the horn at the death of the deer, and requiring a deep-drawn breath.

¹⁴ Bawcock. A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from beau-coq, or boy-cock. It occurs again in Twelfth Night, and in King Henry V. and in both places is coupled with

18 Still virginalling, i. e. still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resemble in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte. Spineto and espinette are rendered in the Dictionaries by a paire of virginalles; this was the common term, as the organ was sometimes called a pair of organs.

chuck or chick. It is said that bra'cock is still used in Scotland.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have 16,

To be full like me: yet, they say, we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so, That will say any thing. But were they false As o'er-dyed blacks¹⁷, as wind, as waters; false As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin 18 eye. Sweet villain! Most dear'st my collop 19!—Can thy dam?—may't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre *0: Thou dost make possible, things not so held;

16 A rough pash, i. e. thou wantest a rough head, and the budding horns that I have. A pash in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a mad pash, a mad brained boy.

Talse as o'er-dyed blacks, i. e. old faded stuffs of other colours dyed black. Steevens thought that false does not relate to the re-dyed stuffs, but to the falsehoods of those who wore black to simulate mourning for the dead. He cites the following passage from "The Old Law," by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in support of this view of the passage:—

"Blacks, are often such dissembling mourners, There is no credit given to't, it has lost All reputation by false sons and widows, I would not hear of blacks."

18 Welkin is blue, i. e. the colour of the welkin or sky. Tooke says, a rolling eye, from the Saxon wealcan, volvere; but the sense in which Shakespeare always uses the word is against him.

19 Most dear'st I my collop. In King Henry VI. Part I. we have :—
"God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh."

It is given as a proverbial phrase in Heywood's Epigrams, 1566:—

"For I have heard saie it is a deere collup That is cut out of th' owne flesh."

²⁰ Affection here means sympathy. Intention is intenseness. The centre is the solid globe conceived as the centre of the universe. (See Act ii. Sc. 1, note 11.) The allusion is to the powers ascribed to sympathy between the human system and all nature, however remote or occult. Hence Leontes, like Othello, finds in his very agitation a proof that it corresponds not with a fancy but a reality. And that beyond commission, i. e. it is very credent that

SC. II.

Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be?)—With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent²¹,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission,) and I find it;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How now²², my lord? Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother? Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash 23, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money 24?

sympathy shall betray a crime to the injured person, not only at the time of commission, but even after—beyond the time of commission.

²¹ Credent, i. e. credible.

²² In the old copies, now is omitted in this line. The correction is made in my second folio.

² The folio has "methoughts I did recoil." The alteration is by Mr. Collier, from a MS. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio.

²³ This squash, i.e. an immature pea-pod. In Twelfth Night we have:—

"As a squash before it is a peascod," &c.

24 Will you take eggs for money? A proverbial phrase for putting up with an affront, or being cajoled or imposed upon.

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

SC. IL.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole 25!— My brother.

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord, And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione, How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome; Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's Apparent²⁶ to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden; shall's attend you there.
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky:—[Aside. Observing Polix-ENES and HERMIONE.]—I am angling now, Though you perceive me not how I give line. Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

²⁵ Happy man be his dole, i. e. may happiness be his portion! See Merry Wives of Windsor and Taming of the Shrew. So in Ray's Proverbs, p. 136, ed. 1737, "happy man, happy dole, or happy man by his dole."

²⁶ Apparent is here used in the sense of the O. Fr. apparente, of kin or near kinsman unto. The heir apparent is the next of kin. Leonato therefore means to say, my young rover is "next to my heart." In Nicot, Parente is consanguinity, proximity.

³ Shall's. This abbreviation is not unusual; in modern phraseology it would be shall we. To her allowing husband! Gone already!

[Exeunt Pol. Her. and Attendants.

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one 27!----

Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have
been.

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; And many a man there is, even at this present, Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm, That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in's absence, And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't, Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd, As mine, against their will. Should all despair, That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none; It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it, From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded, No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's 28 Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Leon.

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [Exit Mamillius.

27 A fork'd one, i. e. a horned one, a cuckold.

²⁸ Many thousand on's. This would now be considered a vulgarism. But the license taken by Malone in altering it is quite inadmissible. On was frequently used for of and of for on, and it is here characteristic of the tone of the speaker.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold: When you cast out, it still came home 29.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already ³⁰: whispering, rounding,

Sicilia is a so-forth! 'Tis far gone, When I shall gust⁵¹ it last.—How came't, Camillo, That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes 32,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand

²⁹ It still came home, a nautical term, meaning, the anchor would not take hold.

³⁰ They're here with me already, i.e. not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers. To round in the ear was to tell secretly, to whisper.

³¹ Gust it last, i. e. taste it last: be the last to perceive it:—
"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus."

Juv. Sat. x.

32 Lower messes is here put for degrees, conditions. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes. Those of lower condition sitting below the great standing salt in the centre of the table. Sometimes the messes were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged in fours, whence the word came to express four in rulgar speech—"a messe (vulgairement) le nombre de quatre."—Sherwood's Dict. 1632.

Ha!

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon.

Cam.

Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?— Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, With all the nearest things to my heart, as well My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't*, thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes 33 honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd. Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously

33 To hox is to hamstring, the word is now written hough.

^{*} To bide upon't is equivalent to rest assured, or be certain of any thing. It is still in use provincially; no phrase is more common than " for sartin, you may bide on't."

ac. II.

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance 34, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo, (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard, (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour Cannot be mute), or thought,—(for cogitation Resides not in that man that does not think 35)—My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, (Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then say, My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear My sovereign mistress clouded so, without My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart, You never spoke what did become you less

Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance.

This is expressed obscurely, but seems to mean "the execution of which (when done) cried out against the non-performance of it before;" or, the non-performance of which was impeached afterwards by the crying reasons that favoured its execution.

Econtes means to say, "Have you not thought that my wife is alippery (for cogitation resides not in that man that does not think my wife is slippery?") The four latter words, though disjoined from the word think by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it.

Than this, which to reiterate, were sin As deep as that, though true³⁶.

Leon. Is whispering nothing? Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses? Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot? Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift? Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind With the pin and web³⁷, but theirs, theirs only, That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing? Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing; The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing; My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings, If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes; For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is: you lie; you lie: I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave; Or else a hovering temporizer, that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil, Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver Infected as her life, she would not live The running of one glass ³⁸.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal 39,
hanging

37 The pin and web is the cataract in an early stage. See King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.

38 One glass, i. e. one hour.

³⁶ To reiterate your accusation of her would be as great a sin as that (if committed) of which you accuse her.

³⁹ Thus the old copy; later editors have his. The allusion is

About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup 40,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord, I could do this: and that with no rash 11 potion, But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work Maliciously like poison: But I cannot Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, So sovereignly being honourable. I have lov'd thee.——

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot⁴²! Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
(Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine)

to the custom of wearing a medallion or jewel appended to a ribbon about the neck. Thus in Gervase Markham's Honour in Perfection, 1624, "he hath hung about the neck of his kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel."

40 Bespice a cup. So in Chapman's Translation of the tenth

book of the Odyssey:—
"With a festival

She'll first receive thee; but will spice thy bread With flowery poisons."

⁴¹ Rash is hasty; as in King Henry IV. Part II. "rash gunpowder." Maliciously is malignantly, with effects openly hurtful.

⁴² Make that (i.e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is a clear point) a subject of doubt, and go rot!

Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this? Could man so blench 43?

Cam. I must believe you, sir; I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't; Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness Will take again your queen, as yours at first; Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me. Even so as I mine own course have set down: I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia, And with your queen: I am his cupbearer; If from me he have wholesome beverage, Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all: Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart: Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam.

I'll do't, my lord. Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. ∇Exit.

. Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me, What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't Is the obedience to a master; one, Who, in rebellion with himself, will have All that are his, so too.—To do this deed, Promotion follows: If I could find example Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,

43 To blench is to start off, to shrink. Thus in Hamlet:-"If he do blench,

I know my course." Leontes means, could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?

SC. II.

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks, My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?——Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance, As he had lost some province, and a region, Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him With customary compliment; when he, Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and So leaves me, to consider what is breeding, That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness Which puts some of us in distemper; but I cannot name the disease; and it is caught Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—

As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry* than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle*4,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?

I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,

Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare

What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be;

If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Gentry, i. e. estate or degree as gentlemen. So in The Merry Wives of Windsor, "alter the article of gentry by being knighted."
 Success, for succession. Gentle, well born, was opposed to simple.

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears, As he had seen't, or been an instrument To vice 45 you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best⁴⁶!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over 47
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put

46 That is Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was:—"let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

IV.

⁴⁵ To vice you to't, i.e. to screw or move you to it. A vice in Shakespeare's time meant any kind of winding screw. The vice of a clock was a common expression.

⁴⁷ Swear his thought over. The meaning apparently is "over-swear his thought by," &c.

My fortunes to your service, which are here By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

I do believe thee: Pol. I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand; Be pilot to me, and thy places shall Still neighbour mine 48. My ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two days ago.—This jealousy Is for a precious creature: as she's rare, Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty, Must it be violent; and as he does conceive, He is dishonour'd by a man which ever Profess'd to him; why, his revenges must In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me: Good expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion 49! Come, Camillo; I will respect thee as a father, if Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [Exeunt.

" God comfort

The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing Of his ill-ta'en suspicion."

Perhaps the passage as it is will bear this construction:—"Good expedition be my friend, and may my absence bring comfort to the gracious queen who is part of his theme, but who knows nothing, is entirely guiltless, of his unjust suspicion."

⁴⁸ Thy places shall still neighbour mine, i. e. I will place thee in elevated rank always near to my own in dignity; or near my person.
49 This passage is very obscure, and probably corrupt. I have sometimes thought that we should read:—

ACT II.

Scene I. Sicilia.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Hermione.

AKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best; so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you¹ this? Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Ladu.

Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince,

One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us, If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

1 You is not in the old copy.

ACT II.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,

And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:

I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down:-Come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,——

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly; Yond' crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I In my just censure²! in my true opinion!— Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd,

In being so blest!—There may be in the cup A spider³ steep'd, and one may drink, depart⁴,

And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

⁴ Depart, i. e. go away.

² Censure, i. e. judgment.

³ Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time.

With violent hefts 5.—I have drunk, and seen the spider. Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing 6; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevail'd than so, On your command.

· Leon. I know't too well.——Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him: Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her.

Away with him:—and let her sport herself With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not, And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords, Look on her, mark her well; be but about To say, she is a goodly lady, and The justice of your hearts will thereto add, 'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:

Praise her but for this her without-door form, (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight

Hefts, i. e. heavings, things which are heaved ur.

⁶ A pinch'd thing, i. e. a thing pinched, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. This interpretation is countenanced by the manner in which showmen move their puppets by pinching them with the finger and thumb.

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands, That calumny doth use:—O, I am out, That mercy does; for calumny will sear Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's, When you have said, she's goodly, come between, Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known, From him that has most cause to grieve it should be, She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so, The most replenish'd villain in the world, He were as much more villain: you, my lord, Do but mistake.

You have mistook, my lady, Leon. Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing, Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, Lest barbarism, making me the precedent, Should a like language use to all degrees, And mannerly distinguishment leave out Betwixt the prince and beggar !-- I have said, She's an adultress; I have said with whom: More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is A federary⁸ with her; and one that knows What she should shame to know herself, But9 with her most vile principal, that she's A bed-swerver, even as bad as those That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy To this their late escape.

Her.

No, by my life,

⁷ For calumny will sear, i. e. will brand it. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well:—" My maiden's name sear'd otherwise."

⁸ Federary. This word, which is probably of the poet's own invention, is used for confederate, accomplice. It may be only the printer's error for feodary, which occurs in Cymbeline, and in Measure for Measure.

⁹ One that knows what she should be asham'd to know herself, even if the knowledge of it was shared but with her paramour. It is the use of but for be-out (only, according to Malone) that obscures the sense.

Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord, You scarce can right me throughly then, to say You did mistake.

No, no 10; if I mistake Leon. In those foundations which I build upon, The centre is not big enough to bear A school-boy's top 11.—Away with her to prison: He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty, But that he speaks 12.

There's some ill planet reigns: Her. I must be patient, till the heavens look With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are; the want of which vain dew, Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; -and so The king's will be perform'd!

Leon.

8C. I.

Shall I be heard? Γ To the Guards.

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness.

My women may be with me; for, you see,

10 The reduplication of no is not in the old copy. The centre is not big enough to bear A school-boy's top.

i. e. no foundation can be trusted. Milton has expressed the same thought in more exalted language:-" If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness, And earth's base built on stubble." 12 He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty, But that he speaks.

i. e. He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

ΓExeunt Queen and Ladies.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

I Lord. For her, my lord,—I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables 13 where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1 Lord. Good my lord.—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would, I knew the villain,
I would land-damn 14 him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—

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¹³ Much has been said about this passage, but it may be explained thus:—" If she prove false, I'll make my stable or kennel of my wife's chamber; allow her no more liberty than my horses; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her."

14 I would land-damn him. Johnson interprets this: "I will

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven; The second, and the third, nine, and some five: If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see, To bring false generations; they are coheirs; And I had rather glib myself, than they Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more. You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't, As you feel doing thus; and see withal

The instruments that feel 15. Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty; There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten Of the whole dungy earth.

What! lack I credit? Leon. 1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord, Upon this ground: and more it would content me To have her honour true, than your suspicion; Be blam'd for't how you might.

Why, what need we Leon. Commune with you of this? but rather follow Our forceful instigation. Our prerogative Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified, Or seeming so in skill 16) cannot, or will not,

damn or condemn him to quit the land." It may have meant to encompass him by land, ensuare him: and then it should be printed land-damm: we have words of the same formation, as land-lockt, &c. Warner, in his Albion's England, has "country louts land-lurch their lords." Mr. Collier adverts to lamback, in the sense of to beat. Farmer suggested laudanum him!

15 I see and feel my disgrace, as you, Antigonus, now feel my doing this to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i.e. my fingers. Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay

hold of Antigonus.

16 In skill, i. e. by design, intentionally. The word occurs in the same sense in the 4th Act.

Relish as ¹⁷ truth, like us; inform yourselves, We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

How could that be? Leon. Either thou art most ignorant by age, Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, Added to their familiarity, (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture, That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation 18, But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding: Yet, for a greater confirmation, (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post, To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd sufficiency 19: Now, from the oracle They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had, Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more Than what I know, yet shall the oracle Give rest to the minds of others; such as he, Whose ignorant credulity will not Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good, From our free person she should be confin'd; Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;

¹⁷ The old copies read a truth. Rowe made the correction.
18 Approbation, i. e. proof. That wanted nothing but proof to be seen.

¹⁹ Of stuff d sufficiency, i. e. of abilities more than sufficient.

We are to speak in publick: for this business

Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

Let him have knowledge who I am,—Good lady! No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailer.

You know me, do you not?

Jailer. For a worthy lady,

And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,

Conduct me to the queen.

Jailer. I may not, madam; to the contrary

I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors!——Is't lawful, Pray you, to see her women? any of them?

Emilia?

Jailer. So please you, madam, to put Apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attend.

Jailer. And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, prythee. [Exit Jailer.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

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Re-enter Jailer, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lunes ithe king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me: If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister; And never to my red-look'd anger be The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia, Commend my best obedience to the queen; If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll show't the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know How he may soften at the sight o'the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue; there is no lady living, So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship

1 Lunes. This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for frenzy, lunacy, folly. A similar expression occurs in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608:—"I know it was but some peevish moon in him." In As You Like It, we have the expression, a moonish youth.

To visit the next room, I'll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer; Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design; But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it, As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Jailer. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe.

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it, Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir: This child was prisoner to the womb; and is, By law and process of great nature, thence Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to The anger of the king; nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Jailer. I do believe it.

IV.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

Exeunt.

Scene III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

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And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Attend.
My lord!

[Advancing.]

Leon. How does the boy?

thought of him4;-

1 Attend. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,

He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;

Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;

Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely³:—go,

See how he fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie! no

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!

- ² Blank and level mean mark and aim, or direction. They are terms of gunnery. See note 7, p. 50, of this play. Thus also in Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 4:—
 - "As level as the cannon to his blank."

3 Leave me solely, i. e. leave me alone.

⁴ Him refers to Polixenes. Mr. Collier says that Coleridge, in his lectures in 1815, called this, "an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval!"

Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul; More free⁵, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded

None should come at him.

Paul.

Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference

About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus, I charg'd thee that she should not come about me; I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, She should not visit you.

Leon. What! can'st not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,

(Unless he take the course that you have done,

Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,

He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear! When she will take the rein, I let her run; But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

³ Free, i. e. chaste. See Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 4, and Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 2.

Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares Less appear so, in comforting your evils⁶, Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come From your good queen.

Good queen! Leon.

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes, First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off; But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen, For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter; Here 'tis: commends it to your blessing.

Laying down the Child.

Leon.

Ont!

A mankind8 witch? Hence with her, out o'door: A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

In so entitling me: and no less honest

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

The worst, i. e. the weakest, or least warlike.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard :-Thou dotard [To Antigonus], thou art womantir'd 9, unroosted

⁸ A mankind witch. In Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, Virago is interpreted "A manly woman, or a mankind woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mis-

chievous.

⁶ In comforting your evils. To comfort, in old language, is to aid, to encourage. Evils here mean wicked courses.

Woman-tir'd, i. e. hen-pecked. To tire in Falconry is to tear with the beak. Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story of Reynard the Fox.

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard; Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone 10.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced ¹¹ baseness Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His haneful son's his babe's hetrous to slander

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, Whose sting is sharper than the sword's 12; and will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove The root of his opinion, which is rotten, As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat 13

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband, And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine; It is the issue of Polixenes:

¹⁰ A crone was originally a toothless old ewe; and thence became a term of contempt for an old woman.

11 Forced is false; uttered with violence to truth. Baseness for bastardy; we still say base born.

12 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's. So in Cymbeline:—

"Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

A callat, or callet, is a trull. Its etymology is uncertain. Skinner derives it from "calotte, a coife or half kerchief for a woman;" and Cotgrave says, "a little light cap, or night-cap, worn under a hat. Perhaps such head-gear was formerly worn by loose women. Hence with it; and, together with the dam, Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of haid, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow '4 in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel 15, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

Leon.

I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in t. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

No yellow, i. e. the colour of jealousy.
Lozel, i. e. a worthless person; one lost to all goodness. From the Saxon Losian, to perish, to be lost. Lorel, losel, losliche, are all of the same family.

Leon. On your allegiance, Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant, Where were her life? she durst not call me so, If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies, Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so:—Farewell; we are gone.

[Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say st,
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in t.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege, He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg (As recompense of our dear services, Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose; Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel. Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray 16,—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord, That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword ¹⁷, Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail Of any point in't shall not only be Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife; Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee, As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it To some remote and desert place, quite out Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it, Without more mercy, to its own protection, And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—

17 It was anciently a practice to swear by the cross at the hilt

of a sword.

¹⁶ Leontes must mean the beard of Antigonus, who had been ordered to approach. He himself tells us that twenty-three years ago he was unbrecch'd, of course his age must be under thirty, and his own beard would hardly be gray. Antigonus is afterwards spoken of by the Shepherd as an old gentleman.

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe: Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens, To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say, Casting their savageness aside, have done Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous In more than this deed does require! and blessing, Against this cruelty, fight on thy side, Poor thing, condemn'd to loss 18!

[Exit, with the Child. No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

Leon.

1 Atten. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed

Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt.

18 Condemn'd to loss, i. e. to exposure, or to be lost or dropped.

Antigonus repeats the word in the third Act:—

"Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd To loss, and what may follow."

ACT III.

Scene I. Sicilia. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleomenes.

HE climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle¹; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use on't².

Cleo. Great Apollo, Turn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like.

² The time is worth the use on't; that is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Translation of Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the

time we live is worth the money we pay for it."

¹ Warburton has remarked that the temple of Apollo was at *Delphi*, which was not an island. But Shakespeare little regarded geographical accuracy. He followed Greene's Dorastus and Faunia, in which it is called the *isle* of Delphos. There was a temple of Apollo in the isle of *Delpos*.

SC. I. THE WINTER'S TALE.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.——Go,—fresh
horses;—

And gracious be the issue!

Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried, The daughter of a king; our wife; and one Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice; which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.——Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen Appear in person here in court.—Silence!*

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polizenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the

² The word Silence is printed as a stage-direction in the first folio.

pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me To say, Not quilty: mine integrity, Being counted falsehood², shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus,-If powers divine Behold our human actions (as they do), I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know (Who least will seem to do so), my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me,— A fellow of the royal bed, which owe3 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,-here standing To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare 4: for honour,

3 Which owe, i. e. own, possess.

^{**}I The pretence, i.e. the design. Shakespeare often used the word for design or intention. So in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "publisher of this pretence." And in Macbeth:—

[&]quot;Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight Of treason's malice."

² i. e. my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means both treachery and lie.

⁴ I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly spare. The succeeding sentiment, which is probably derived from Ecclesiasticus iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach to her children."

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus⁵: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie! upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did, Than to perform it first⁶.

Her. That's true enough; Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of, Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, (With whom I am accus'd) I do confess, I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd; With such a kind of love, as might become

⁵ Encounter so uncurrent, i. e. behaviour so unusual in the same sense as rencontre in French. Thus also in Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. Sc. 2:—

[&]quot;Encounters armed are against your peace."

Strain'd means swerv'd, or gone astray from the line of duty. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

[&]quot;Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use, Revolts."

To appear thus is to seem guilty.

offirm, but might in cases only strengthen the negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our author's plays, and even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, Johnson observes that, according to the present use of words, less should be more, or wanted should be had.

A lady like me; with a love, even such, So, and no other, as yourself commanded: Which not to have done, I think, had been in me Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke, Even since it could speak, from an infant freely, That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd For me to try how: all I know of it, Is, that Camillo was an honest man; And, why he left your court, the gods themselves, Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir.

You speak a language that I understand not: My life stands in the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams; You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame (Those of your fact⁸ are so), so past all truth: Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as⁹

To you that chok'd it."

8 As you were past all shame

(Those of your fact are so), so past all truth.
i. e. they who have done like you. Shakespeare had this from
Dorastus and Faunia; "it was her part to deny such a monstrous
crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had

passed all shame in committing the fault."

9 It is your business to deny this charge; but the mere denial will be useless, will prove nothing.

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⁷ My life stands in the level of your dreams. See note 2, p. 38. To stand within the level of a gun is to stand in a direct line with its mouth, and in danger of being hurt by its discharge. This expression often occurs in Shakespeare; take one instance from K. Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 2:—

[&]quot;I stood i'the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that should it?"

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, No father owning it (which is, indeed, More criminal in thee, than it), so thou Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage, Look for no less than death.

Sir, spare your threats; Her. The bug 10, which you would fright me with, I seek. To me can life be no commodity: The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, I do give lost; for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went: My second joy, And first-fruits of my body, from his presence I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort, Starr'd most unluckily11, is from my breast, The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth, Haled out to murder: Myself on every post Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred, The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried Here to this place, i'the open air, before I have got strength of limit. 12 Now, my liege, Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed. But yet hear this; mistake me not; No! life, I prize it not a straw :--.but for mine honour (Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else, But what your jealousies awake; I tell you, 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle:

¹⁰ Bug, i. e. bugbear.

¹¹ Starr'd most unluckily, i. e. ill starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

¹² I imit is confinement. Thus, in Romeo and Juliet:—
"Stony limits cannot hold love out."
Strength of limit, is the degree of strength required for going abroad after child-bearing, for quitting the limits.

Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth, And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness 13 of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice, That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then, You have not dar'd to break the holy seal, Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found 14.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:

¹³ The flatness of my misery, that is absoluteness, the completeness of my misery. So Milton, P. L. b. ii:—

[&]quot;Thus repuls'd, our final hope Is flat despair."

¹⁴ This is almost literally from Greene's novel.

The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed 15, is gone.

Leon.

How! gone?

Serv.

Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione faints.]

How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down.

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Herm. My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

 $^{^{15}}$ The queen's speed, i. e. how the queen would speed at the trial. We still say, he sped well or ill.

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here, Which you knew great; and to the hazard ¹⁶ Of all incertainties himself commended ¹⁷, No richer than his honour.—How he glisters Thorough my rust ¹⁸! and how his piety Does my deeds make the blacker ¹⁹!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while! O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it, Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

16 The second folio reads "certain hazard."

17 To commend is to commit; he committed himself to the hazard of uncertainties.

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant 20,

18 The second folio, "Through my dark rust," on account of the metre, but through was often pronounced thorough, and frequently so spelled.

This vehement retractation of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the cruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

20 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant.

Theobald proposed to read:-

"That did but show thee of a soul inconstant."
The old reading has been defended by Johnson, and by Steevens,

And damnable ²¹ ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour ²²,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't ²³:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor
oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye, Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant! Do not repent these things; for they are heavier Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee

who remarks that the same construction occurs in the second book of Phaer's version of the Æneid:—

"When this the young men heard me speak, of wild they waxed wood."

Coleridge also defends the old reading, and explains it: "Show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy."

²¹ Damnable is used here adverbially. So in All's Well that Ends Well;—"'Tis not meant damnable in us."

²² The poet forgot that Paulina was absent during the king's self-accusation.

23 i. e. would have wept though in hell.

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting, Upon a barren mountain, and still winter In storm perpetual, could not move the gods To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more; Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction At my petition 24, I beseech you; rather Let me be punish'd, that have minded you Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege, Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:

The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children; I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you, And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well, When most the truth; which I receive much better Than to be pitied of thee. Prythee, bring me To the dead bodies of my queen, and son: One grave shall be for both; upon them shall The causes of their death appear, unto Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit

²⁴ Thus the old copies, but we should possibly read " at my relation."

The chapel where they lie: and tears, shed there, Shall be my recreation. So long as nature Will bear up with this exercise, so long I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me To these sorrows.

[Execunt.]

Scene III. Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, with the Babe; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect¹ then, our ship hath touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly, And threaten present blusters. In my conscience, The heavens with that we have in hand are angry, And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard; Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather; Besides, this place is famous for the creatures Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant.

To be so rid o'the business.

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart

Exit.

Go thou away:

¹ Perfect, i. e. well assured.

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, So fill'd, and so becoming?: in pure white robes, Like very sanctity, she did approach My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me; And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon Did this break from her: Good Antigonus. Since fate, against thy better disposition, Hath made thy person for the thrower-out Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,— Places remote enough are in Bohemia. There weep³, and leave it crying; and, for the babe Is counted lost for ever, Perdita, I pr'ythee, call't; for this ungentle business, Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks, She melted into air. Affrighted much. I did in time collect myself; and thought This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys: Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, I will be squar'd by this. I do believe Hermione hath suffer'd death: and that Apollo would, this being indeed the issue Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid, Either for life, or death, upon the earth Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well! $\lceil Laying down the Child.$

There lie; and there thy character : there these;

[Laying down a Bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

² It has been proposed to substitute o'er-running for becoming, which would spoil an image of rare beauty. Antigonus describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in

art: grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it.

3 Thus the old copy. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes wend.

⁴ Thy character, i. e. description. The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.

And still rest thine.——The storm begins:—Poor wretch!

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot, But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I, To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell! The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have A lullaby too rough: I never saw The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase; I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a Bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!——Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the maister: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browzing of ivy'. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the Child.] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child', I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read

⁶ This is from the novel. It is there said to be "sea ivie, on which they do greatly feed."

⁵ A savage clamour. This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries this is the chase, i. e. the animal pursued.

⁷ A barne. This word is still in use in the northern dialects for a child. It is supposed to be derived from born, things born seeming to answer to the Latin nati. Steevens says that he had been told "that in some of our inland counties a child signified a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one;" but the assertion wants confirmation, and we may rather refer this use of it to the simplicity of the shepherd.

waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stairwork, some trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Cto. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd⁸ it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

⁸ Flap-dragon'd it, i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient topers swallowed flap-dragons. In Love's Labour's Lost we have, "Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon." See vol. ii. page 278, note 8.

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by, to have helped the old man⁹!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth 10 for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changeling 11.—Open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made 12 old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next 13 way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secresy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll

10 A bearing-cloth is the mantle of fine cloth in which a child

was carried to be baptized.

iv.

⁹ Shakespeare, who knew that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the shepherd, who had never seen him.

¹¹ A changeling. Some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

¹² The old copies read mad. The emendation is Theobald's.
13 The next way, i. e. the nearest, shortest, readiest, a contraction of nighest or neghest, neh'st. It is still current in German:—"Dies ist der nachste weg, der Kurzest, oder geradest." See First Part of K. Henry IV. Act iii, Sc. 1.

go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst 14, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed; If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to

the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Execunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time.

THAT please some, try all; both joy, and terror,

Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error¹,—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years², and leave the growth untried

14 Curst here signifies mischievous. The old adage says, "Curst cows have short horns."

Departed time renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. Time to come brings discoveries with it.

² It is certain that Shakespeare was well acquainted with the laws of the drama, as they are called, but disregarded, nay, wilfully departed from them, and "snatch'd a grace beyond the reach of art." His productions are not therefore to be tried by such laws. The German critics, with Schlegel at their head, have shown the essential difference between the classic and the romantic drama, and that the latter ought not, nor could not be confined to the unities. It is remarkable that George Whetstone in the Dedication of his Promos and Cassandra, which Shakespeare used as the groundwork of Measure for Measure, has pointed at

Of that wide gap3. Since it is in my power To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour To plant and o'erwhelm custom, let me pass The same I am. Ere ancient'st order was, Or what is now received, I witness'd to The times that brought them in; so shall I do To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale The glistering of this present, as my tale Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing, As you had slept between. Leontes leaving Th' effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving, That he shuts up himself; imagine me4, Gentle spectators, that I now may be In fair Bohemia; and remember well, I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel I now name to you; and with speed so pace To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues, I list not prophesy; but let Time's news Be known, when 'tis brought forth:-a shepherd's daughter,

this violation of the rules in the English drama in strong terms:—
"The Englishman in this qualitie is most vaine, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he thorowe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c.

³ And leave the grouth untried of that wide gap, i. e. leave unexamined the progress of the intermediate time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of Time, therefore, is very clear; he pleads, that he who overthrows every thing, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of custom, as they are made by him. The whole had been rendered obscure by erroneous punctuation; the only change required besides, is to read witness'd, instead of witness of the old copies.

⁴ Imagine me, i. e. imagine with me. It is a French idiom which Shakespeare has played upon in the Taming of the Shrew. And Falstaff speaking of sack, in K. Henry IV. says:—

"It ascends me into the brain, dries me there," &c.

And what to her adheres, which follows after
Is th' argument⁵ of time: Of this allow⁶,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit.

_ .

Scene I. The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent,

Argument, subject.
 Allow, i. e. approve.

¹ Heaping friendships, i. e. friendly offices.

as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted², he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exer-

cises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such

a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear the angle³ that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

³ Angle is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son like a fish away. So in Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2:—

² Missingly noted, i. e. observed at intervals. I incline to read musingly, with Hanmer, as Mason proposed.

[&]quot;Throws out his angle for my proper life."

Hamiota is rendered "a fisher with the angle" in the dictionaries.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

Scene II. The same.

A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus¹, very ragged; singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,——

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,-

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale 2.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,-

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!-

Doth set my pugging 3 tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay:-

Are summer songs for me and my aunts 4,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore

¹ Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father.

"Non fuit Autolyci tam peccata manus."—Martial.

See also Homer's Odyssey, Book xix.

² i. e. the red, the spring blood now reigns over the parts lately under the dominion of winter. A double sense may be intended, referring to the pale colours of winter. A pale was a division, a place set apart from another, as the English pale, the pale of the Church. The words pale and red were used for the sake of the antithesis. The glow of spring reigns over the paleness of winter.

³ A puggard was a cant name for some kind of thief. In the

Roaring Girl, 1611, we have—

"Cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards," &c. Pugging is used by Greene in one of his pieces.

⁴ Aunt was a cant word for a trull, or loose woman. Torriano, after having thus defined the word Mozzina, adds, "One of my aunts, the English are wont to say."

three-pile5; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live, And bear the sow-skin budget; Then my account I well may give, And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen⁶. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison^a; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁷: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see; — Every 'leven wether—tods⁸; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [Aside. Clo. I cannot do't without counters9.—Let me see;

⁵ Three-pile, i. e. rich velvet, so called. See Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 2, note 3. In the fourth act of the same play, a mercer is called Master Three-pile.

⁶ Autolycus means that his practice was to *steal* sheets; leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will

sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

i. e. this ragged costume, as alluded to presently.

7 The silly cheat is one of the slang terms belonging to coneycatching or thievery. It is supposed to have meant picking of pockets.

6 Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20s. or 22s. in 1581.

9 Counters were circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate to adjust their reckonings. what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means 10 and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes 11. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies 12; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Grovelling on the ground.

Clo. I'the name of me-

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

10 Means are tenors.

11 Sings psalms to hornpipes. It should seem, if the Clown does not misrepresent the Puritans, that they anticipated the Geneva jigs of later times; and, like Rowland Hill, thought it a pity that the devil should have all the best of the music.

12 Wardens are a large sort of pear, called in French Poires de Garde, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon wearden, to preserve. They are now called baking-pears, and are generally coloured with cochineal instead of saffron as of old.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart 13.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames 14: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

¹³ Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says:—"The king has kill'd his heart."

¹⁴ Trol-my dames. The old English title of this game was pigeon-holes; as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dovehouse. The game is still familiar as Bagatelle. In Jones's Treatise on Buckstone Bathes—"The ladyes, &c. if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits: the pastime troule in madame is called." It is a corruption of trou-madame; and was also called trunkes, according to Cotgrave.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide 15.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion 16 of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig17, for my life, prig: he

haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue,

that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for

our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove

¹⁵ Abide, i. e. only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

¹⁶ He compassed a motion, &c. i. e. he obtained a puppet-show, &c. ¹⁷ Prig, another cant phrase for the order of thieves. Harman in his Caveat for Cursetor, 1573, calls a horse-stealer "a prigger of prancers; for to prigge in their language is to steale."

sheep, let me be unroll'd 18, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And merrily hent 19 the stile-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Exit.

Scene III1. The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir², my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes³, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark⁴ o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon, I think,

Let me be unrolled, i. e. dismissed from the society of rogues.
 To hent the stile, is to take the stile. It comes from the Saxon hentan. These lines are part of a catch printed in An Antidote for Melancholy, 1661, 4to.

¹ This is called Scena Quarta in the old copies, the two previous scenes Secund aand Tertia the prologue of Time being ac-

counted the first.

² Mr. Collier's second folio reads Sure for Sir.

³ i. e. the extravagance of his conduct in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddesslike.

The gracious mark of the land is, the object of all men's notice and expectation.

To show myself a glass 5.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!

To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble To think your father by some accident

Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!

How would he look to see his work, so noble,

Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them?: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain.
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,

⁵ "Sworne, I think, to show myself a glass," is the reading of the old copy, but there seems to me no doubt that we should read with Hanmer, "swoon, I think, to show myself a glass." Malone's attempt to explain the passage, as it stood in the old copy, is far from satisfactory.

Meaning the difference between his rank and hers.
 This speech is almost literally taken from the novel.

Which then will speak;—that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle⁸;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune, · Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, disguised; Clown, Morsa, Dorcas, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all: Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here, At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle; On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it, She would to each one sip. You are retir'd, As if you were a feasted one, and not The hostess of the meeting: 'pray you, bid These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is

The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes girl for gentle.
 IV.

A way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on, And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [To Pol. It is my father's will, I should take on me The hostess-ship o' the day :--You're welcome, sir! ΓTo Camillo.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs, For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep Seeming, and savour9, all the winter long: Grace, and remembrance, be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess, (A fair one are you), well you fit our ages With flowers of winter.

Sir, the year growing ancient,-Per. Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors, Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not To get slips of them.

Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them?

For I have heard it said, Per. There is an art 10, which, in their piedness, shares With great creating nature.

⁹ Seeming and savour, i. e. appearance and smell. Rue, being used in exorcisms, was called herb of grace, and rosemary was supposed to strengthen the memory; it is prescribed for that purpose in the ancient herbals. Ophelia distributes the same plants with the same attributes.

¹⁰ Surely there is no reference here to the impracticable pretence of producing flowers by art to rival those of nature, as Steevens supposed. The allusion is to the common practice of producing by art particular varieties of colours on flowers, especially on carnations.

sc. III. THE WINTER'S TALE.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors 11, And do not call them bastards.

Per.

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:

No more than, were I painted, I would wish

This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;

The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,

And with him rises weeping 12; these are flowers

Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given

To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

12 "Some call it sponsus solis, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him."—Lupton's Notable Things, book vi. It is most probable that, by marigold, the sun-flower is meant.

¹¹ Gillyvors. Gelofer or gyllofer was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams; from the French girofte. There were also stock-gyllofers, and wall-gyllofers. The French name of the stock-gyllofer, according to Palsgrave, was Armorie Bastarde. The variegated gilliflowers or carnations, being considered as a produce of art, were properly called nature's bastards, and being streaked white and red, Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a painted or immodest woman, and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This is Mr. Douce's very ingenious solution of this riddle, which had embarrassed Mr. Steevens.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock, And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January

Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend.

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might Become your time of day; and yours; and yours; That wear upon your virgin branches yet Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina, For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall From Dis's 13 waggon! daffodils, That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 14, Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarried 15, ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady

13 See Ovid's Metam. lib. v.—

"Ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis—"

or the whole passage as translated by Golding, and given in the

Variorum Shakespeare.

14 Johnson had not sufficient imagination to comprehend this exquisite passage, he thought that the poet had mistaken Juno for Pallas, and says, that "sweeter than an eyelid is an odd image!" But the eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas, and "Of a beauty never yet

Equalled in height of tincture."

The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c. mentioned by Atheneus. Hence Hesiod's βλεφάρων κυανεάων in a passage which has been rendered—

"Her flowing hair and sable eyelids Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath Of balmy Venus."

Of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets dim, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.

15 Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original edition of Mil-

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack, To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend, To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse? Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on; Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried, But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers: Methinks, I play as I have seen them do In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine

Does change my disposition.

What you do, Flo. When you speak, sweet, Still betters what is done. I'd have you do it ever: when you sing, I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms; Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs, To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own No other function: each your doing, So singular in each particular, Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds, That all your acts are queen'sa.

O Doricles, Per. Your praises are too large: but that your youth, And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it 16,

ton's Lycidas which he subsequently omitted, and altered the epithet unwedded to forsaken in the preceding line:-

"Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies, Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love." Every reader will see that the "texture and sentiments" are derived from Shakespeare; and it serves as a beautiful illustration of his meaning.

Are queen's, i. e. the acts of a queen.

¹⁶ Thus Marlowe in his Hero and Leander:-"Through whose white skin softer than soundest sleep, With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep."

78

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd; With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have As little skill to fear 17, as I have purpose To put you to t.—But, come; our dance, I pray: Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair, That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever Ran on the green-sord: nothing she does, or seems, But smacks of something greater than herself; Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out ¹⁸: Good sooth, she is The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick, To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—

Come, strike up.

Musick.

ACT IV.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding ¹⁹: I have it but

¹⁷ I think, you have as little skill to fear, &c. i. e. you have as little design, intention, aptitude to fear that I am false, as, &c.

The old copy has look on't, an evident error of the press.

The correction was made by Theobald. Thus Donne's Elegy on
E. Drury:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheeks."

¹⁹ A worthy feeding is a valuable tract of pasturage. The old

Upon his own report, and I believe it; He looks like sooth 20. He says, he loves my daughter; I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read, As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think, there is not half a kiss to choose, Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it, That should be silent: if young Doricles Do light upon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves²¹; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids: so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings 22; jump her and

copies read "but I have it," the word but being evidently transposed. The pronoun he must be understood before "boasts," in the first line.

20 Truth.

21 The trade of a milliner was formerly carried on by men exclusively.

23 "With a hie dildo dill, and a dildo dee," is the burden of an old ballad or two. Fading is also another burden to a ballad found in Shirley's Bird in a Cage; and perhaps to others. It

thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape 23 into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, Whoop, do me no harm, good man; puts him off, slights him, with Whoop, do me no harm, good man²⁴.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares²⁵?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points ²⁶, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses ²⁷, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants

is also the name given to an Irish dance, probably from fædan, I whistle, as it was danced to the pipes. The Irish name rinca fada is the long dance, performed by country people on May-day. The fading is mentioned by Ben Jonson, and distinguished from the fadow. A very interesting account of the rinca fada is given in Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakespeare at the end of vol. xiv.

²³ Jape, i. e. jest. The old copy has gap. It is corrected in Mr. Collier's second folio.

²⁴ This was also the burden of an old ballad. The tune is in

Corbine's Ayres for the Lute and Basse Violl, 1610, fo.

²⁵ i. e. undamaged wares, true and good. Thus in Any Thing for a Quiet Life:—"She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not London measure." So Marston in his Scourge of Villanie, Sat. v.—

"Tuscus is trade-falne; yet great hopes he'le rise, For now he makes no count of perjuries; Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loveries,

Glased his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies."

And in the prologue to a very curious manuscript collection of satiric tales in verse, entitled An Iliade of Metamorphosis, 1600, which was in the library of Mr. Heber, and which are thought

"Bookes of this nature being once perused Are then cast by, and as b ayed ware refused."

to be Marston's:—

Points, upon which lies the quibble, were laces with tags.
Inkles, threads of silk or worsted, used in embroidery; caddisses were a kind of ferret, or worsted ribbon.

to the sleeve-hand 28, and the work about the square on't 29.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow; Cyprus, black as e'er was crow; Gloves, as sweet as damask roses; Masks for faces, and for noses; Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber, Perfume for a lady's chamber 30: Golden quoifs, and stomachers, For my lads to give their dears; Pins, and poking-sticks of steel 31, What maids lack from head to heel:

26 Sleeve-hand, the cuffs, or wristband.

²⁹ The work about the square on't, i. e. the work about the bosom of it. So in Fairfax's Tasso, b. xii. st. 64:—
"Her curious square embossed with swelling gold,

Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives."

³⁰ Amber, of which necklaces were made fit to perfume a lady's chamber.

³¹ These poking-sticks are described by Stubbes in his Anatomie of Abuses, Part ii.—"They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well, if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene (Elizabeth) began the making of steele poking-sticks, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone."

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy; Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry; Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but

they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole 32, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering: Clamour your tongues 33, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace 34, and a pair of sweet gloves 35.

32 The kiln-hole generally means the fireplace for drying malt;

still a noted gossiping place.

³³ Clamour your tongues. This is most probably a corruption of chamour, chaumer, or chaumbre, from the French chomer, to refrain. The word is used by Nicolas Udall in his Apophthegmes, p. 76, in the same sense:—"From no sort of men whatever did he refreine or chaumbre the taunting of his tongue." Mr. Hunter has cited a passage from Taylor the Water Poet, in which the word is thus again perverted—

"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues."
It is probable that chaumbre was pronounced chaumer.

³⁴ A tawdry lace was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches; so named after St. Audrey (Etheldreda), who is said to have died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment, for having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces; or it probably implies that they were

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad:

therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty moneybags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

bought at the fair of St. Audrey, where gay toys of all sorts were sold. This fair was held in the Isle of Ely on the Saint's day, the 17th of October. Harpsfeld, who tells the story of the Saint, describes the necklace:—"Solent Angliæ nostræ mulieres torquem quendam, extenui et subtili sericæ confectum, collo gestare quam Ethelredæ torquem appellamus (tæwdry læce) forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam."—Hist. Eccles. Angl. p. 86. So in The Faithful Shepherdess:—

"The primrose chaplet, tawdry lace, and ring."

Spenser in his Shepherd's Kalendar mentions it as an ornament for the waist:—

"And gird your waste

For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace."

Tawdries is used sometimes for necklaces in general.

35 Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are often mentioned by Shakespeare; they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the poet's time. Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more

ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true ³⁶.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, Two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part,

thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Song.

A. Get you hence, for I must go Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well, Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too: let me go thither.

36 The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. All extraordinary

events were then turned into ballads. To one of this kind it is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

SC. III.

A. Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me: Then, whither go'st? say whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad 37 talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both :- Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape. Or lace for your cape, My dainty duck, my dear-a? Any silk, any thread, Any toys for your head, Of the new st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a? Come to the pedler; Money's a medler, That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exeunt Clown, Aut. Dorg. and Morsa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair 38; they call themselves

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Shakespeare, by Mr. Boswell, vol. xiv. p. 371. Mr. Douce has IV.

⁸⁷ Sad, i. e. serious, or grave. 38 All men of hair. It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A very curious relation of a disguising or mummery of this kind, which proved fatal to some of the actors in it, is related by Froissart as occurring in the court of France in 1392. The reader may also consult Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, ed. 1725, or the edition of

saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimanfry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling), it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary

you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire ³⁹.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter 40.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. [Aside.]—How now, fair
shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go,

given a song for four voices from Ravenscroft's collection, called *The Satyres Daunce*. "Antimasques," says Lord Bacon, "are usually composed of *satyres*, baboons, antiques, beasts, &c."—*Essay* 37.

³⁹ Squire, i. e. foot-rule, esquierre, Fr.

40 This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

And nothing marted 41 with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse; and call this Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo.

Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,

But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,

That's bolted *2* by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—

But to your protestation; let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all: That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge, More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them, Without her love: for her, employ them all; Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,

Marted, i. e. bought, traffiched.

⁴² Bolted, that is, sifted. This is a beautiful image, which the poet has repeated with a little variation in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

[&]quot;That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow Fann'd by the eastern winds, turns to a crow, When thou hold'st up thy hand."

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of my thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you; Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear? Know man from man? dispute his own estate 43?

^a By purity, Perdita must mean sincerity, unless we suppose it a misprint for parity, i.e. likeness or similarity.

43 Le, converse about his own affairs. The phrase occurs again in Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. Sc. 3:—

"Let me dispute with thee of thy estate."

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing, But what he did being childish?

No, good sir; Flo.

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, Than most have of his age.

By my white beard, Pol.

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong Something unfilial: Reason, my son Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason, The father (all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity) should hold some counsel In such a business.

I yield all this; Flo. But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this business.

Pol.Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

No, he must not. Flo.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contráct.

Mark your divorce, young sir, Pol.

 Γ Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir, That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !- Thou, old traitor, I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know The royal fool thou cop'st with ;-

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,— If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession: Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin. Far 44 than Deucalion off: -- Mark thou my words; Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time, Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,— Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too, That makes himself, but for our honour therein, Unworthy thee,-if ever, henceforth, thou These rural latches to his entrance open. Or hoop 45 his body more with thy embraces, I will devise a death as cruel for thee. As thou art tender to't. $\lceil Exit.$

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak 46; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike 47.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?

⁴⁴ Far, in the old spelling farre, i.e. farther. The ancient comparative of fer was ferrer. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into ferre:—

"Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre."

45 The old copy reads hope.

⁴⁶ Warburton remarks that Perdita's character is here finely sustained. "To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education."

⁴⁷ All is wanting in the old copies. It was probably omitted from the compositor's eye glancing on alike, beginning with the same letters. Sir John Davies, in his Nosce Teipsum, 1599, has

a similar thought:-

"Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
Into the palace and the cottage shine:"
and Habington in his Queen of Arragon has imitated it not inelegantly:—

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you, Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther, But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think, Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust 48.—O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone! If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd To die when I desire.

Flo. [To PERDITA.] Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afeard! delay'd, But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am: More straining on, for plucking back; not following

"The stars shoot

An equal influence on the open cottage, Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed, And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd With care and whisper."

Coleridge speaks with enthusiasm of this passage. "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Will't please you, sir, be gone?'"

48 Before the reform of the burial service by Edward VI. it was the custom for the priest to throw earth on the body in the form

of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

My leash 49 unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus? How often said, my dignity would last But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by The violation of my faith; And then Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together, And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—From my succession wipe me, father! I Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy 50: if my reason Will thereto be obedient, I have reason; If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness, Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow; I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,

49 Leash, i. e. a leading string.

⁵⁰ Fancy here means love, as in other places already pointed out.

When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not To see him any more), cast your good counsels Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune, Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliver;—I am put to sea With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore; And, most opportune to our 51 need, I have A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to hold, Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord, I would your spirit were easier for advice, Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.——[Takes her aside. I'll hear you by and by. [To Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable.

Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick, To speak your deeds; not little of his care To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

 $^{^{51}}$ Our need. The old copies read $\it her.$ The emendation is Theobald's.

If you may please to think I love the king; And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is Your gracious self; embrace but my direction (If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration); on mine honour I'll point you where you shall have such receiving As shall become your highness; where you may Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see, There's no disjunction to be made, but by, As heavens forefend! your ruin); marry her; And (with my best endeavours, in your absence) Your discontenting 52 father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.

How, Camillo, May this, almost a miracle, be done? That I may call thee something more than man, And, after that, trust to thee.

Have you thought on Cam.

A place, whereto you'll go?

Not any yet: But as the unthought-on accident 53 is guilty To what we wildly do; so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me: This follows,—if you will not change your purpose, But undergo this flight; -- Make for Sicilia; And there present yourself, and your fair princess (For so I see she must be), 'fore Leontes; She shall be habited as it becomes

⁵² Discontenting for discontented.

⁵³ This unthought-on accident is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. Guilty to, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare. So in the Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 2:-

[&]quot;But lest myself be guilty to self wrong, I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song."

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth: asks thee the ⁵⁴ son, forgiveness, As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one He chides to hell, and bids the other grow, Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with What you, as from your father, shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down: The which shall point you forth at every sitting 55 What you must say; that he shall not perceive, But that you have your father's bosom there, And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors: who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

55 The council-days were called sittings, in Shakespeare's time.

⁵⁴ The first and second folios read, "thee there son." The correction was made in the third folio.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in 56 the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so? There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, She's as forward of her breeding, as She is i' the rear of our birth ⁵⁷.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know, you shall not want,—one word.

[They talk aside.]

⁵⁷ Of is wanting in the old copy, which has an apostrophe instead.

⁵⁶ To take in is to conquer, to get the better of. So in Cymbeline, Act iii. Sc. 2, and Act iv. Sc. 2; also in Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 1, and in Act iii. Sc. 7. The phrase is also used in the same sense by Chapman, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter say, "to take in towns," &c.

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander 58, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed 59, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket 60, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub61 against his daughter and the king's son,

⁵⁹ This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

is up, or the hue and cry is making.

⁵⁸ Pomanders were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Phillips. They were used as amulets against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. The name is derived from pomme d'ambre; in all the old French dictionaries they are called pommes de senteur. Phillips says pomamber, Dutch.

⁶⁰ A placket was nothing more than a stomacher; as appears by Florio's Dictionary, under the word Torace: "The breast or bulke of a man: also the middle space betweene the necke and the thighes: also a placket, a stomacher." Thomas gives the same explanation of Thoraca, except that he spells the word placeard.

ACT IV.

and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king

Leontes-

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, ——why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly (thou must think, there's a necessity in't), and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot⁶².

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—[Aside.] I know we well enough.

Cam. Nay, prythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

62 Boot is advantage, profit. We now say something to boot, something beside the articles exchanged for each other.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. and Autol. exchange garments. Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to you!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face; Dismantle you: and as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming; that you may (For I do fear eyes over 63) to shipboard Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies, That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?.

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
'Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king

[Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail, To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side. Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exeunt Flo. Per. and Cam.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it. To have 63 Mr. Collier, on the authority of a MS. correction, reads ever, but eyes over has here the signification of over-eying.

an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought not it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do'ta: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king: and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her: those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too: who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

The old copy by accident has transposed not, and reads, "If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't."

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how 64 much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [Aside.

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement⁶⁵. [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel⁶⁶, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having⁶⁷, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner 68.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfold-

⁶⁴ We should probably read, "by I know not how much an ounce."

⁶⁵ Thus in The Comedy of Errors: "Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being as it is so plentiful an excrement?"

⁶⁶ Fardel is a bundle, a pack or burthen. "A pack that a man doth bear with him in the way," says Baret.

⁶⁷ Having, i. e. estate, property.

⁶⁸ With the manner, that is, in the fact. Vide Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. Sc. 1, note 27.

ings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court⁶⁹? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze⁷⁰ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-piè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen 71.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely 72.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

⁶⁰ The measure, i. e. the stately tread of courtiers.

The first folio has at toaze. The second folio corrects the first misprint of at for or. Think'st thou because I wind myself into, or draw from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? To touze is to pluck or draw out. As to touze or teize wool, Carpere lanam. See the old dictionaries.

71 Malone says, "perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read, a present, which the old shepherd mistakes for a pheasant. The clowns perhaps thought courtiers as corruptible as some justices then were, of whom it is said, 'for half a dozen of chickens they would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes.'"

⁷³ The poet's memory makes another slip here. Florizel had been dressed as a shepherd, yet Autolycus, with whom he has changed clothes, is now dressed as a courtier.

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should

have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane 73 to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear,

an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with

⁷³ Germane, i. e. related.

flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered 74, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—

Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon

the hedge, and follow you.

 $^{^{74}\,}$ Being something gently considered, i. e. being handsomely bribed ; to consider often signified to reward.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

SC. III.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion;—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious: for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.

ACT V.

Scene I. Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others.

Cleomenes.

IR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saintlike sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: at the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil: With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of

The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of: true-

Paul. Too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leon.I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Not at all, good lady: Cleo. You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

If you would not so, Dion. You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little, What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour What were more holy, Incertain lookers-on. Than to rejoice, the former queen is well¹? What holier, than,-for royalty's repair, For present comfort and for future good,-To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul.

There is none worthy,

¹ The former queen is well, i. e. at rest, dead. So in Antony and Cleopatra:-

[&]quot; Mess. First, madam, he is well. Cleop. Why, there's more gold; but, sirrah, mark, We use to say the dead are well."

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenour of his oracle, That king Leontes shall not have an heir, Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason, As my Antigonus to break his grave, And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel, My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. [To LEONTES.] — Care not for issue:

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander Left his to the worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

Leon.

Good Paulina,-

Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour,-O, that ever I Had squar'd me to thy counsel !-- then, even now, I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes; Have taken treasure from her lips,-And left them

Paul.

More rich, for what they yielded. Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage (Where we offenders now appear), soul-vex'd, Begin, And why to me??

Paul. Had she such power,

She had just cause³.

² The old copy reads, "And begin, why to me." The transposition of and was made by Steevens.

³ The first and second folios have, "She had just such cause:" the correction was made in the third folio. The repetition of such was caught from the preceding line.

She had: and would incense me Lem. To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd Should be, Remember mine.

Stars, stars, Leon.

And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife, I'll have no wife. Paulina.

Will you swear Paul.

Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit! Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,

Affront⁵ his eye.-Cleo.

Good madam.-

Paul. I have done a.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,

⁴ Incense, to instigate or stimulate, was the ancient sense of this word; it is rendered in the Latin dictionaries by dare stimulo. So in King Richard III.-

"Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother?"

⁵ Affront his eye, i. e. meet his eye, or encounter it. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning again in Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1:--

"That he, as 'twere by accident, may here Affront Ophelia."

And in Cymbeline:—" Your preparation can affront no less than what you hear of." The word is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson, and even by Dryden. Lodge, in the Preface to his Translation of Seneca, says, "No soldier is counted valiant that affronteth not his enemie."

a In the old copies "I have done" is given to Cleomenes. Steevens proposed the transfer. Paulina gives way to his expostulation, and has done with the point she was urging; she only

continues speaking to hint a possible concession.

No remedy, but you will: give me the office To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;

Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not Like to his father's greatness: his approach, So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us, "Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,

And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him? Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think, That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself Above a better, gone; so must thy grace⁶ Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself Have said, and writ so⁷ (but your writing now Is colder than that theme⁸), She had not been

7 So relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that she had not been equal?d.

⁶ The old copies have grave. The word grace is given by Mr. Collier on the authority of a note in Lord Ellesmere's folio copy.

⁸ (But your writing now is colder than that theme), i. e. than the corse of Hermione, the subject of your writing.

Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd, To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot (your pardon);
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else: make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow⁹.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,

[Execut CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd Well with this lord; there was not full a month Between their births.

Leon. 'Pr'ythee, no more; cease! thou know'st, He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure, When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches Will bring me to consider that, which may Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.——

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince; For she did print your royal father off, Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,

⁹ Mr. Collier, whether by accident or intention, here departs from the reading of the folio, and has, "Of who she but did follow."

Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him: and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend 10,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother! (Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee stir Afresh within me; and these thy offices, So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither, As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less

¹⁰ At friend, i.e. at amity, as we now say. Malone, contrary to his usual custom, would here desert the old reading; and says he has met with no example of similar phraseology! He surely must have read very inattentively. Mr. Collier on the authority of a MS. note substitutes, "as friend;" but the old reading is undoubtedly correct.

Good my lord,

The adventure of her person?

Flo.

She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,

That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose

daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd, To execute the charge my father gave me, For visiting your highness: My best train I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd; Who for Bohemia bend, to signify Not only my success in Libya, sir, But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety, Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful 11 gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)

11 Graceful, i. e. full of grace and virtue.

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him. I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now

Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge; He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him: who now Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth; Forswear themselves as often as they speak; Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—

The odds for high and low's alike 12.

Leon. My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,

When once she is my wife.

¹² Fortune is as unfavourable to us as Prince and Princess, as when we were Shepherd and Shepherdess.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed, Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have broken from his liking, Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry, Your choice is not so rich in worth 13 as beauty, That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her, Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

To FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[Execunt.]

Scene II. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

13 Worth for descent or wealth.

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;

—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that balladmakers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of

¹ Shakespeare elsewhere uses importance for import, as well as for importunity.

queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it: the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection? of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

- 3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour3. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, O, thy mother, thy mother! then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit⁵ of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it⁶.
- 2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?
- ² In Shakespeare's time, to affect a thing meant, to have a tendency or disposition to it. The affections were the dispositions, Appetitus animi.

Favour here stands for mien, feature.

Clipping, i. e. embracing.

⁵ Conduits or fountains were frequently representations of the human figure. One of this kind has been already referred to in As You Like It, Act iv. Sc. 1.

⁶ A word seems to be wanting, there is space for it in the first folio, and we should most probably read, do it justice.

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death: and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there? changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: the princess, hearing of her mother's

"Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for him."

⁷ Who was most marble, that is, those who had the hardest hearts. So in King Henry VIII.—

statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity⁸, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece

the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Execut Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much

⁹ That removed house, i. e. remote house.

^e It is no small honour to Julio Romano to be thus mentioned by the poet. By eternity Shakespeare only means immortality. It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his Magnetic Lady, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the City:—

[&]quot;Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble. Sr. Moth. And have it painted in most orient colours. Rut. That's right! all city statues must be painted,

Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments." Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an English barbarism. The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours. Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall 10 fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture 11. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters 12.

[Execunt.

Scene III. The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul.

What, sovereign sir,

¹⁰ A tall fellow, i. e. a bold, courageous fellow. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 4, note 5. Autolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of nimble handed, working with his hands, a fellow skilled in thievery.

11 The words picture and statue were sometimes used indiscriminately. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. Sc. 4, note 13.

12 Good masters. It was a common petitionary phrase to ask

a superior to be good lord or good master to the supplicant.

I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,

SC. III.

We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely¹, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[PAUL. undraws a Curtain and discovers a Statue. I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege, Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

1 The folio 1623 misprints this louely,

.

IV.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty (warm life, As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her! I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty; which has My evils conjured to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say, 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not drv.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on; Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers, dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, Let him, that was the cause of this, have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought² you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be!

² i. e. Worked, agitated.

'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already ³—What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't*, As we are mock'd with art*.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain; My lord's almost so far transported, that

He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

³ The sentence is thus left imperfect in the old copies, which Warburton says, "if completed, it would be—but that methinks already I converse with the dead." The corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio has tried his hand unsuccessfully to supply a line thus: "but that methinks already I am but dead stone, looking upon stone." Although in the next breath Leontes says, "Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins did verily bear blood?" Mr. Dyce has shown that the line is constructed out of a previous speech of Leontes, and that the poet would not so soon have repeated himself. A much better line has been proposed, should one be thought necessary, thus:—

"But that methinks already
I'm in heaven, and looking on an angel."

⁴ i. e. Though her eye be fixed, it seems to have motion in it.
6 As, must be understood in the sense of so that; no uncommon substitution in old phraseology. Malone and Mason interpret it by as if, which still leaves the sense imperfect.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against), I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do, I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd, You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still; Or⁶ those, that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul.

Musick; awake her: strike.—

Musick.

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach, Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come: I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away; Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[Hermione comes down from the Pedestal. Start not: her actions shall be holy, as, You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her, Until you see her die again; for then

⁶ The old copies read on by mistake for or.

You kill her double: Nay, present your hand: When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age, Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [Embracing her. If this be magick, let it be an art Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck; If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd, Or, how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale; but it appears she lives, Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel, And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Per. who kneels to Her.

Her. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,— Knowing by Paulina that the oracle Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that; Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble Your joys with like relation. Go together, You precious winners⁷ all; your exultation Partake⁸ to every one. I, an old turtle,

⁷ You precious winners, i. e. you who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

⁸ Partake, i. e. participate.

Will wing me to some wither'd bough: and there My mate, that's never to be found again, Lament till I am lost 9.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind), to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand:—whose 10 worth, and honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look upon 11 my brother:—both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king (whom 12 heavens directing),
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. Exeunt.

Thus in Lodge's Rosalynde, 1592:—
 "A turtle sat upon a leavelesse tree,
 Mourning her absent pheere
 With sad and sorry cheere:
 And whilst her plumes she rents,
 And for her love laments," &c.

Whose relates to Camillo, though Paulina is the immediate antecedent. I have observed, in the loose construction of ancient phraseology, whose often used in this manner.

11 Look upon for look on. Thus in King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 3:—"And look upon, as if the tragedy," &c.

12 Whom is here used where him would be now employed.



CRITICAL ESSAY ON WINTER'S TALE.

HE Winter's Tale stands alone in the class of Shakespeare's finished plays to which it is justly assigned, in the peculiarity of its composition, made up as it is of two, for the most part, highly contrasted portions; the

first highly tragic, the second as properly taking place as comedy. The contrast is still more distinctly marked by the interval of sixteen years that is announced by Time as Chorus, as elapsing at the very point of juncture, between the third and fourth acts: the babe that suffers by tragic violence in the first scenes being the fair and happy object of romantic love in the last. This balance and division seems further enforced by the tragic section of evil passion and poignant suffering, being as nearly as possible equal in length to the agreeable and amusing scenes and happy evolution that make up the latter half. Such a division in the abstract appears like an experiment and a dangerous one; it is rare, if not unprecedented in any art, to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view. The leading masses are contrasted with a breadth and boldness that strain the very limits of coherence, but it still holds on without crack or fracture to the perfect and rounded conclusion.

The central figure and interest of the play is the dignified, highly endowed, matronly yet graceful Hermione, the wife of Leontes, king of Sicilia, and mother of his flourishing and hopeful heir Mamillius. We see her but for an instant in the enjoyment of the dignities which she did not accept with the hand of her husband till after persistent wooing, when a sudden storm breaks. At her husband's instance she has succeeded where he had failed in persuading their guest Polixenes, king of Bohemia, to prolong his stay. Jealousy at her better success is one weak thought, the next is the more wicked jealousy of his wife's honour. The idea once conceived is fixed; he tampers with Camillo to poison Polixenes, and when they fly together lashes himself into

rage and challenges the proof of their mutual guilt; he brutally charges and imprisons Hermione, who gives birth prematurely to a daughter. The infant is brought to him with bitter reproaches by Paulina. He scarcely withholds from burning it, but causes it to be exposed; and Antigonus, the too yielding spouse of Paulina, becomes the instrument and perishes upon his deed. Hermione nobly defends her honour and that of her offspring in the court of the absolute king, who is merely set on rancorous vengeance: the oracle of Delphi which he had caused to be consulted pronounces her innocent, but this only provokes a rash outburst denouncing its falsehood. The bolt of the God now falls. sudden death of the child Mamillius, broken-hearted for his mother, is announced-fulfilling the threat of the oracle, and Hermione falls as dead. Leontes is at once crushed; he recognizes and admits the absurdity of his suspicions, explains the flight of Camillo that he had made the chief argument for his vindictiveness, and sinks in despair, and when Paulina announces the death of the Queen with fierce upbraiding, he gives in at once. Paulina is touched as suddenly by his repentance, and he vows a lifelong memory of the dead. The tragic section concludes with the death of Antigonus and wreck of his ship, and the discovery of the exposed infant Perdita by Bohemian shepherds, subjects of Polixenes.

After the lapse of sixteen years, Perdita appears a shepherdess, yet a princess in mind and beauty and beloved with honour by Florizel, son of Polixenes, who visits her in disguise. Not however unwatched; Polixenes and Camillo appear disguised at a sheep-shearing where she is queen of the feast, and which is exhibited with the liveliest and loveliest colours that ever pastoral poesy commanded. At the height of the enjoyment the angry father discovers himself; denounces the degradation of the attachment with violence and threats, and breaks away. The part of Florizel is taken at once; as determined as his father he resolves to give up all for his affection. Camillo who once by just appreciation of the passion of Leontes rescued his father, now performs the same duty for the son, and guiding the passion he cannot oppose, directs him to Sicilia. Thither he also directs the pursuit with no ill mind to Florizel, but to see his country again is the wish of his heart, and fortune is now friend to all. The reception of Florizel and his princess, by Leontes, is dashed by announcement of the arrival of the pursuing father, who then encounters the old shepherd and his son, and in one of his accesses of choleric rage scarcely can listen to their tale. This, however, is heard at last, and Perdita is recognized as daughter of Leontes, and the lost is found.

Perhaps there is a slight hint in the earlier acts—

"If you can bring

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye"—
that Hermione may not be dead after all; still this is for memory

to recal, not to guide anticipation, and it is only at the commencement of the last act that a reader of the play for the first time can be expected to gather from the words of Paulina that Hermione still lives, and that it is by her reappearance that the poet intends to fulfil the promise implied in the altering tone of the play, of a conclusion happy and satisfactory to the sense of even justice.

In the last scene the miracle is wrought. Hermione is brought again to the eyes of the husband whose cruelty had killed her sixteen years of wedded life and hopes and joys of motherhood, but in the guise of a painted statue of rare and lifelike imitation. Before this Leontes, in words and passion words cannot reach, makes all the reparation that can evince a recovered and chastened and now tender nature, and to the sound of music accordant with according souls, the seeming statue assumes life and descends, embraces her husband, and it is at the interposition of the kneeling daughter—the recovered Perdita, that at last she speaks, and hope and amazement are delighted certainty. The bereaved mother returns to life only on the recovery of the child, of which until recovered, Leontes must ever have remained to her heart the murderer.

In the character and story of Hermione noble reparation is done to the claims and dignity of wedded woman. Shakespeare has drawn more than one true picture of a gifted woman subdued to the quality of her lord's temper and passion, partly by natural effect of the more sustained compass of masculine effort, and partly by the force of factitious circumstances depriving original nature of full chance and fair play-the weaker thus becoming in some degree the sycophant of her mate, and naturalized in spaniel-like submission. Our ancestors admired the conduct and character of patient Griselda, and in married life and also beyond that sphere the sense of full exposure to arbitrary power has been the sign too often to cast away at once all weapons of defence, and abdicate all self-respect and independence. But even prudence in the face of overwhelming odds may not, with self-respect, be tame beyond a certain point, and submissiveness afterwards, it must be said, is mere slavishness. It cannot be right to acquiesce in and still less to flatter arbitrary power in its vile abuse, merely because the wrong is directed against ourselves. True it is that indulgence may be accorded in charity to the timid bending before a blast that they cannot resist; but it may be right to pity when wrong and even absurd to admire. True it is again that the liability of our nature is too much to recognize injustice chiefly when it attacks ourselves, even if not blind to its existence elsewhere; ever to overrate the heinousness of the injustice to which we are exposed in unmeasured indignation, and that it therefore becomes most dangerous to admit a slackening of the reins of self-control in this direction. The world, it may be rationally

deemed, requires encouragement to admire and respect the forms of virtue allied to humility, patience, resignation, and self-devotion, while the other contrasting and defensive types will in the meantime take care of themselves or may be thought on afterwards. But eternal truth and sempiternal taste overrule such considerations, and the true theme of highest admiration is that tone and temper that touches the exact mean, the true intonation. of moral sense,-therefore among some other forms and above most that ordered self-possession that is never too indulgent to tyranny on the one hand, nor too indignant at it on the other, simply because personal suffering is in question. There is much in the expressions of Sir Thomas More towards his oppressor, whose nature he knew thoroughly in all its distortion, that we are sure is not due to fear, and can only refer to the false principle I advert to, and to give in to which is little less than to be an accomplice as well as a victim. Therefore Hermione, with nobleness of heart is self-supported in her patience, and at the same time not only asserts her innocence with firmness, but justly denounces the tyranny and lawless rigour of her accuser and judge, and when he has filled up the measure of his wrong gives way to no weak and insufficient suggestions to relieve the penalty he justly suffers, until the gods in their good time bring round a conjuncture of circumstances which invite and allow her to raise up the penitent guilty, without degrading her own dignity and injured innocence.

The contrast of the character and jealousies of Leontes and of Othello has frequently been remarked upon; it lies between the vice self-sown, self-born, and self-developed, and that which, however springing from a native germ, is only forced and ripened to venomous germination by the heat of tending malice, and the fostering of all unlucky moral and external circumstances. The jealousy of Leontes is the headlong plunge of the beast of prey that he is named after, and thinking of him with the lightly limbed and fine-thoughted Othello, we are reminded in a general

way of the difference:-

"The headlong lioness between And hound sagacious on the tainted green."

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not,—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive of it,—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably

brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, not brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honour, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.

The character of Paulina is a necessity to the play; without the support derived from her constant presence, it would not be intelligible how such a mind as that of Leontes could have the force and freshness of feeling, after sixteen years elapsed, that are required to give interest to the recognition, and to satisfy our sympathies with the honour of Hermione. She is the thorn in the flesh that may irritate, but only to preserve it from callosity; the spiked girdle of the penitent that forbids him to omit his vigil. How necessary this might be appears from his momentary sportiveness with Perdita, and from the urgency of the interests by which he is surrounded in his court. Surely at last it is not only reward for Paulina, but relief to the reader, to know that she is safely remarried. Her house affairs may retain her at home, and give her subjects to be troubled about; and her husband is Camillo. as much more worthy of her than Antigonus, as Leontes, after his long suffering, has become superior to the headstrong tyrant of the earlier acts. But it is the very harshness of the virtue of Paulina that gives effect to the more delicate strength and graceful vigour of the virtue of Hermione, and saves by contrast the coolness of her temperament from the thought of coldness-nav. gives to it a glow of nature's warmth; while the softening and humanizing that her character has undergone, encourages our faith in the mellowing traits of Leontes, whom her care and comfort has reclaimed.

The logical and metrical structure and diction of the play sympathize with the temper of the leading characters and incidents. The versification starts, breaks, and divides as in no other play of Shakespeare's, and is in most marked contrast to that of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, which, as we have seen, shuns a cadence unless at the end of a line, the very position where it is here more constantly avoided.

The Alcestis of Euripides, both in treatment and incident, has many points of analogy with The Winter's Tale; the play is one of those favourable specimens of the genius of the Greek, that would have placed him much nearer to the dignity of Æschylus and Sophocles, had they been preserved alone in numbers equal to theirs, and without the drawback of association with his inferior performances. It has points of singularity among even the plays of Euripides. The ancient critics noted it as partaking rather of comedy than tragedy, as it starts from trouble and misfortune, and concludes with general satisfaction; and having regard to the tenor of some portions, the proper effect of comedy was thought to approximate to the satirick tone. Admetus, fated to die, is by favour of Apollo permitted to prolong his life by furnishing Death with a voluntary substitute. He urges the duty upon his aged parents, who repudiate the proposal with very marked reflections on its unreasonableness, and on his coolness in the proposition, but they fail to bring home to him this view of his conduct; and when his wife Alcestis becomes the volunteer, he grieves at her fate as he would at an inevitable blow, is inconsolable at his bereavement, would fain accompany her, but, wrapt up in blind selfishness, never once contrasts her conduct, which he so much admires, with his own. His position is placed before him most forcibly by his father, but he can only see his father's selfishness not his own, and drives on in dark obstinacy upon the path that must end in his being undeceived to humiliation the most degrading.

No word of reproach passes the lips of Alcestis; but her parting appeal to him, to spare her children the unhappiness of a stepmother, speaks expressively. If she says a word to set forth her sacrifice and the contrast of her self-devotion to the coldness of others, it is to urge a claim to this consideration for those she leaves behind, and she places them solemnly in his hands upon formal declaration of the stipulation. There is no mistaking in the comparative coldness of her adieu to him, a sense of the forfeiture he has incurred of that respect without which love lives She dies on the stage like Hermione, and her sorrowing husband forthwith prepares her solemn funeral, rejecting his father's contribution, as he regards him as the impersonation of cowardice and selfishness. It is when he returns from the entombment, and stands before the doors of his widowed household, that his nobler heart recovers, and he passionately avows that too late he learns his wife has the nobler and the better fate; he has forfeited happiness and fame together, his dwelling must henceforth be unbearable, and elsewhere he can only hope for the vituperation he utterly deserves. The Chorus comfort him, and urge the reparation of funeral honour. In the meantime Hercules brings back Alcestis veiled, rescued by his arm from the already closed clutches of Thanatos, hateful to God and man. Hercules pretends that his companion is a prize won in games, and offering to leave her with Admetus and even referring to renewed wedlock, draws from him expressions soothing to his revived queen, as those that Paulina draws from the penitent Leontes. Yet, like Leontes gazing at the statue, he looks till the force of resemblance raises him to the highest pitch of agitation. At length, by gradation like that in Shakespeare's play, the form of his wife is unveiled, and he recognizes her and falls on her neck. But she still stands speechless; the purifications due to the infernal gods must first be performed, and a three days' interval elapse before he may hear her voice; and thus in her silent presence the play concludes.

The elevated dignity and majesty thus expressed in the figure of Alcestis, the vindication of the self-devoted womanhood from the selfish neglect of a stronger power but an inferior nature is admirably realized, and is parallel to the reparation accorded to Hermione, who suffers with dignity as well as patience, and preserves herself not from consideration for a husband who has forfeited his nobler title, but for the sake of her daughter lost, but promised by the oracle to be found. The silence of Alcestis is not more satisfactory and expressive than the circumstance that, in the single short speech of Hermione, her words recognize and address alone her recovered daughter. She extends her hand to Leontes, and when he embraces her in joyful astonishment, full forgiveness is sealed by her frank embrace and entire reconcili-"She hangs upon his neck;" but it is when the recovered Perdita kneels that her mother's voice is heard again, and then, as if in the same awe of the powers of death from whom Hermione and Perdita seem, like Alcestis, to have been recovered, the scene hastily closes and the play is at an end.

The title of The Winter's Tale-in the account of the revels it is called the Winter's Night's Tale-suggests that it is in some manner a pendant of the Midsummer Night's Dream. classic and romantic, the pagan and chivalric, are huddled and combined here as there, and still more glaringly and unscrupulously. In this play, however, we have no night scenes; the sea-side storm is wintry; there is a hint of season once at the fall of summer, and more significantly in the words of Mamillius. that note a tale of sadness as fittest for winter. Perhaps, again, the length of time covered by the story is in the spirit of a winter's tale, when time is to spare for unstinted narrative; but the main appropriateness of the title depends, after all, on the certain abruptness and violence of transition and combination that pervade the play, of which the anachronisms already adverted to are minor types, associated with incongruities to the full as startling in the province of History's other handmaid, Geography.

The passion of Leontes bursts with the sway of a sudden tempest, with no note that during his previous years he had erred either in tyranny or jealousy; and there was previously something harsh even in the suddenness with which, at the suggestion of her husband, Hermione exchanges the silence more accordant

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with Homer's better rule to speed the parting guest, for urgent entreaties to Polixenes to stay. The intention to remain is then again as suddenly reversed by Camillo's revelation, and the guest flies in secrecy and haste. The sudden changes and abrupt transitions which disorder the course of Leontes, communicate a reaction to the wiser of the heads by whom he is surrounded. Camillo at first opposes his absurd infatuation, but sees immediately the hopelessness of uprooting the fixed idea of a really obstinate man, who can only change by a catastrophe. Polixenes is as quick to catch the conviction of the truthfulness of his informant, and good expedition without leavetaking saves them both.

As sharp a line is drawn when the insult to Hermione and her accusation ensue, upon the happy picture of her engaging son and sympathetic court. The vehemence of Leontes is even within himself discordant with his character,—it is the cataleptic rigidity of an impotent, a strong determination of a weak will, the moveless prejudice of a vacillating judgment. Hence, when the shock arrives, and the first threat of the oracle is fulfilled in the death of Mamillius, his worser genius is prostrate at once; his obtuse intellect brightens in an instant to sagacity, his callous affections are renewed and again are feeling and alive, but only for self-

reproach and torture.

Paulina's imprudent exposure of the babe to his glowing fury, is a violence like his own, and punished in the consequent death of her unstable-souled husband Antigonus. Her mind seems little better harmonized than that of Leontes, when she expresses her hopes that "he may soften at the sight of the child," on the fair ground that "The silence often of pure innocence persuades where speaking fails," and is at the same time intending to assault him with her tongue, trumpet habitual of her "red-looked anger," and advocate the prisoner "to the loudest." Afterwards the storm of her loud objurgation, when she tells the death of Hermione, is succeeded in a moment by self-corrected tenderness, when a word conveys to her that Leontes is already touched to the nobler heart.

Shakespeare, therefore, adopted here a principle of treatment entirely different from that by which he so frequently and so admirably blends the lights of character or incidents into lights, and gradually loses the shadows of his groupings in the graduating masses of shades. The principle was not adopted capriciously to display mere mastery of hand and execution, but by the artistic sense of the conditions for displaying with full effect the difference and the collision of the characters of Leontes and Hermione. The incidents implied to his poetic mind certain mental conditions, and both conducted him to and dictated, the character of effect to be realized. The relief which such treatment demands is gained in a most masterly manner, by extending the principle of sharp contrast to the general massing of the

whole. Thus the pastoral scenes and incidents come upon us by as quick and startling a turn as the jealousy of Leontes upon his exaggerated hospitality.

The discord would have been complete and intolerable, but that it is prepared by the sudden melting of Leontes, and by the softening of the scolding Paulina in the previous scenes, as well as by the scene so effectively interposed, of the confidence of Polixenes and Camillo. Still even here, in this so contrasted region, the ruling tendency to interrupted sequence and rash outbreak asserts its command. The happiness of Perdita is as suddenly overcast as was that of her mother, and the outburst of the irascible Polixenes is as sudden and violent as the jealousy of Leontes, and the manner in which he interrupts the happy betrothal and breaks away, fully bears out Camillo's account of him:—

"Then till the fury of his highness settle Come not before him."

The same temper appears in the description of his meeting with the shepherds in Sicilia,—stopping his ears and threatening them with divers deaths in death.

The passion of Florizel is equally decided; resting at first in unapprehensive happiness, when a check occurs he does not waver for an instant, but gives up father and kingdom to inherit his affection, and takes his course at once to tug for the time to come with fortune only to aid. Such resolutions ever find their reward in fiction and not unusually in the world; but after all, the course of the play could scarcely have made it a comedy but for the interposition of Camillo and Autolycus. Critics have started at the reference of Autolycus to a life to come, but it is quite consistent with his nature; it, expresses a latent superstition or conscientiousness that is still more decidedly marked in his last scene, and that gives contrast and counterchange to his roguery, even as in the case of Camillo we trace a line of prudence darkening almost into duplicity, that permeates the very purest and most single-hearted of natures. His virtue, which is his character. is the very growth of the trying circumstances by which he is surrounded. He is frank and bold to the fullest extent that is consistent with prudence and usefulness; he carries prudence and management to the fullest extent that consists with self-respect and honour. In truth he is as virtuous and direct as a man can be who is fain to live among the hard conditions of a court, and this perhaps is as much as to say that Autolycus retains as much rectitude as a pedlar may who is tempted by dupes thrice over. and not often has the chance of evincing a leaning to virtue by taking her bid when roguery only makes an equal offer. But this is unfair to Camillo, though it might be so to few others, and we must approve and admire the sagacity with which he proves the strength of unreasoning prejudice, and hoodwinks and eludes the power he can neither disabuse nor contend against. This is the wisdom that ere now has saved a nation as it saves the fortunes of the play, but may the world soon lack those tyrannous necessities that reduce the best virtue practicable so nearly to the equivocal.

The current of the story breaks by another hard unsoftened interruption of the self-announcement of Florizel to Leontes. The finely written prose scene of the conversing gentlemen smooths the transition to the concluding scene by presenting the agitating incidents of the recognition of Perdita in narrative form, and this is also a concession to the superior dignity and interest of the revelation of Hermione. Here all spirits are attempered to modesty and reconciliation; the weak are strengthened, the vehement subdued, the wise contented; and although a change more startling than any in the play is to take place,—the revival of the very dead,—the moving and speaking of a statue, yet so easily is all conducted, with such orderly and tender sequence does the discovery take place, in such tranquillized purity of mind is all set forth and received, that the full discovery takes place at last rather with motion than speech, is acknowledged with embraces rather than words, is for contemplation rather than discourse.

In this as in the other romantic comedies, the wished result comes round at last from much falling out just in that way that alone would suit the conclusion; but the introduction of the retributive edict of the Delphic oracle harmonizes admirably with the staid and solid glory of the nature of Hermione. With any character less exalted, sober, earnest, and impressive, this would have been hopelessly out of keeping, an interference too solemn for the rescue of a fantastic heroine, or for any other who less excellently exerted her proper powers of self-rescue. The god of the oracle directs the path of Antigonus to Bohemia to expose the infant, and we assume in course that the same power directed the hawk of Florizel in the ripeness of time across the walk of the gentle shepherdess, and aided and governed the track of fortune to the end.

The self-collected dignity of the entire character of Hermione is in harmony with her appearance as a statue,—painted though it were supposed to be, in the last scene. She is there not more statuesque than in the trial scene, and in both combines the beauty of repose with that of the sensitiveness of life; Perdita, on the other hand, is fitted to be Painting's own favourite subject, and like the scenes in which she appears is not only bright with varied colour, but moving with breezy motion, and bends and undulates with every graceful impulse like the flowers she distributes with such delicacy and daintiness.

It is observable that the language and manners of the old shepherd, and even in some degree of the clown, become ennobled, assume rhythm and refinement in the scenes where he is closely approximated to Perdita. She seems to shed the rich light of harvest around her. Thus the outspoken innocence of her references to the ways and dealings of great creative nature are the very seal not only of her sense, but of her simplicity and purity. The poet knew the country too well to ignore the inevitable instructions of farm-yard life, and it is the distinctive superiority of his poetry to the factitious pastoral that he could admit an indication of all the familiar associations that are required for the true portraiture of pastoral experience, and yet suppress every hint and suspicion of coarseness.

The carriage of the native princess declares

The carriage of the native princess declares itself not only to the old shepherd who recalls the rustic heartiness of his bustling wife on such occasions, but to the disguised courtiers who recognize the refinement of her beauty and gestures. Yet is not the responsibility of furnishing out these cast entirely on the reader or the actress; expressive words flow from the poet's pen and embody more than can be presented or imagined. She even follows without difficulty the intricate argument in which Polixenes engages her, and it is injustice to her to say that she gives it up, as woman sometimes will, merely to skip back to a first The ingenuity that will get one out of a maze, is rethought. nounced in favour of the good sense that declines getting into it; and Perdita leaves the complicated argument to take care for itself, while she disposes of the sophistical conclusion by bringing up a still apter analogy.

The unhesitating selfishness of the old man and his son at the approach of danger, though otherwise they are creditable rustics enough, the singleness of their anxiety to save their own skins from royal vengeance, by proving the foundling none of their blood, without any thought of her fate and fortune, belongs to the revulsions that characterize the play; it also finally detaches her, in our associations, from the class she has been reared amongst, and thus she is acquitted of ingratitude as well as presumption in moving easily towards the superior rank due to her nature as to her descent. Her own courage and collectedness at once place her in contrast to the bewildered and frightened hinds, and bring her worthily into sympathy with the patience and self-support of her brave mother Hermione.

In this play we have the same employment of speakers numbered but not named, lords and gentlemen, that occurs in Henry VIII. and Cymbeline, and corresponding with the blank distinctions of first and second mob in other plays, is expressive of the suppression of individuality among the great vulgar and the small, under the superior control of class tendencies, or the repressive power of individual and absolute sway.

The novel upon which this play was undoubtedly founded was published as early as 1588—Pandosto, the Triumph of Time; or,

as it was afterwards entitled, the History of Dorastus and Fawnia. by Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. Fourteen editions of it are known to exist, and such popularity argues that it would soon find its way to the stage. There is an entry in the Stationers' Register, under date of 22d May, 1594, of the Wynter's Nighte's Pastime; and it appears open to question whether this may not have been Shakespeare's play, which appears in a less uncertain record to be named The Winter's Night's Tale. A play thus entitled was represented at Whitehall by the King's players, on 5th November, 1611, as it is entered in the accounts of Sir George Bucke, Master of the Revels at that time. But an entry of a successor in the office proves that "The Winter's Tale" of Shakespeare must have been a new play in 1611, for it was licensed by Sir George Bucke, who was not in office until October, 1610; and in May of the next year, there is positive proof that Shakespeare's Winter's Tale was acted at the Globe, in the abstract of the diary of Dr. Symon Forman.

The anniversary on which it was performed at Court, that of the powder plot, is only noteworthy, as perhaps indicating an intention to fit the time by the speech of Camillo respecting the

fate of assaulters of anointed kings.

In reading the novel on which this play or any other was founded by Shakespeare, we notice a double spring of invention. Sometimes he adopts the character which the novelist or historian indicates, or adumbrates and modifies the incidents in order to display the character more livelily, or invents new incidents for the same purpose, either taking materials from other parts of the same novel, from other works of fiction, or from his own pure brain. On the other hand, the incidents of the story may be the leading suggestion, and give the hint of a character which straightway mingles with them, and combines all of them into a consistent web, which without such intervention would flow away like water, fall down like a rope of sand; and the germ of a finished character is thus often found in an action very inconsistently, or at least loosely, assigned in the novel.

Notwithstanding the defects of style and affectation of classical allusion, which are not the worst faults the author might have brought from his university, the novel has a certain freshness or liveliness that quite explains and justifies its popularity; and hence, in perusing it, we are struck with the abundance of the materials that it supplied to the dramatist—materials, however, after all of the rudest and crudest, and little worth, indeed, when estimated relatively to the art bestowed upon them.

The romantic geography that made Delphi an island, and gave a seaboard to Bohemia, Shakespeare took from the graduate of Cambridge. He interchanged, however, the two kingdoms, apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily the associations of deserts and remoteness, that apply to the exposure of Perdita and death of Antigonus. I cannot, however, but regret a change that deprived Sicily of scenes of pastoral poetry, that would have blended so happily with her memories of Theocritus. The chief difference in the conduct of the story by Greene, is that Bellaria, the Hermione of the play, dies at her trial suddenly, when the death of her son is announced; and Pandosto (Leontes) at last, after the unpleasant incident of becoming enamoured of his own unknown daughter, destroys himself; no characters are employed corresponding to Paulina or Autolycus. The invention of the living statue is therefore entirely new, and new, of course, are the poetic adornments, and chaste execution, and vigorous characterization. Greene calls the passion of Pandosto causeless jealousy and witless fury, but he nevertheless admits some incautiousness on the part of his wife, which Shakespeare cancels as weakening and detrimental. Again, there is much nobleness of mind in the words and bearing of Bellaria that is transferred readily to Hermione, in her care for her offspring rather than herself, her fear of infamy rather than death, her undismayed impeachment of her husband's course as "rigour and not law." But Hermione does not feel doubt, or condescend to pretend so, as to the origin of the charge, nor, like Bellaria, demand "that those perjured wretches, who had falsely accused her to the king, might be brought before her face to give in evidence," nor fall down upon her knees to solicit him, by his love for his son, to admit her appeal to Delphi. Shakespeare made the reference to the oracle originate with the accuser, and this proof of respect for it, on his part, renders his sense of his impiety in insulting it, and consequent confession of guilt and subjection to its predic-The similarity of the operations tions, consistent and natural. ascribed to Franion the cupbearer, in effecting the escape of Egistus (Polixenes), and to Capnio in managing that of his master Dorastus (Florizel), suggests the assignment of both to a single person, Camillo, and gives the hint for his character. The "wily trick" of Capnio, in inveigling a simple shepherd, was hint enough to produce in Shakespeare's imagination the former servant of Florizel, Autolycus.

In the loves of Dorastus and Fawnia, we have an adumbration of much that is most charming in Florizel and Perdita, but again the novelist as surely introduces a discord as the dramatist avoids Perdita is depicted with a native consciousness of being worthy of her destiny, yet free from ambition as from pride; but, interposed among better traits of Fawnia, we read-"She, poor soul, was no less joyful that, being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poor farmer to be wife of a rich king."

Ben Jonson's challenge of the absurdity of a shipwreck on the

coast of Bohemia, we have seen, might be shuffled off upon more learned shoulders, but this would profit little, while Shakespeare still remains responsible for making Julio Romano and Apollo contemporaries—Julio Romano, who died within half a century of the date when the play was written (1546). The case appears to be, that the Delphic god and oracle could not be spared from the action of the piece, which still repudiated the obligations of Greek scenery or costume, and quite in accordance with the prevailing tone of the play, the poet boldly broke with consistency at once, and defied it absolutely. Hence, with the Greek and Latin names, that unite with the classical allusions, he associates Italian, which are in place in such a description as that of the gallery of art in Paulina's house, and the rarities that introduce the figure of Hermione.

Among other personages of Greek relationship, Autolycus comes in with oddly apt significance. Whence did Shakespeare take this antique name of a rogue, and type of all roguery that is practisable by false oath, and asseveration, and underhand subtraction? The name is native on Mount Parnassus that the fane of Delphi brings before us. Here it was Ulysses visited Autolycus, his maternal grandfather, who, rich in wiles by the friending of Hermes, made all men who were concerned with him remember him unpleasantly, and gave a name to his godson, no unworthy emulator of his ways, to commemorate that fact. The casque which Ulysses wears in the night expedition in the Iliad, lent him by Meriones, had passed by many forms of transfer through many hands, among others those of his ancestor Autolycus; it had passed from host to guest, and from father to son. Autolycus himself had parted with it in gift; but then he alone, of all its owners, came into possession of it without the knowledge or consent, privity or permission, of the antecedent enjoyer.

W. W. Ll.







PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

M'

R. DOUCE observes that "the very great popularity of this play in former times may be supposed to have originated from the interest which the story must have excited." To trace the fable beyond the period in

which the favourite romance of Appolonius Turius was composed. would be a vain attempt: that was the probable original; but of its author nothing decisive has been discovered. Some have maintained that it was originally written in Greek, and translated into Latin by a Christian about the time of the decline of the Roman empire; others have given it to Symposius. a writer whom they place in the eighth century, because the riddles which occur in the story are to be found in a work entitled Symposii Ænigmata. It occurs in that storehouse of popular fiction the Gesta Romanorum, and its antiquity is sufficiently evinced by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version, which was printed a few years since by Mr. Thorpe, from the MS, in the library of Bene't College, Cambridge. One Constantine is said to have translated it into modern Greek verse, about the year 1500, (this is probably the MS. mentioned by Dufresne in the index of authors appended to his Greek Glossary, which was afterwards printed at Venice in 1563.) It had been printed in Latin prose at Augsburg in 1471, probably as early as the first dateless impression of the Gesta Romanorum. "Towards the latter end of the twelfth century Godfrey of Viterbo, in his Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle, (printed in the 2d volume of Pistorius's Collection of German Historians,) inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about two hundred years before Christ."

Dr. Farmer had a very curious fragment of an old metrical romance on the subject, which came into my possession. I gave it to Mr. Douce, and it is probably to be found with his other literary treasures in the Bodleian. This we have the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt for placing at an earlier period than the time of Gower. The fragment consists of two leaves of parchment, which had been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose

its edges were cut off, some words entirely lost, and the whole has suffered so much by time as to be scarcely legible. Yet I considered it so curious a relic of our early poetry and language that I bestowed some pains in deciphering what remains, and have given a specimen or two in the notes toward the close of the play. I will here exhibit a further portion, comprising the name of the writer, who appears to have been Thomas Vicary, (or perhaps Vicar), of Winborn Minster, in Dorsetshire. The portion I have given will continue the story of Appolonius (the Pericles of the play):—

Wit hys wyf in gret solas He lyvede after this do was, And had twey sones by junge age That wax wel farynge men: - the kyndom of Antioche Of Tire and of Cirenen. Came never werre on hys londe Ne hungr. ne no mesayse Bot hit yede wel an hond. He lyvede well at ayse. He wrot twey bokys of hys lyf. That in to hys owene bible he sette at byddynge of hys wyf, He lafte at Ephese thr he her fette. He rulde hys londe in goud manere. The he drow to age, Anategora he made king of Tire. That was his owene heritage. — best sone of that empire He made king of Aitnage - that he louede dure. Of Cirenen thr was -Whan that he hadde al thys y-dyght Cam deth and axede hys fee, - hys soule to God al myght So wol God thr hit bee, And sende ech housbonde grace For to lovye so hys wyf That chervsed hem wit oute trespace As sche dyde hym al here lyf. - me on alle lyues space Heer to amende our mysdede, In blisse of heuene to have a place; Amen ye singe here y rede. In trouth thys was translatyd Almost at Engelondes ende, - to the makers stat Tak sich a mynde,

---- have ytake hys bedys on hond And sayde hys patr nostr & crede, Thomas vicary y understond At Wymborne mynstre in that stede, - y thoughte you have wryte Hit is nought worth to be knowe, Ze that woll the sothe y-wyte Go thider and men wol the schewe, Now Fader & sone & holy gost To wham y clemde at my bygynninge, And God he hys of myghtes most Brynge us alle to a goud endynge, Lede us wide the payne of helle O God lord & prsones three In to the blysse of heuene to dwelle. Amen pr Charite.

Explicit APPOLONI TYRUS REX nobilis & vituosus, &c. This story is also related by Gower in his Confessio Amantis, lib. vii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. Most of the incidents of the play are found in his narration, and a few of his expressions are occasionally borrowed. Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo; and the author of Pericles professes to have followed Gower.

Chaucer also refers to the story in The Man of Lawe's Prologue:—

"Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius, How that the cursed King Antiochus Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede; That is so horrible a tale for to rede," &c.

A French translation from the Latin prose, evidently of the fifteenth century, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 20, c. ii. There are several more recent French translations of the story: one under the title of "La Chronique d'Appolin Roi de Thyr," 4to. Geneva, blk. l. no date. Another by Gilles Corrozet, Paris, 1530, 8vo. It is also printed in the seventh vol. of the Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest, 12mo. 1604; and, modernized by M. Le Brun, was printed at Amsterdam in 1710 and Paris in 1711. 120. There is an abstract of the story in the Mélanges tirées d'une grande Bibliothèque, vol. lxiv. p. 265.

The first English prose version of the story, translated by Robert Copland, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. It was again translated by T. Twine, and originally published by W. Howe, 1576. Of this there was a second impression in 1607, under the title of "The Patterne of painful Adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befel unto Prince Appolonius, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter, &c. translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." The poet appears to have made some use of this prose narration as well as of Gower. The story seems

to have been extremely popular, for, in the very next year, 1608, a novel was concocted by the aid of Twine's version, embracing the incidents of the play, and adopting the language in many places; this was published under the following title:—" The Painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower." At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butler, 1608.

The first edition of Pericles appeared in 1609, with the following title:—"The late, and much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures and fortunes of the said Prince: as also, The no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609." It had been previously entered on the Stationers' books on the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the first folio. Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. It was omitted in the first and second folio editions, but was inserted in the third folio in 1664, together with the doubtful plays.

There have been very conflicting opinions as to whether the play was an early production of Shakespeare, retouched by him at a later period, or an old play revised and partly rewritten by him. It is ascribed to him by S. Sheppard, in a poem entitled, "The Times Displayed in Six Sestyads," printed in 1646:—

"See him whose tragick sceans Euripides Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may Compare great Shakspear; Aristophanes Never like him his fancy could display, Witness the Prince of Tyre HIS Pericles."

And very shortly afterwards by the pen of an obscure poet named Tatham, in verses prefixed to Brome's Jovial Crew, 1652:—

"But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass." Dryden also tells us, in 1677, that—

"Shakespeare's own muse HIS Pericles first bore."

The omission of it however by Heminge and Condell, and the internal evidence appear to me to justify the conclusion to which Mr. Hallam inclines in his History of Literature, vol. iii. p. 569. "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and part only, the work of Shakespeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character (for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw), and a general

feebleness of the play as a whole, I should not believe the structure to be Shakespeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any cotemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."

For the converse opinion I must refer the reader to Dr. Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, whose views are also mainly adopted

by Mr. Knight.

Steevens thinks that this play was originally named Pyroclés. after the hero of Sidney's Arcadia, the character, as he justly observes, not bearing the smallest affinity to that of the Athenian "It is remarkable," says he, "that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honour, how happened it that Pyrocles, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus (his companion), Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps Pyrocles, in the present instance. was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. I must add, that the Appolyn of the Story-book and Gower could only have been rejected to make room for a more favourite name; yet however conciliating the name of Pyrocles might have been, that of Pericles could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakespeare designed his chief character to be called Pyrocles, not Pericles, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former." "This conjecture will amount almost to certainty if we diligently compare Pericles with the Pyrocles of the Arcadia; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage, while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor, proving incontestably the poet's familiarity with and study of the Arcadia to have been very considerable."

"The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas," says Malone, "compared with Pericles, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page." This is true, but it has been urged in order to excuse some unwarrantable licenses in which both Steevens and Malone indulged in the revision.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch. PERICLES. Prince of Tyre. Helicanus, two Lords of Tyre. ESCANES. SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.* CLEON, Governor of Tharsus. Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene. CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus. THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch. PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon. LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza. Marshal. A Pandar, and his Wife. Boult, their Servant. GOWER, as Chorus. The Daughter of Antiochus. DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon THAISA, Daughter to Simonides. MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa. LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina. DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.†

^{*} We meet with Pentapolitana regio, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities. Pentapolis occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of King Appolyn of Tyre, 1510; in Gower; the Gesta Romanorum; and Twine's translation from it. Its site is marked in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, Brit. Mus. Tiberius, b. v. In the original Latin romance of Appolonius Tyrius it is most accurately called Pentapolis Cyrenorum, and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy inform us, a district of Cyrenaica in Africa, comprising five cities, of which Cyrene was one.

[†] That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre, a city of Phoenicia hasia; Tharsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Enter Gower1.

O sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals, On ember-eves, and holy ales'; And lords and ladies in their lives Have read it for restoratives:

¹ Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his Confessio Amantis.

2 i. e. that of old.

³ The defect of metre (sung and come being no rhymes) points out that we should read—

"From ancient ashes Gower sprung;" alluding to the restoration of the Phœnix.

4 The old copies have "holy-dayes." The emendation was made by Dr. Farmer, and is obviously necessary for the rhyme, Church-ales were periodical festivals, like the wakes in many parishes, held at various periods of the year. What is known respecting them is collected in Brand's Popular Antiquities, vol. i. p. 226, 4to. ed.

The purchase⁵ is to make men glorious; Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. If you, born in these latter times, When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes, And that to hear an old man sing, May to your wishes pleasure bring, I life would wish, and that I might Waste it for you, like taper-light.— This Antioch then: Antiochus the Great Built up this city for his chiefest seat, The fairest in all Syria; (I tell you what mine authors say): This king unto him took a pheere 6, Who died and left a female heir. So buxom, blithe, and full of face7, As heaven had lent her all his grace; With whom the father liking took, And her to incest did provoke:

⁵ "The purchase" is the reading of the old copy; which Steevens, among other capricious alterations, changed to purpose. That the true meaning of the word purchase has been mistaken by all the commentators, I have shown in a note on the 2d Part of K. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 4. It was anciently used to signify gain, profit; any good or advantage obtained; as in the following instances:—James the First, when he made the extravagant gift of 30,000l. to Rich, said, "You think now that you have a great purchase; but I am far happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it."

"No purchase passes a good wife, no losse
Is, than a bad wife, a more cursed crosse."

Chapman's Georgics of Hesiod, b. ii. 44, p. 32.

"Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought."

Hall, satire ii. b. 2.

"Some fall in love with accesse to princes, others with popular fame and applause, supposinge they are things of greate purchase, when in many cases they are but matters of envy, perill, and impediment."—Bacon Adv. of Learning.

Pheere, i. e. wife: the word signifies a mate or companion.
 i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A full fortune, in Othello, means a complete one.

Bad child, worse father! to entice his own To evil, should be done by none. By⁸ custom, what they did begin, Was, with long use, counted no sin. The beauty of this sinful dame Made many princes thither frame⁹, To seek her as a bed-fellow, In marriage-pleasures playfellow: Which to prevent, he made a law (To keep her still, and men in awe 10), That whose ask'd her for his wife, His riddle told not, lost his life: So for her many a wight did die, As youd grim looks do testify 11. What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye I give, my cause who best can justify 12. ∇Exit.

Scene I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre 1, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

8 The old copies have But.

⁹ i. e. shape or direct their course thither.

10 To keep her still to himself, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage

ing her in marriage.

11 Gower must be supposed to point to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

¹² Which (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. Thus after-

ward :--

"When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge."

¹ It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By prince, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince regnant. In the Gesta Romanorum Appolonius is king of Tyre; and Appolyn in Copland's translation from the French. In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called prince of Tyrus, as he is in Gower.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,

Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride2, For the embracements even of Jove himself: At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd, (Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence³), The senate-house of planets all did sit, To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king Of every virtue gives renown to men4! Her face, the book of praises⁵, where is read Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath

In the old copy this line stands:—

"Musick, bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride." Malone thinks it a marginal direction, inserted in the text by mistake. Mr. Boswell thinks it only an Alexandrine, and adds, "It does not seem probable that musick would commence at the close of Pericles' speech, without an order from the king."

3 The words whose and her refer to the daughter of Antiochus. A slight change of punctuation renders this passage clearer. "At whose conception till Lucina reign'd," means from the commence-ment of her existence till she was born. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.—" The senatehouse of the planets was at no time to set for the decreeing of perfection in a man," &c. Thus also Milton, Paradise Lost, viii. 511:--

" All heaven.

And happy constellations, on that hour Shed their selectest influence."

- ⁴ The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue that gives renown to men. The ellipsis in the second line is what obscured this passage, which Steevens would have altered, because he did not comprehend it.
- Her face is a book where may be read all that is praise-worthy, every thing that is the cause of admiration and praise. Shakespeare has often this image.

Could never be her wild companion⁶. Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love, That have inflam'd desire in my breast, To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree, Or die in the adventure, be my helps, As I am son and servant to your will, To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides⁷,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yond sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yond field of stars⁸,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going⁹ on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught My frail mortality to know itself, And by those fearful objects to prepare This body, like to them, to what I must 10

⁷ Hesperides is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we find it in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. See vol. ii. p. 274, note 30.

⁶ The old copies have her mild companion, most probably a misprint for wild. If mild were to be understood for mildness, it would require to be in the genitive case, mild's.

⁸ Thus Lucan, lib. vii.—

[&]quot;Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam."

⁹ i. e. for fear of going, or, lest they should go. Dr. Percy proposed to read "in death's net;" but on and in were anciently used the one for the other.

¹⁰ That is, to prepare this body for that state to which I must come.

For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe 11,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death, I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then ; Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed, As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness¹²!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought

But faithfulness, and courage¹³.

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.

11 "I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length, feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity."

^a This and the two next lines form part of the speech of Pericles in the quartos. In the folio the first line only is given to Pericles.

12 This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone changed, at the suggestion of Mason, to "In all save that." The meaning is evidently, "Of all who have yet essay'd."

¹³ This is from the old novel; Steevens pointed out the same expression in the third book of Sidney's Arcadia:—"Whereupon asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse," &c.

He's father, son, and husband mild, I mother, wife, and yet his child. How they may be, and yet in two, As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physick is the last ¹⁴: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes ¹⁵ to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually ¹⁶,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the Hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait¹⁷,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time, Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime: Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not 18, upon thy life, For that's an article within our law,

¹⁴ i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls sharp physick, or a bitter potion.

15 Thus in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:—

"Who more engilds the night Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light." 16 "Stars, hide your fires,

Let not light see," &c. Macbeth.

17 i. e. he is no perfect or honest man, that knowing, &c.

18 This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:—

"To let him be familiar with My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal

And plighter of high hearts."

Malefort, in Massinger's Unnatural Combat, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches his daughter Theo-

crine, to whom he was betrothed.

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd; Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself 19;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd 20 hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
throng'd

By man's oppression²¹; and the poor worm²² doth die for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will; And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill? It is enough you know; and it is fit,

19 "The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them." Pericles means by this similitude to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel hurt by the publication of their shame, they will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it. He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole.

²⁰ Copp'd hills, are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugarloaf. Thus in Horman's Vulgaria, 1519: "Sometime men wear copped caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make copped, or sharpe at top; cacumino." In A. S. cop is a head. See Taming of the Shrew, Act v. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 223.

²¹ The earth is oppressed by the injuries which crowd upon her. Steevens altered throng'd to wrong'd; but apparently without necessity.

²² The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of commiseration. In The Tempest, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected." The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray its course to the mole-catcher.

What being more known grows worse, to smother it. All love the womb that their first beings bred, Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Am. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—

But I will gloze 23 with him. [Aside.] Young prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict, Your exposition misinterpreting, We might proceed to cancel of your days ²⁴; Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise: Forty days longer we do respite you; If by which time our secret be undone, This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son: And until then, your entertain shall be, As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[Exeunt Ant. his Daughter, and Attend.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where 25 now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

²³ Gloze, i. e. flatter, insinuate.

²⁴ i. e. to the destruction of your life; cancel for cancelment.

²³ Where has here the power of whereas; as in other passages. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 7; Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 4. It occurs again with the same meaning in Act ii. Sc. 3, of this play.

Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men Blush not in actions blacker than the night, Will shun²⁶ no course to keep them from the light. One sin, I know, another doth provoke; Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke. Poison and treason are the hands of sin, Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear²⁷, By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doch sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes 28
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

The old copy erroneously reads shew. The emendation is Malone's. The expression here is elliptical:—"For wisdom sees that those men who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course in order to preserve them from being made publick."

77 To prevent any suspicion from falling on you. So in Mac-

beth:-

"Always thought, that I Require a clearness."

28 In The Winter's Tale the word partake is used in an active

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal.

My lord,

'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste 29.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit Messenger.

Ant.

Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,

Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness.

Exit.

As thou

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

Scene II. Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge our thoughts 1?—

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,

sense for participate:—" Your exultation
Partake to every one."

²⁹ These words are addressed to the Messenger, who enters in haste.

¹ The old copy reads, "Why should this change of thoughts?" Pericles, addressing the Lords, says, "Let none disturb us." Then apostrophizing himself, says, "Why should this charge our thoughts."

IV.

Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour², In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful nigh (The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here: Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits, Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. Then it is thus: that passions of the mind, That have their first conception by misdread, Have after-nourishment and life by care; And what was first but fear what might be done. Grows elder now, and cares it be not done. And so with me;—the great Antiochus ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend, Since he's so great, can make his will his act) Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence; Nor boots it me to say, I honour, If he suspect I may dishonour him: And what may make him blush in being known, He'll stop the course by which it might be known; With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land, And with th' ostent of war3 will look so huge, Amazement shall drive courage from the state;

The old copies:-

[&]quot;By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour," &c.
It is evident that two letters have changed places. "Why should,"
from the previous clause, must be understood.

³ Old copies :-

[&]quot;And with the stint of war will look so huge."
The emendation, suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is confirmed by the following passage in Decker's Entertainment to King James I. 1604:—"And why you bear alone th' ottent of warre."

Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's Batrachomuomachia:—"Both heralds bearing the ostents of war." See vol. iii. pp. 31 and 43.

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am 4 no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them),
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast! 2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us, Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue. They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath 'gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook What shipping, and what lading's in our haven, And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

⁵ i. e. the breath of flattery. The word spark was here accidentally repeated by the compositor in the old copy, and heart printed instead of heat.

⁴ The old copy reads, "Who once no more," &c. The emendation is by Steevens, at Dr. Farmer's suggestion. Malone reads, "Who wants no more," &c.

⁶ A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in The Winter's Tale:—" And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile."

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power

To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself; Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee rise;

Sit down; thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,

That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid?!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince, Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant, What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,

That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then: I went to Antioch,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,

Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects⁸.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest (hark in thine ear), as black as incest;

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father Seem'd not to strike, but smooth⁹: but thou know'st

this,
⁷ Forbid it, heaven, that kings should suffer their ears to hear

their failings palliated!

8 From whence I might propagate an issue that are arms, &c.

Steevens reads—

"Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys."

⁹ To smooth is to sooth, coax, or flatter. Thus in K. Richard III :-

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, Under the covering of a careful night, Who seem'd my good protector; and being here, Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than their years: And should he doubt it 10 (as no doubt he doth), That I should open to the listening air, How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope.— To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms. And make pretence of wrong that I have done him; When all, for mine, if I may call't offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: Which love to all (of which thyself art one, Who now reprovist me for it)-

Hel.

Alas, sir! Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks.

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest, ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them 11.

"Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." So in Titus Andronicus:-

"Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair." The verb to smooth is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance, by Stubbes in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1583:-" If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and smooth," &c.

¹⁰ The quarto of 1609 reads, "And should he doot," &c.; from which the reading of the text has been formed. "Should he be in doubt that I shall keep his secret (as there is no doubt but he is), why, to 'lop that doubt,' i. e. to get rid of that painful un. certainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself."

11 That is, to lament their fate. The first quarto reads, "to

grieve for them."

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence?—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee; And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it 12.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure 13 crack both: But in our orbs 14 we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince 15,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince 16.

Exeunt.

¹³ This transfer of authority naturally brings the first scene of Measure for Measure to our mind.

Sure is not in the quartos, but was inserted in the folio, 1664.

¹⁴ i. e. in our different spheres:-

[&]quot;In seipso totus teres atque rotundus."

¹⁵ i. e. Overcome.

¹⁶ This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff:—"I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince." The same idea is more

Scene III. Tyre. An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [Aside. Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch? [Aside. Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not), Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:

clearly expressed in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2:—
"A loyal subject is
Therein illustrated."

¹ Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnabe Rich's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27:—" I will therefore commende the poet Philipides, who being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might dee unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king—That your majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, To show his sorrow, would correct himself; So puts himself ² unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [Aside. I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king it sure must please³, He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

[To the lords.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since *Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Tharsus. A Room in the Governour's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cleo. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it; For who digs hills because they do aspire,

² Steevens has thought this phrase wanted illustration; but it is of very common occurrence, "To put himselfe in daunger of his life; In periculum caput se inferre,"—Baret.

³ The old copy has, "The king's seas must please, He scap'd the land to perish at the sea."

The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

⁴ The adverb *since*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Steevens on account of sense and metre.

Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher. O my distressed lord, even such our griefs; Here they're but felt, and seen with mistie eyes¹, But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish? Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs? Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that, If the gods slumber, while their creatures want, They may awake their helpers to comfort them. I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years, And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government, A city, on whom plenty held full hand (For riches strew'd herself even in the streets); Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds.

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at; Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd, Like one another's glass to trim them by : Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

² All the early editions have tongues. Lungs was substituted by Steevens, which avoids the disagreeable recurrence of tongues,

and improves the sense.

To jet is to strut, to walk proudly. See vol. ii. p. 419, note 3.

Thus in the Second Part of King Henry IV.—
"He was indeed the glass,

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves." Again in Cymbeline:—

"A sample to the youngest, to the more mature A glass that feated them."

¹ The old copy has "mischief's eyes;" Steevens reads mistful eyes; Malone, "unseen with mischief's eyes;" but the old form of the word mistie might easily be mistaken for mischief.

³ The old copy reads, "If heaven slumber," &c. This was probably an alteration of the licenser of the press. Sense and grammar require that we should read, "If the gods," &c.

And not so much to feed on, as delight; All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air, Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger⁶,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nousle⁷ up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

6 The old copy has:—

Who not yet too savers younger."

The emendation was proposed by Mason. Steevens remarks that Shakespeare computes time by the same number of summers in Romeo and Juliet:—

"Let two more summers wither in their pride," &c. Malone reads:—

"Who not used to hunger's savour."

7 Steevens thought that this word should be nursle; but the examples are numerous enough in our old writers to show that the text is right. Thus in New Custom; Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 284:—

"Borne to all wickedness, and nusled in all evil."

So Spenser, Faerie Queene, i. vi. 23:-

"Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre, He nousled up in life and maners wilde."

"It were a more vauntage and profit by a great dele that yonge children's wyttes were otherwyse sette a warke, than nossel them in suche errour."—Horman's Vulgaria, 1519, fo. 86.

"Nousleed in virtuous disposition, and framed to an honest trade of living."—Udal's Apophthegmes, fo. 75.

So in The Death of King Arthur, 1601, cited by Malone:—
"Being nuzzled in effeminate delights."

Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life: Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping; Here many sink, yet those which see them fall, Have scarce strength left to give them burial. Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those cities, that of Plenty's cup And her prosperities so largely taste, With their superfluous riots, hear these tears! The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governour? Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste, For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath⁸ stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power⁹,
To beat us down, the which are down already;

And make a conquest of unhappy me 10, Whereas 11 no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear: for, by the semblance Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace, And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

⁸ The old copy has *That*, instead of *Hath*.

9 Hollow, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See Iliad, v. 26. By power is meant forces.

A letter has been probably dropped at press: we may read,

" of unhappy men."

It has been already observed that whereas was sometimes used for where; as well as the converse, where for whereas.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's 12 untutor'd to repeat, Who makes the fairest show means most deceit. But bring they what they will, and what they can, What need we fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there. Go tell their general, we attend him here, To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist 13;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governour, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets!
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow '1',
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

Per.

Rise, I pray you, rise;

"The quarto of 1609 reads:—
"Thou speak'st like himnes untutor'd to repeat."

Like him's untutor'd, for like him who is untutored. "Deluded by the painte appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has power learned the common adams—that the friends are the second of the second

never learned the common adage,—that the fairest outsides are most to be suspected."

13 i. e. if he rest or stand on peace. See 2d Part of K. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 1.

14 Thus the old copies; excepting that in the preceding line we have, "was stuffed." It has been usual to print views for veins; but I think without necessity.

We do not look for reverence, but for love. And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves, The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils! Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen), Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while.

Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

ERE have you seen a mighty king His child, I wis, to incest bring; A better prince, and benign lord,

Prove awful both in deed and word¹.

Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man²

¹ i. e. You have seen a better prince, &c. prove awful, i. e. honest. Vide note on Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. Sc. 1. The verb in the first line is carried on to the third.

² "The good in conversation (To whom I give my benizon) Is still at Tharsus, where," &c.

Gower means to say, "The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man," &c. Conversation is conduct, behaviour. See 2 Peter, iii. 11.

IV.

Thinks all is writ he spoken can³:
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious⁴:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a Letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the Letter to Cleon; Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home (Not to eat honey, like a drone, From others' labours; for thy be strive

³ Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were Holy Writ.

⁴ This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the

Confessio Amantis:-

"That thei for ever in remembrance Made a figure in resemblance Of hym, and in a common place Thei set it up; so that his face Might every maner man beholde, It was of laton over gylte," &c.

In King Appolyn of Thyre, 1510:—"In remembrance they made an ymage or statue of clene golde." In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the statue is of brass:—

"The made they an ymage of bras,
A schef of whete he held an honde,
That to my lieknes maad was,
Uppon a buschel they dyde hym stonde,
And wryte aboute the storye.
To Appolyn this hys ydo
To have hym ever in memorye,"

⁵ For thy, i. e. therefore. The printer, not understanding this archaism, substituted for though; and thus it has hitherto been given. For thy was not then quite obsolete, Drayton has it in the first edition of his Ecloques, Ecl. vi.—

To killen bad, keep good alive; And, to fulfil his prince' desire), Sends word of all that haps in Tyre⁶: How Thaliard came full bent with sin. And hid intent, to murder him: And that in Tharsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest: He knowing⁷ so, put forth to seas, Where when men been, there's seldom ease; For now the wind begins to blow; Thunder above, and deeps below, Make such unquiet, that the ship Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split; And he, good prince, having all lost, By waves from coast to coast is tost: All perishen of man, of pelf, Ne aught escapen but himself; Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad, Threw him ashore, to give him glad: And here he comes: what shall be next,-Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text's. [Exit.

Scene I. Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea Side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven! Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

"For the looseness of thy youth art sorry, And for thy vow'st some solemne pilgrimage." In later editions therefore is substituted.

6 Old copy:—" Sav'd one of all," &c. The emendation is Steevens's.

⁷ Old copies, doing. The correction is by Steevens.

⁶ Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues, it belongs to the text, not to his province as chorus. Steevens justly remarks, that "the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of the Pseudo-Rowley, is often irreconcilable to the practice of any age.

Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche1!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion².

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

- 3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled³? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
- 1 Fish. Why as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to

The old copy reads:—
"What to pelche."

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who remarks, that Pilche is a leathern coat.

² This expression, which is equivalent to with a mischief, or with a vengeance, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers. It is perhaps from the A.S. banung, detriment, mischief.

3 Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a

ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him', and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

- 3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.
 - 2 Fish. Why, man?
- 3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

- 3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.
- Per. How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect!— Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.
- 2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch't out of the calendar, and no body will look after it⁵.

4 So in Coriolanus:-

"Like scaled sculls Before the belching whale."

⁵ The old copy reads "search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it." The correction is by Steevens, who also suggested that the dialogue may have been intended to run thus:—

"Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

The day is rough and thwarts your occupation." The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Some remark upon the day appears to have been omitted.

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:—

- . Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast-
- 2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea: to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon⁶, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than

we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nav. then thou wilt starve sure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks7, and thou shalt be welcome.

"Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast." Dr. Farmer thinks that there may be an allusion to the dies honestissimus of Cicero. The lucky and unlucky days are put down in the old calendars.

⁶ Thus in Sidney's Arcadia, book v.—" In such a shadow, &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers."

⁷ Flåp-jacks are pancakes. Thus in Taylor's Jack a Lent:—

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Execunt two of the Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are? Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him? 1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for

his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

· 1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul⁸.

"Until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a flap-jack, which, in our translation, is cald a pancake."

The speaker means—Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't⁹, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own 10, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life), Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace 11): For that it sav'd me, keep it: in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee. It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again. I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

· 1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better,

to attempt. The Fisherman's satirical conclusion is not very intelligible.

10 i. e. And I thank you, though it was mine own.

This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. The bots is a disease in horses produced by worms.

¹¹ The brace is the armour for the arm. So in Troilus and Cressida:—

[&]quot;I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver, And in my vant brace put this wither'd brawn,"

I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee

good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rapture 12 of the sea, This jewel holds his biding 13 on my arm; Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—. Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases 14.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the

court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will; This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. $\Gamma Exeunt.$

13 The old copy has, "the rupture of the sea;" but I prefer Sewel's emendation of rapture, which is confirmed by the passage in the novel, for violent seizure, or the act of carrying away forcibly.

13 The old copy reads, "his building," which Malone changed to biding. Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled

a jewel. See vol. iii. p. 444, note 14.

¹⁴ Bases were a sort of petticoat that hung down to the knees, and were suggested by the Roman military dress, in which they seem to have been separate parallel slips of cloth or leather. In Rider's Latin Dictionary, bases are rendered palliolum curtum. The Highlanders wear a kind of bases at this day. In Massinger's Picture, Sophia, speaking of Hilario's disguise, says to Corisca:-"You, minion,

> Had a hand in it too, as it appears Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior."

Scene II. The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c. 1

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? 1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them², we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honour's, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;

¹ This account of the scene is by the modern editors.

² i. e. Return them notice that we are ready, &c.

³ The sense would be clearer were we to substitute both in this and the following instance office for honour. Honour may however mean her situation as queen of the feast, as she is afterwards called. The idea of this scene may have been derived from the third book of the Iliad, where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. The old copies have, "to entertain."

The word 4, Lux tua vita mihi.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes.

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, Piu per dulçura que per fuerça⁵. [The third Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry:

The word, Me pompæ provexit apex 6 .

[The fourth Knight passes.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turn'd upside down; The word, Quod me alit, me extinguit.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will.

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds; Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried: The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.

The sixth Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

⁵ i. e. More by sweetness than by force. It should be "Mas per dulçura," &c. Più is Italian, not Spanish.

⁴ i. e. The mot or motto. See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5:—"Now to my word."

^{6&#}x27; The work which appears to have furnished the author of the play with this and the two subsequent devices of the knights has the following title:—"The heroical Devices of M. Claudius Paradin, Canon of Beaugen; whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeon's, and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by P. S." 1591, 24mo. Mr. Douce has given copies of some of them in his Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 126.

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his impress is A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; The motto, In hac spe vivo⁷.

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend: For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock⁸, than the lance.

- 2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.
- 3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust⁹.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan The outward habit by, the inward man 10. But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw Into the gallery.

Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.

⁷ This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, 1585; in which it will be found at sig. H 7. b. The old copy misprints present for impresse, impress, or a word used for a device in K. Richard II. It was in common use. Blount says—"A Devise is the same which the Italians (and we also from them) call an Impress, wherein the picture is as the body, and the Motto the soul gives it life."

⁶ i. e. the carter's whip. It was sometimes used as a term of contempt; as in Albumazar, 1615:—

"Out, Carter,

Hence, dirty whipstock."

The idea of this ill-appointed knight appears to have been taken from the first book of Sidney's Arcadia:—" His armour of as old a fashion, beside the rustic poornesse, &c. so that all that looked on measured his length on the earth already," &c.

10 i.e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Ban-Scene III. quet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous. To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than's fit, Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are princes, and my guests.

But you, my knight and guest; Thai. To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit. Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast

(For, daughter, so you are), here take your place: Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love, For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

a The old copy has an artist. Malone corrected it.

IV.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me¹, be not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen Of marriage, all the viands that I eat Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat; Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman; He has done no more than other knights have done: He has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Youd king's to me, like to my father's picture, Which tells me, in that glory once he was; Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence. None that beheld him, but like lesser lights. Did vail² their crowns to his supremacy; Where 3 now his son's like a glowworm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light; Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, For he's their parent, and he is their grave4, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

1 i. e. these delicacies go against my stomach. The old copy gives this speech to Simonides, and reads, "he not thought upon." Steevens proposed the correction. Gower describes Appolinus, the Pericles of this play, under the same circumstances:-

"That he sat ever stille and thought

As he which of no meat rought."

3 Where is here again used for whereas. The peculiar property of the glowworm, upon which the poet has here employed a line, is happily described in Hamlet in a single word :--

"The glowworm shows the matin to be near, And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

4 So in Romeo and Juliet:-

"The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb; What is her burying grave, that is her womb," Milton has the same thought:-

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim (As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),

We drink this health to you,

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while; Yond knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might countervail his worth. Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is't to me, my father? Sim. O, attend, my daughter: Princes, in this Should live like gods above, who freely give To every one that comes to honour them: And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats, Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at⁵. Therefore to make his en-trance⁶ now more sweet, Here, say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[Aside.

⁶ By his en-trance appears to be meant his present trance, the

reverie in which he is sitting.

⁵ "When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it: a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who, having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character."—Steevens.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know, Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you. Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life. Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles My education been in arts and arms);—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles.

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by Misfortune of the seas has been bereft Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore⁸.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune, And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying, this Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads; Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.

* This speech stands thus in the old copies:-

⁷ Thus the old copies. Probably has was written as an elision, "My education's been."

[&]quot;Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles, A gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the seas, Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore."

⁹ i. e. as you are accoutred, prepared for combat. So in King Henry V.—

[&]quot;To-morrow for the march we are address'd."

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often 10 heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord. Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[The Knights and Ladies dance.

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp; Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well; But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and lights, conduct¹¹

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir, We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Tyre. A Room in the Governour's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their¹ bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,

Often is not in the old copies, it was added by Malone.
 The folio has "to conduct."

¹ The old copies have " Those bodies."

That all those eyes ador'd them² ere their fall, Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though This king were great, his greatness was no guard To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference, Or council, has respect with him but he³—

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords. 1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane; But if the prince do live, let us salute him, Or know what ground's made happy by his breath. If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolv'd', he lives to govern us, Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral, And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's indeed, the strongest in our censure⁵:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head—

² i. e. which ador'd them.

4 i. e. satisfied.

³ "To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue."—Steevens.

⁵ i.e. the most probable in our opinion. Censure is most frequently used for judgment, opinion, by Shakespeare.

(Like goodly buildings left without a roof, Soon fall to ruin)—your noble self, That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign, We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause⁶, forbear your suffrages: If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas⁷,

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you

To forbear the absence of your king⁸;

If in which time expir'd, he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,

And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield; And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us, We with our travails will endeavour.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exeunt.

⁶ The old copy has—" Try honour's cause." Mr. Dyce suggested the correction.

⁷ Malone reads:—"I leap into the seat." Steevens observes that the old reading is merely figurative, and means, "I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour."

8 Steevens supposing some word omitted in this line in the old copy, thus supplied it:—

"To forbear choice i' the absence of your king." But to forbear here may only signify to bear with. Scene V. Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a Letter; the Knights meet

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides. Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know, That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known, Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord? Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd¹,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [Exeunt.

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter: She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight, Or never more to view nor day nor light. Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine; I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't, Not minding whether I dislike or no! Well, I commend her choice; And will no longer have it be delay'd. Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

1 "It were to be wished," says Steevens, "that Simonides, who is represented as a blameless character, had hit on some more ingenious expedient for the dismission of these wooers. Here he tells them, as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own."

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you, For your sweet musick this last night: I do Protest, my ears were never better fed With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend; Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord. Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,

And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre? 'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger, and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter, But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir. Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitors.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king),

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[Aside.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relish'd² of a base descent. I came unto your court, for honour's cause, And not to be a rebel to her state; And he that otherwise accounts of me, This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair, Resolve your angry father, if my tongue Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so perémptory?—

I am glad of it with all my heart. [Aside.] I'll tame

I'll bring you in subjection.—Will you,
Not having my consent, bestow your love
And your affections on a stranger? (who,
For ought I know may be,—nor can I think
The contrary,—as great in blood as I myself.)
Therefore, hear you mistress; either frame your will
To mine;—and you, sir, hear you, either be
Rul'd by me, or I'll make you—man and wife;
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

you;

² So in Hamlet :-

[&]quot;That has no relish of salvation in it."

And in Macbeth:—

"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both."

And for a further grief,—God give you joy! What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it3.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed; Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

 $\lceil Exeunt.$

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gower.

OW sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast¹

Of this most pompous marriage-feast. The cat, with eyne of burning coal, Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole; And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth, E'er² the blither for their drouth. Hymen hath brought the bride to bed, Where, by the loss of maidenhead, A babe is moulded;—Be attent,

We have the same thought most exquisitely expressed in Julius Cæsar:—

"As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart."

¹ So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:—

"Rhamnetem aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis Extructus, toto proflabat pectore somnum."

² The old copy has—"Are the blither." Steevens suggested As, which Malone adopts. The present reading was suggested by Mr. Dyce.

And time that is so briefly spent, With your fine fancies quaintly eche³ What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumh Show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter. Pericles shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former4. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SI-MONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a derne and painful perch 5 -Of Pericles the careful search By the four opposing coignes, Which the world together joins, Is made, with all due diligence, That horse, and sail, and high expense, Can stead the quest⁶. At last from Tyre (Fame answering the most strong inquire), To the court of King Simonides

3 i. e. eke out.

⁴ The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. "No man," says Gower, in his Confessio Amantis:-

"Knew the soth cas,

But he hym selfe; what man he was." By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

5 Derne signifies lonely, solitary. A perch is a measure of five yards and a half. "The careful search of Pericles is made by many a derne and painful perch,-by the four opposing coignes which join the world together; with all due diligence."

6 i. e. help, befriend, or assist the search. So in Measure for Measure:-

"Can you so stead me To bring me to the sight of Isabella?" Are letters brought; the tenour these: Antiochus and his daughter dead: The men of Tyrus, on the head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre, but he will none: The mutiny there he hastes t'oppress?; Says to them, if King Pericles Come not home, in twice six moons, He, obedient to their dooms, Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis, Y-ravished the regions round, And every one with claps 'gan sound, Our heir apparent is a king: Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing? Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: His queen, withchild, makes her desire (Which who shall cross?) along to go; (Offit we all their dole and woe); Lychorida, her nurse, she takes, And so to sea. Their vessel shakes On Neptune's billow; half the flood Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood8 Varies again; the grizzly north Disgorges such a tempest forth, That, as a duck for life that dives, So up and down the poor ship drives. The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near! Doth fall in travail with her fear: And what ensues in this fell storm, Shall, for itself, itself perform: I nill relate; action may Conveniently the rest convey:

⁷ i. e. to suppress : opprimere.

⁸ The old copy—"mov'd," but the rhyme and the sense both require the correction, which was made by Steevens.

Which might not what by me is told⁹. In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship¹⁰, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter Pericles, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast¹, rebuke these surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast

9 "The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe; what ensues may be conveniently exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related."

¹⁰ It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in the time of the author.

1 It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. "This great vast" is "this wide expanse." See vol. i. p. 23, note 38, and vol. iv. p. 6, note 2. The speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the folio, that it is here given to enable the reader to judge in what a corrupt state it has come down to us, and be induced to treat the attempts to restore it to integrity with indulgence:—

"The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges, Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast Upon the windes command, bind them in Brasse; Having call'd them from the deep, O still Thy dearning dreadful thunders, daily quench Thy nimble sulpherous flashes. O how Lychorida? How does my Queene? then storm venemously, Wilt thou spet all thy self? the Sea mans whistle Is as a whisper in the eares of death, Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh! Divinest Patronesse and my Wife gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangs Of my Queenes travels? now Lychorida?"

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass, Having call'd them from the deep! O still Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench Thy nimble sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida, How does my queen?—Thou storm,—venomously Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, Oh Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy deity Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit² would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm. Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with frantic peevishness addresses himself to it:—

"Thou storm thou! venemously Wilt thou spit all thyself?"

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle has no more effect on the sailors than the voices of those who speak to the dead. He then repeats his inquiries of Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with a prayer for his queen.

2 i. e. who, if it had thought.

Vie³ honour with you.

Patience, good sir, Luc.

Even for this charge.

Now, mild may be thy life! For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:

Quiet and gentle thy conditions4!

For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world, That e'er was prince's child: happy what follows! Thou hast as chiding⁵ a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make, To herald thee from the womb: even at the first. Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit6, With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you. Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw?; It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins8 there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

3 That is, contend with you in honour. The old copy reads-" Use honour with you." See vol. iii. page 175, note 20.

⁴ Conditions are qualities, dispositions of mind. See vol. i. p.

156, note 20.

i.e. as noisy a one. See vol. ii. p. 398, note 15. The construction, omitting parentheses, is this: -- "Mild may be thy life, quiet and gentle thy conditions, happy what follows." Perhaps For should commence the next line. Many of the expressions are from the novel.

6 i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. Portage is here used for conveyance

into life.

7 A flaw is a stormy gust of wind. So in Hamlet:-"To expel the winter's flaw."

8 Bolins or bowlines are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they are slackened 2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in custom⁹. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear; No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze 10;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining 11 lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida!

when it is high. Thus in The Two Noble Kinsmen:—
"The wind is fair;

Top the bowling."

⁹ The old copy reads—" Strong in easterne." The emendation is Mr. Boswell's.

10 Old copy,—" in oare."

11 The old copies erroneously read:—

"The air-remaining lampa."

The emendation is Malone's. The propriety of it will be evident if we recur to the author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead perpetual (i. e. ayermaining) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope, in his Eloisa:—

"Ah hopeless lasting flames, like those that burn

To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!"
"Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head."

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander Bring me the satin coffer 12: lay the babe Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this? 2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre ¹³. When canst thou reach it? 2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently.

[Execunt.

Scene II. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipporecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men; It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this, Till now I ne'er endur'd.

¹² The old copies have coffin. Pericles does not mean to bury his queen in this coffer (which was probably one lined with satin), but to take from thence the cloth of state, in which she was afterwards shrouded.

¹³ Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return; There's nothing can be minister'd to nature, That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary, And tell me how it works¹. [To Philemon.

[Exeunt Philemon, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook, as the earth did quake; The very principals² did seem to rend, And al-to topple³; pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early; 'Tis not our husbandry'.

Cer.

O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

- ¹ The precedent words show that the physick cannot be designed for the master of the servant here introduced. Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. It could not be meant for the poor men who have just left the stage, to whom he has ordered kitchen physick.
 - ² The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.
- ³ Al-to is a common augmentative in old language. The word topple, which means tumble, is used again in Macbeth:—
- "Though castles topple on their warders' heads."

 4 Husbandry here signifies economical prudence. So in Hamlet,
 Act i. Sc. 3:—
 - "Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

And in King Henry V.—

"For our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry."

Rich tire ⁵ about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose. It is most strange, Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

I held it ever. Virtue and cunning⁶ were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend; But immortality attends the former, Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever Have studied physick, through which secret art, By turning o'er authorities, I have (Together with my practice), made familiar To me and to my aid, the blest infusions That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures; which gives a me A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death?.

⁶ i. e. knowledge.

^a The old copy has "which doth give me."

⁵ The gentlemen rose early because they were in lodgings, which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had rich tire about him, meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. Steevens thinks that the reasoning of these gentlemen should have led them rather to say, such towers about you, i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of the weather.

⁷ Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which Death was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the Fool (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. Mr. Douce, then a stripling, (though Steevens chooses to say a venerable and aged clergyman,) informed him that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of Death's contrivances to surprise the Merry

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd: And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Sero. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest; 'Tis of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight; If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold, 'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!— Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, As toss'd it upon shore.

Andrew, and of the Merry Andrew's efforts to elude the stratagems of Death, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley. It should seem that the general idea of this serio-comic pas-de-deux had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of Machabre, commonly called the Dance of Death, which appears to have been anciently acted in churches like the Moralities. The subject was a frequent ornament of cloisters both here and abroad. The reader will remember the beautiful series of wood cuts of the Dance of Death, attributed (though erroneously) to Holbein. Mr. Douce is in possession of an exquisite set of initial letters, representing the same subject; in one of which the Fool is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or pebbles, an instrument used by modern merry Andrews.

Cer. Come, wrench it open; Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So,—up with it. O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me In the characters! [Unfolds a Scroll.

Here I give to understand
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land*),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recover'd.

⁸ In Twine's translation of the story of Appolonius of Tyre this uncommon phrase a-land, is repeatedly used. In that version it is to Cerimon's pupil, Machaon, and not to Cerimon himself that the lady is indebted for her recovery.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.— The rough and woful musick that we have, Cause it to sound, 'beseech you. The viol once more:—How thou stirr'st, thou block?—

The musick there.—I pray you, give her air:-Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes a warm Breath out of her; she hath not been entranc'd Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, through you, increase our wonder,

And set up your fame for ever.

She is alive: behold. Her evelids, cases to those heavenly jewels Which Pericles hath lost, Begin to part their fringes of bright gold9; The diamonds of a most praised water Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature, Rare as you seem to be! She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's mylord? What world is this 10? 2 Gent. Is not this strange? Most rare.

1 Gent.

So in the Tempest:— "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance, And say what thou seest youd?"

10 This is from the Confessio Amantis:-"And first hir eyen up she caste, And when she more of strengthe caught, Her armes both forth she straughte; Held up hir honde and piteouslie She spake, and saied, Where am I? Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?" Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours; Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her. Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to, For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;

And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt carrying Thaisa away.

Scene III. Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, Lychorida, and Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone; My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands In a litigious peace. You, and your lady, Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally 1.

Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen! That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her

hither, To have bless'd mine eyes!

1 The old copy reads:-

"Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally, Yet glance full wond'ringly," &c.

The folio, 1664, has, "though they hate you." The emendation is by Steevens, who cites the following illustrations:—"Omnibus telis fortunæ proposita sit vita nostra."—Cicero Epist. Fam.

"The shot of accident or dart of chance." Othello.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Hamlet.

"I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."—Merry Wives of Windsor. The sense of the passage seems to be, all the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself, though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus.

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think? Your grace, that fed my country with your corn (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you), Must in your child be thought on. If neglection Should therein make me vile, the common body, By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty: But if to that my nature need a spur, The gods revenge it upon me and mine, To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill's in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself

Dion. I have one myself Who shall not be more dear to my respect,

IV.

 $^{^{2}}$ i.e. be satisfied that we cannot forget the benefits you have bestowed on us.

The old copy reads:—
"Though I show will in it."

And in the preceding line:-

[&]quot;Unsister'd shall this heir of mine remain."
The corruption is obvious, as appears from a subsequent passage:—
"This ornament that makes me look so dismal
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form," &c.

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the

shore:

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune⁴; and The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace

Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffer: which are now At your command. Know you the character? Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning¹ time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak, Diana's temple is not distant far, Where you may 'bide until your date expire'.

⁴ i. e. Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.
"Subdola quom ridet placidi pellacia ponti."

"The date is out of such prolixity."

Again, in the same play:-

¹ The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read eaning. The first quarto reads learning.

² i. e. until you die. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all: Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Gower 1.

Gower.

Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find²
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place³
Of general wonder. But alack!

"And expire the term Of a despised life."

And in the Rape of Lucrece:-

"An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun."

1 In the quartos there is no division into acts and scenes.

This chorus, and the two following scenes, in the folio, 1664, are printed as a part of the third act.

Tale:—

"Your patience this allowing, I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing As you had slept between."

3 The old copies read:—

"Which makes high both the art and place."

The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the heart of oak for the central part of it, and the heart of the land in much such another sense. Place here signifies residence. So in A Lover's Complaint:—

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place."

That monster envy, oft the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage rite4; this maid Hight Philoten: and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be: Be't when she weav'd the sleided 5 silk With fingers long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp neeld 6 wound The cambrick, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the lute She sung, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with moan; or when She would with rich and constant pen Wail⁸ to her mistress Dian; still . This Philoten contends in skill With absolute 9 Marina: so

⁴ The folio and some copies of the quarto, 1609, have "ripe for marriage sight," which Malone changed to fight. Other copies have "right for marriage sight." In the MS. rite was most probably spelt right, and hence the confusion.

⁵ Sleided silk, is unwrought silk, prepared for weaving by pass-

ing it through the weaver's sley or reed-comb.

The old copies read needle, but the metre shows that we should read needle. The word is thus abbreviated in a subsequent passage in the first quarto. See King John, Act v. Sc. 2.

⁷ To record anciently signified to sing. Thus in Sir Philip

Sydney's Ourania, by Nicholas Breton, 1606:—

"Recording songs unto the Deitie."

The word is still used by bird fanciers. See vol. i. p. 184, note 1.

The old copy has Vail, probably a misprint. Steevens suggests that we should read hail. Malone proposed to substitute wail, which is evidently the word required.

9 i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So in Antony and Cleo-

patra:--

"At sea

He is an absolute master."

With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white 10. Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks In Philoten all graceful marks, That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychorida, our nurse, is dead; And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant 11 instrument of wrath Prest for this blow. The unborn event I do commend to your content 12: Only I carry winged time Post on the lame feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey, Unless your thoughts went on my way.-Dionyza does appear, With Leonine, a murderer.

Exit.

Scene I. Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it; 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.

And in Greene's Tu Quoque:—" From an absolute and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

10 See p. 196 ante, note 3.

Pregnant in this instance means apt, quick. Prest is ready.

12 "I do commend to your content."

Steevens conjectures that the poet wrote consent instead of content: but observes that perhaps the passage as it stands may mean, "I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited."

т 2

Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely¹; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature. Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death?. Thou art resolv'd?

Leon.

I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed, To strew thy grave³ with flowers: the yellows, blues,

The first quarto and folio read:-

"Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, in flaming thy love bosome, Enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie," &c.

Malone reads :-

"Let not conscience.

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom, Enflame too nicely, nor let pity," &c.

Steevens proposed to omit the words "Inflame too nicely," and "which even," adding the pronoun that, in the following manner:—

"Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom; Nor let that pity women have cast off

Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose."
The reading I have given is sufficiently intelligible, and deviates less from the old copy. Nicely here means tenderly, fondly. Great part of this scene is printed as prose in the old copies. The second influme is probably a corruption.

2 The old copy reads:--

"Here she comes weeping for her onely mistresse death."

As Marina had been trained in music, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her only mistress. The suggestion and emendation are Dr. Percy's.

³ The quartos have green; the folio reads grave. Weed, in old language, meant garment. Two lines lower we have carpet for chaplet.

The purple violets, and marigolds, Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave While summer days do last 4. Ah me! poor maid, Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, Whirring⁵ me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone !! How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not Consume your blood with sorrowing?: you have A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd

So in Cymbeline:

" With fairest flowers

While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave."

The old copy reads, "Shall as a carpet hang," &c. the emendation is by Steevens.

⁵ Thus the early copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read:-

" Hurrying me from my friends." Whirring or whirrying had formerly the same meaning, a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to whirr away. The verb to whirry is used in the ballad of Robin Goodfellow, Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 203:-

" More swift than winds away I go,

O'er hedge and lands, Thro' pools and ponds,

I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho."

Whirring is often used by Chapman in his version of the Iliad: so in book xvii.-

"Through the Greeks and Ilians they rapt

The whirring chariot." The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's Iliad, b. xix. l. 377:-

" τὸς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄελλαι

Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ." So in Macbeth:—

" How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?"

And in King Henry IV. Part 11.-

"How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?" Milton employs a similar form of words in Comus, v. 508:-

"How chance she is not in your company?" Most of the old copies have weep.

7 In King Henry VI. Part II. we have "blood-consuming sighs." See also Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 7, note.

⁸ i. e. Countenance, look.

With this unprofitable woe! Come, come; Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them⁹. Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there, Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;— Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion.

Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart 10. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports 11, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 12
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you, Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least; Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:

⁹ The old copy, "Ere the sea mar it. Malone reads:—
"Give me your wreath of flowers," &c.

10 That is, with the same warmth of affection as if I were his countryman.

11 Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it. 'So in Othello:—

"He hath achiev'd a maid

That paragons description and wild fame."

12 Reserve has here the force of preserve. So in Shakespeare's thirty-second Sonnet:—

" Reserve them for my love, not for their rhymes."

What! I must have a care of you.

Mar.

Thanks, sweet madam.—

[Exit DIONYZA.

Is this wind westerly that blows?

South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north. Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear, But cry'd, Good seamen! to the sailors, galling His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes; And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea

That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent: And from the ladder-tackle washes off A canvass-climber 15. Ha! says one, wilt out? And with a dropping industry they skip From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and The master calls, and trebles their confusion 16.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: Pray! but be not tedious,

For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn

i. e. a sailor; one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the canvass or sails.

16 Steevens, with arbitrary license, thus regulates and reads

this passage:--

"That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle Wash'd off a canvas-climber. Ha! says one,

Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry

They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent. Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily."

All the old editions have "from stern to stern."

To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope. You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately, When you caught hurt in parting two that fought: Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now: Your lady seeks my life: come you between, And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.

2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.

Scene II. The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving 1 thieves serve the great pirate Valdes 2:

And they have seized Marina. Let her go: There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead, And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further; Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, Not carry her aboard. If she remain, Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [Exit.

Scene III. Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

1 Old copy reads, " roguing thieves."

² The Spanish Armada perhaps furnished this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate was probably relished by the audience in those days. There is a particular account of this Valdes in Robert Greene's Spanish Masquerado, 1589. He was then prisoner in England.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[Exit Boult.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger²; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd³. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

² i. e. is not equal to it. So in Othello:—

"To wake and wage a danger profitless."

And in Antony and Cleopatra, vol. viii.—

"His taunts and honours

Wag'd equal with him."

3 There is a long note here by Malone in the Variorum edition, nothing to the purpose. The pander uses the expression "keep our door hatch'd," as equivalent not to carrying on business, but to shutting up shop.

¹ Chequins. The Zecchino, so called from zecea, was a gold coin of Venice, its value about seven or eight shillings.

Enter the Pirates, and Boult, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [Exeunt Pander and Pirates.

Based. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boult. Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard

Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Band. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

iv.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault³,

To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

³ Fault here means misfortune, as in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 1, "'tis your fault," tis your fault."

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it⁵. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun⁶.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller,

we should lodge them with this sign?.

Based. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere 3 profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

⁴ To cover is to sink or crouch down. Thus in K. Henry VI.—
"The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands."

Again in Gammer Gurton's Needle:-

"They cower so o'er the coles, their eies be blear'd with smoke."

5 i. e. renovate it. So in Cymbeline, Act i. Sc. 2:—

"O disloyal thing!

Thou should'st repair my youth."

6 The allusion is to the French coin écus de soleil, crowns of the sun. The meaning of the passage is merely this:—"That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there."

7 A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in Cymbeline:— "She's a good sign; but I have seen small reflection of her wit."

⁸ i. e. an absolute, a certain profit.

Bared. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mis-

tress, if I have bargained for the joint,---

Bared. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed

yet.

Based. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels⁹, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some tonight.

Barod. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Based. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Execut.

"They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare Their slimy beds,"

Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his Satires.—

SCENE IV. A Room in Cleon's House. Tharsus.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone? Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed 1. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too! If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy fact?: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it? Unless you play the pious innocent³, And for an honest attribute, cry out, She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

1 So in Macbeth :- "Wake Duncan with this knocking :- Ay, 'would, thou couldst!" In Pericles, as in Macbeth, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.

² That is, "If thou hadst tasted the cup first, and thus been poisoned too." To drink to him, is used here in the sense of the office of taster at royal tables in old times. So, when King John is poisoned, Faulconbridge asks:-

"How did he take it? who did taste to him?" The old copy reads face. The emendation is by Mr. Dyce. See The Winter's Tale, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 50, note 8.

3 An innocent was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. Mason proposed that we should read, "the pious innocent," and his conjecture is confirmed by the novel, in which it stands:-"If such a pious innocent as yourself do not reveal it unto him."

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,

⁴ The first quarto has "prince consent," the second, "whole consent." Steevens made the judicious correction.

⁵ The old copy reads, "She did disdain my child." But Marina was not of a disdainful temper. Her excellence indeed eclipsed the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of the poet, distained them. In Tarquin and Lucrece we meet with the same verb again:—

"Were Tarquin night (as he is but night's child),

The silver-shining queen he would distain."

The verb is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of to eclipse, to throw into the shade; and not in that of to disgrace, as Steevens asserts. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. Sc. 4, ad finem. The same cause for Dionyza's hatred to Marina is also alleged in Twine's translation:—"The people beholding the beautie and comlinesse of Tharsia, said—Happy is the father that hath Tharsia to his daughter; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and ill-favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter, Philomacia, so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath," &c.

⁶ This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So in King Edward III. 1596:—

"This day hath set derision on the French, And all the world will blurt and scorn at us."

⁷ A coarse wench, not worth a good morrow.

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough; And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It greets me⁸ as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn; her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth with an angel's face, Seize with an eagle's talons⁹.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies 10;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[Execunt.

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles 11, have, and wish but for't;

⁸ It greets me, appears to mean it salutes me, or is grateful to me. So in King Henry VIII.—

"'Would, I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot."

The old copy—" With thine angel's face," &c. An, as read, might easily be misheard thine, and the change is necessary both to sense and grammar; otherwise we must read, "a harpy who to betray dost," &c. which is a more violent disturbance of the text.

This passage appears to mean, "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies. Superstitious is explained by Johnson, scrupulous beyond need."—Boswell.

11 See Macbeth, Act i. Sc. 3, ab init.

Making 12 (to take your imagination), From bourn to bourn, region to region. By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime To use one language, in each several clime, Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you The stages of our story. Pericles Is now again thwarting the wayward seas 13 (Attended on by many a lord and knight). To see his daughter, all his life's delight. Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late14 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate, Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, Old Helicanus goes along behind. Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought15;

This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought¹⁵; So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on), To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone ¹⁶. Like motes and shadows see them move awhile; Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

13 So in King Henry V.—

"And there being seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts Athwart the seas."

14 These lines are strangely misplaced in the old copy. The transposition and corrections are by Steevens.

.15 This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone altered to "his pilot thought." I do not see the necessity of the change. The passage as it is will bear the interpretation given to the correction:—"Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and, by accompanying him in his voyage, think this pilot-thought."

¹⁶ Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there.

¹² So in a former passage:—"O make for Tharsus." Making, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with take your imagination; i. e. "to take one's fancy."

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door, Pericles, with his Train: CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERI-CLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show! This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe¹⁷; And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd.

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel 18 tears, And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit 19 The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyza.

Reads the Inscription on MARINA'S Monument.

The fairest, sweet'st 20, and best, lies here, Who wither'd in her spring of year.

17 i. e. for such tears as were shed when the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. Perhaps, however, we ought to read, " true told woe."

18 So in King Richard III.-

"O, then began the tempest of my soul." What is here called his mortal vessel (i. e. his body) is styled by Cleopatra her mortal house.

19 i. e. Now be pleased to know. So in Gower:-"In which the lorde hath to him writte,

That he would understande and witte." 20 Sweet'st must be read here as a monosyllable, as highest in

The Tempest:- "Highest queen of state," &c. Steevens observes that we might more elegantly read, omitting the conjunction and:-

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here."

She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter, On whom foul death hath made this slaughter; Marina was she call'd; and at her birth, Thetis 21, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth: Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd: Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint 22), Make raging battery upon shores of flint. No visor does become black villainva So well as soft and tender flattery. Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead, And bear his courses to be ordered By lady fortune; while our scene must play 23 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day, In her unholy service. Patience then, And think you now are all in Mitylen. $\Gamma Exit.$

Scene V. Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

- 1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
- 2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
- 1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?
- 2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?
- The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina; at which time the sea, proudly overswelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores.—Mason.
 - 22 i. e. never cease.
- 23 The old copy—" while our steare must play." Mr. Knight reads tears.

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her: she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now? How¹ a dozen of virginities?
Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless² your honour!
Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

¹ This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity:—

"How a score of ewes now?"

The use of to in composition with verbs is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See also vol. i. p. 287, note 7.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Band. We have here one, sir, if she would-but

there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, prythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor³ to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Band. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;
—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a
fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ;—leave us.

Band. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

³ The old copy, which both Steevens and Malone considered corrupt in this place, reads,—" That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives good report to a number to be chaste," which, in my mind has little meaning. I have ventured to substitute an anchor, i. e. A HERMIT or anchoret. The word being formerly written ancher, anchor, and even anker, it is evident that in old MSS, it might readily be mistaken for a number. The word is used by the Player Queen in Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

"An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope."

It is evident that some character contrasted to band is required

by the context.

Lys. I beseech you, do

Bared. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [To Mar. whom she takes aside.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governour of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal 'fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced 5 yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lus. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester 6 at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

4 This uncommon adjective is again used in Coriolanus:—
"The virginal palms of your daughters."

⁵ A term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar language applied to persons chiefly in a bad sense with its compound thorough-paced.

6 i. e. a wanton. See vol. iii. p. 358, note 22.

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Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governour of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage?.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie, Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

⁷ Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly,—" Proceed with your fine moral discourse."

Perséver still in that clear⁸ way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows sayour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and

I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

Hold; here's more gold for thee .-

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,

That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[As Lysimachus is putting up his Purse, Boult enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up, Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

Exit LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope 10, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

⁸ Clear is pure, innocent. Thus in The Two Noble Kinsmen:—
"For the sake

Of *clear* virginity, be advocate For us and our distresses."

So in The Tempest:—
"Nothing but heart's sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing."

9 "Thy mother was

A piece of virtue." Tempest.

So in Antony and Cleopatra, alluding to Octavia:—

"Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt ua."

10 i. e. under the cope or canopy of heaven.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Based. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable 11.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. 'Would, she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays¹²! [Exit Bawd.

11 Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny, b. xxxvi.ch. xxvi.; but more circumstantially by Petronius. Var. Edit. p. 189. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of making glass malleable, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the Gesta Romanorum, c. 44.

¹² Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture,

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing 13.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel 12

That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;

To the cholerick fisting of each reque the ear

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs 15.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou do'st. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

13 So in King Henry IV. Part II.—

"P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins? Poins. Go to, I stand the push of your one thing."

14 A coystrel is a low mean person. See vol. iii. p. 383, note 3. Tib was a common name for a strumpet.

"They wondred much at Tom, but at Tib more; Faith (quoth the vicker) 'tis an exlent w---."

Nosce Te, by Richard Turner, 1607.

15 Steevens observes that Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too knowing in the impurities of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas.

Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he speak, would own a name too dear 16.
That the gods would safely deliver me
From this place! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

Exeunt.

¹⁶ That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Iago says, " Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a baboon."

ACT V.

Enter GOWEB.

Gower.

ARINA thus the brothel scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays:

Deep clerks she dumbs¹, and with her neeld² composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry; That even her art sisters the natural roses: Her inkle³ silk, twin with the rubied cherry: That pupils lacks she none of noble race, Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place; And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him, at sea, tumbled and tost;

¹ The following passage from A Midsummer-Night's Dream is adduced only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons, with whom she converses, by her literary superiority:—

"Where I have come great clerks have purposed To greet me with premeditated welcomes; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears, And in conclusion dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome."

Again in Antony and Cleopatra:—

"That what I would have spoke

Was beastly dumb by him."

See Act I. Sc. 5, note.

² i. e. needle. See p. 208, note 6, [Act iv. Chorus].

³ Inkle appears to have been a particular kind of silk thread or worsted used in embroidery. See vol. iv. p. 80, note 27. Rider translates inkle by filum textile.

And driven before the wind, he is arriv'd Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast Suppose him now at anchor. The city's hiv'd God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense; And to him in his barge with fervour hies. In your supposing once more put your sight 5; Of heavy Pericles think this the bark: Where, what is done in action, more, if might 6, Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [Exit.

Scene I. On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene.

A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;

Pericles within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.

O here he is.——

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene, And in it is Lysimachus the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

⁴ The old copy has—"The city striv'd." I read, with Steevens, The city's hiv'd, i. e. the citizens are collected like bees in a hive. We have the verb in The Merchant of Venice:—"Drones hive not with me,"

5 "Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot exhibit to you; think

this stage the bark of the melancholy Pericles."

6 "Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit." The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. Some modern editions read, "more of might;" which, if there was authority for it, should seem to mean "more of greater consequence."

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you, Greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.

Enter, from thence Lysimachus and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you! Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs, Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before. Hel. Sir.

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king:

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken To any one, nor taken sustenance, But to prorogue¹ his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat; But the main grief of all springs from the loss

¹ i. e. To lengthen or prolong his grief. Prorogued is used in Romeo and Juliet for delayed:—

"My life were better ended by their hate Than death prorogued wanting of thy love" Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, But bootless is your sight; he will not speak To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, [Pericles discovered².] this was a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night³, Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,

Would win some words of him4.

Lys. Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her swent harmony And other choice attractions, word allure, And make a battery through his deafen'd parts⁵, Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fair'st of all,

And, with her fellow maids, is now upon⁶

² Few of the stage-directions, that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represented him as remaining in the cabin of his ship; but as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given.

³ The old copies read, "one mortal wight." The emendation is Malone's. *Mortal* is here used for *deadly*, *destructive*.

⁴ This circumstance resembles another in All's Well that Ends Well, where Lafeu gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king before she is introduced to attempt his cure.

⁵ The old copy reads, "defended parts." Malone made the alteration, which he explains thus: i.e. "his ears, which are to be assailed by Marina's melodious voice." Steevens would read, "deafen'd ports," meaning the oppilated doors of hearing,"

6 Steevens prints this passage in the following manner; cor-

The leafy shelter that abuts against The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord in the Barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further, That for our gold we may provision have, Wherein we are not destitute for want, But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy, Which if we should deny, the most just God For every graff would send a caterpillar, And so afflict our province?.—Yet once more Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;— But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the Barge⁸, Lord, MARINA, and a Young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

rected and amended so as to run smooth no doubt, but with sufficient license:—

"She all as happy as of all the fairest, Is with her fellow maidens now within."

Difficulties have been raised about this passage as it stands; but surely it is as intelligible as many others in this play. Upon a leafy shelter, which is the great stumbling-block, appears to mean, Upon a spot which is sheltered.

7 The old copy has, "And so inflict our province." There can

be little doubt that the poet wrote:-

"And so afflict our province."

We have no example of to inflict used by itself for to punish.

8 It appears that when Pericles was originally performed the theatres were furnished with no such appearatus as, by any stretch of imagination, could be supposed to present either a sea or a

Hel.

She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd she

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish No better choice, and think me rarely wed. Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty⁹ Expect even here, where is a kingly patient: If that thy prosperous and artificial feat ¹⁰ Can draw him but to answer thee in aught, Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided none but I and my companion Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings 11. Mark'd he your musick?

Lys. M. Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port in their mind's eye only. This license being once granted to the poet, the lord in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama exhibited before such indulgent spectators was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See Malone's Historical Account of the English stage.

The quarto of 1609 reads:—
 "Fair on all goodness that consists in beauty," &c.
The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between

Helena and the King, in All's Well that Ends Well.

10 The old copy has "artificial fate." The emendation is by

Pr. Percy.

11 This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. It may have been formed on the lines in the Gesta Romanorum. The reader desirous of consulting the Latin hexameters, or Twine's translation of them, may consult the Variorum Shakespeare. There was not merit enough in them to warrant their production in this shridged commentary.

Lys. See, she will speak to him. Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:——

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings¹²:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward ¹³ casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, Go not till he speak.

[Aside.

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage— To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you? Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence 14.

Per.

I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.— You are like something that—What countrywoman?

12 So in Othello:—

"I fetch my birth From men of royal siege."

¹³ Awkward is adverse. So in King Henry VI. Part II.—
"And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again."

14 This seems to refer to a part of the story that is made no use of in the present scene. Thus in Twine's translation:—

"Then Appolonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden," &c. Pericles however afterwards says:—

"Did'st thou not say, when I did push thee back
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st

From good descending?"

IV. Y

Here of these shores 15?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping. My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one My daughter might have been 16: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how achiev'd you these endowments, which You make more rich to owe 17?

15 This passage is strangely corrupt in the old copies:—

"Per. I do think so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like something that, what country women heare of these shewes," &c.

"Mar. Nor of any shewes," &c.

For the ingenious emendation, shores instead of shewes, as well as the regulation of the whole passage, Malone confesses his obligation to the Earl of Charlemont.

¹⁶ So Dæmones, in the Rudens of Plautus, exclaims, on behold-

ing his long lost child :--

" O filia

Mea! cum ego hanc video, mearum me absens miseriarum commones.

Trima que periit mihi: jam tanta esset, si vivit, scio."

"It is observable that some of the leading incidents in this play strongly remind us of the Rudens. There Arcturus, like Gower, $\pi \rho o \lambda o \gamma' \xi \epsilon'$.—In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in Pericles, are brought on the stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net the wallet which principally produces the catastrophe; and the heroine of Plautus, and Marina, fall alike into the hands of a procurer: a circumstance on which much of the plot in both these dramatick pieces depends."—Holt White.

17 i. e. possess. The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by

Mar. Should I tell my history, 'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace For the crown'd 18 truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee, And make my senses credit thy relation, To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends? Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back (Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou cam'st From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my thoughts Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act 19. What were thy friends?

being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner. One of Timon's flatterers says—

"You mend the jewel by wearing of it."

18 Shakespeare when he means to represent any quality of the mind, &c. as eminently perfect, furnishes the personification with a crown. See the 37th and 144th Sonnets. So in Romeo and Juliet:—

"Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd* Sole monarch of the universal earth."

19 "By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted sword." Extremity

How lost thou them 20? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither

To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient; Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me, To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me

By one that had some power; my father, and a king. Per. How! a king's daughter? and call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

1 will end nere.

Mar.

Per. But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion? Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Call'd Marina. .

For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;

Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

(though not personified as here) is in like manner used for the utmost of human suffering in King Lear:—

"Another,

To amplify too much, would much more And top extremity."

So in Twelfth Night:-

"She sat like Patience on a monument Smiling at Grief."

Them, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Malone,

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little! This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep Did mock sad fools withal: [Aside] this cannot be; My daughter's buried. Well:—where were you bred? I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story, And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce 21 believe me; 'twere best I did

give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver 22. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor; no, good faith; I am the daughter to king Pericles, If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

The old copy—"You scorn." Malone made the substitution.
 That is, I will believe every the minutest part of what you say. So in All's Well that Ends Well:—

"To the utmost syllable of your worthiness."

And in Macbeth:---

[&]quot;To the last syllable of recorded time."

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell Her parentage; being demanded that, She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir; Give me a gash, put me to present pain; Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me, O'erbear the shores of my mortality, And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither, Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget; Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus, And found at sea again! O Helicanus, Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud As thunder threatens us; This is Marina.—What was thy mother's name? tell me but that, For truth can never be confirm'd enough,

Mar. First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said Thou hast been godlike perfect), the heir of kingdoms, And another life to Pericles thy father 24.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than To say, my mother's name was Thaisa? Thaisa was my mother, who did end,

²³ i. e. in plain language, "though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity."

21 I adopt Mason's very happy correction of life for like, in the

last line of this speech. Malone reads:

Though doubts did ever sleep 23.

"Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now My drowned queen's name (as in the rest you said Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms, And a mother like to Pericles thy father."

Mason's emendation is supported by what Pericles says in the preceding speech:—

"O come hither

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget."
But perhaps we should read:—" And be the heir of kingdoms."

The minute I began 25.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child. Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, (Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been, By savage Cleon), she shall tell thee all; When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge, She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene, Who, hearing of your melancholy state,

Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.

Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,

How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [He sleeps.

Mar. A pillow for his head;

[The Curtain before the Pavilion of Pericles is closed.

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friend 26,

25 So in The Winter's Tale:-

"Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss."

²⁶ The old copy gives this passage to Lysimachus, and reads:—
" Well, my companion-friends."

Malone made the alteration, observing that this recollection of her lowly companion suits well the character of Marina, and there is If this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.

[Exeunt Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and attendant Lady.

Scene II. The same.

Pericles on the Deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a Vision¹.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life².
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do it, and happy³, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine⁴, I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

nothing that makes the lines appropriate to Lysimachus. Observing that a lady had entered with her, and Marina says, I will use my utmost skill in the recovery of Pericles—

" Provided

That none but I and my companion-maid Be suffered to come near him."

This vision appears to be founded on a passage in Gower.

We have here tike for life again in the old copy, confirming Mason's happy conjecture. The passage appears to mean:—
"Draw such a picture as shall prove itself to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike the hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth."

3 All recent editors have interpolated be here, and read, "Do't

and be happy," without the least necessity.

4 i. e. regent of the silver moon. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written, Luna or Diana means silver, as Sol does gold.

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

Hel.

Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike The inhospitable Cleon; but I am For other service first: toward Ephesus Turn our blown 5 sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.— To Lysimachus.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore.

I have another suit⁶.

You shall prevail, Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems You have been noble towards her.

Lus. Sir, lend your arm. Per. Come, my Marina.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run: More a little, and then done?. This, as my last boon, give me (For such kindness must relieve me), That you aptly will suppose What pageantry, what feats, what shows, What minstrelsy, and pretty din, The regent made in Mitylin, To greet the king. So he thriv'd,

⁷ The old copy reads dum. And in the last line of this chorus doom instead of boon.

 $\Gamma Exeunt.$

⁵ That is, our swollen sails. So in Antony and Cleopatra:-"A vent upon her arm, and something blown,"

⁶ Suit is erroneously sleight in the old copies. The correction

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he⁸ had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound⁹.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

 $\Gamma Exit.$

Scene III. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus: Thaisa standing near the Altar, as High Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his Train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre; Who, frighted from my country, did wed At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess, Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years He sought to murder: but her better stars Brought her to Mitylene: against whose shore Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

⁸ i. e. Pericles.

⁹ Confound here signifies to consume.

[&]quot;He did confound the best part of an hour Exchanging hardiment with great Glendow'r."

King Henry V.

i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles²!—

She faints.

Per. What means the woman?—she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true, This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;

I threw her overboard with these very arms. Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd! Early, one blust'ring morn a, this lady was Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

² The similitude between this scene and the discovery in the last act of The Winter's Tale will strike every reader.

In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, formerly in Dr. Farmer's possession, mentioned in the Preliminary Remarks, this is told with simplicity and pathos. I lay it before the reader as a philological curiosity:—

"The whiles he expounede thus hys lyf Wt sorwe & stedfast thouzt, He tolde hit to hys owene wyf, Sche knew him [though] he hire nought, Heo caught hym in hire armes two, For joye sche ne myght spek a word, The kyng was wroth & pitte her fro; Heo cryede loude-' ye beth my lord, I am youre wyf, youre leof yore, Archistrata ye lovede so, The kynges dought y was bore, Archistrates he ne hadde na mo.' Heo clipte hym & eftr * * * kysse And saide thus byfore hem alle Ze seeth Appolyn the kyng My mayst that tauxt me all my good"-Cetera desunt.

The old copies have "in blust'ring morn."

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her Here in Diana's temple³.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house 4,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,

The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

Shows a Ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sport?: You shall do well,

³ The same situation occurs in the Comedy of Errors, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery.

This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione in The Winter's Tale. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina.

⁵ Sense is here used for sensual passion.

7 So in King Lear:—

⁶ Drown'd in this instance does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus Knolles, History of the Turks:— "Galleys might be drowned in the harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be rigged."

[&]quot;It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt."

That on the touching of her lips I may Melt, and no more be seen⁸. O come! be buried A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

Kneels to THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa:

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, For she was yielded there.

Bless'd and mine own! Thai.

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man? I have nam'd him oft.

'Twas Helicanus then. Thai.

Per. Still confirmation: Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found; How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank, Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can

From first to last resolve you.

IV.

Reverend sir, Per. The gods can have no mortal officer

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⁸ This is a sentiment which Shakespeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So in the 39th Psalm: -"O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen." The same thought is expressed by Perdita in The Winter's Tale:-

[&]quot; Not like a corse :- or if-not to be buried But quick, and in mine arms."

More like a god than you. Will you deliver How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana! I bless thee for thy vision, I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa, This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter, Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now, This ornament that makes me look so dismal, Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form 10; And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd, To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify 11.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, 'Sir, that my father's dead 12.

9 i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced.

10 The old copy gives this passage in the following imperfect manner:—

"And now

This ornament,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form," &c.

11 The author has here followed Gower or the Gesta Romanorum:—

"This a vowe to God I make That I shall never for hir sake, My berde for no likynge shave, Till it befalle that I have In convenable time of age Besette her unto marriage."

The poet has, however, been guilty of a slight inadvertency. If Pericles made the vow almost immediately after the birth of Marina, it was hardly necessary for him to make it again, as he has done, when he arrived at Tharsus.

13 In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the father dies in his daughter's arms:—

"Zitt was hys fader-in-lawe a lyve Archistrates the goud kyng, Folk come ageynes hym so blyve As eny myght by oth, thyng; Per. Heavens make a star of him 13! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus¹⁴, and his daughter, you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen),
Virtue preserv'd¹⁵ from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.

They song daunsede & were blythe,
That ever he myghte that day yseo,
And thonked God a thousand sythe,
The kynge was gladdest ever be ye.
Tho he saw hem alle by fore
Hys dought & hys sone in lawe,
And hys dought so fair y core,
A kyngis wyfe heo was wel fawe,
And her chyld ther also
Al clene of kyngis blod,
He buste hem, ho was glad tho
But the olde kyng so goud.
He made hem dwelle that yer
AND DEYDE IN HYS DOUGHT^{RS} ARM."

13 This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.

by placing them among the stars.

14 The old copy reads Antiochus. Steevens altered it to Antioch, observing that in Shakespeare's other plays we have France for the king of France; Morocco for the king of Morocco, &c.

15 Old copies, "Virtue preferr'd."

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name Of Pericles, to rage the city turn; That him and his they in his palace burn. The gods for murder seemed so content To punish them ¹⁶; although not done, but meant. So on your patience evermore attending, New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

16 Them, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by Malone.





CRITICAL ESSAY ON PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

HE play of Pericles does not appear in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, nor indeed in the second. It was included however in the third folio collection, that of 1664, but together with others of so slender title as to forbid us to found any argument upon either the judgment or the tradition of the editors in a question of authenticity. It would be sufficient for them that Pericles had been printed in quarto as Shakespeare's during his life time, 1609, with his name in full on the title page; and in this form it had been frequently reprinted at intermediate dates. The play of Sir John Oldcastle however was also printed as Shakespeare's in 1600, and this is known to have been so ascribed in fraud or error, for the diary of Philip Henslowe, preserved at Dulwich College, contains note of a payment on account of it to three other dramatic writers.

Pericles is mentioned as Shakespeare's in a poem published in 1646, and again in verses dating 1652; but this may have been merely on the strength of the current quarto editions, just as the lines of Dryden in his prologue to Charles Davenant's Circe, 1675, may merely echo the authority of the third folio:—

"Your Ben and Fletcher in their young first flight Did not Volpone or Arbaces write; But hopped about and short excursions made From bough to bongh, as if they were afraid, And each was guilty of some slighted maid, Shakespeare's own muse his Pericles first bore, The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor,"

The external evidence against the high authorship of the play is perhaps to the full as nugatory. By the title page of the first quarto it appears that it had been then recently acted sundry times by his Majesty's servants at the Globe, Shakespeare's theatre; but it does not necessarily follow that the right of his fellow shareholders to act it carried with it a right to print it, and therefore they may have had to omit it perforce. It appears again that even Troilus and Cressida ran narrow risk of being

excluded from the first folio; it is not in the table of contents, and arrangement and pagination indicate that it came in by afterthought or after arrangement, and another play may have been less fortunate. That it does not appear in the list of Meres is a circumstance that, as we have already abundantly seen, would prove nothing against its claims, even if it were necessary to assume it earlier in date than that list. For anything that can be made out of evidence of this class alone the play may or may not have been Shakespeare's, and we must look further. Preparatory to doing so it would be very satisfactory if we could determine a proximate date of the first production of the play. Here again industrious antiquarians offer materials various and useful, if they can only be made to cohere into a stable hypothesis.

A prose novel was published in 1608, founded on the play of which this is the title page: "The painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Being the true history of the play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet, John Gower." In the title page of the first edition of the play which was entered at Stationers' Hall in the same year, and published in the next, 1609, it is called, "the late (i. e. the recent) and much admired play," and in the same year it is referred to as a highly popular and new play, in a metrical pamphlet entitled, "Pimlyco":—

"Amazed I stood to see a crowd
Of civil throats stretched out so loud
As at a new play, all the rooms
Did swarm with gentles mixed with grooms;
So that I truly thought all these
Came to see Shore or Pericles."

Now it is very true that a still earlier impression of Pericles may have been lost, for it appears from other examples that entry at Stationers' Hall is no voucher for date: the first edition of some plays preceding the first entries of them by ten years. The implication of the title may be merely a copy from an earlier, as it was itself literally recopied in an edition ten years afterwards, and true it is also that inasmuch as Shore is proved to have been rewritten in 1601, there is a presumption that Pericles bracketed with it may have been no whit more recent. Still for the latter instance I am disposed to think that if one example out of two of the popularity of a new play was a little remote, it is in favour of the other at least being within modern recollection. from this, granting all the drawbacks to the fullest inference from these consenting testimonies, they certainly lead us to this, that Pericles in 1608-9 was brought before the public, for the first time or not, with a degree of effect that excited great attention. and made its success and its story generally interesting and notorious. The evidence of this I think induces an impression that the notoriety was of that nature that could scarcely have

originated but by the aid of entire novelty of a first production, at least in the form in which we have it now. The chief significance however of these indexes of a date may appear, when we are in a position to compare it with some points of internal evidence.

Of Shakespeare's skill in the creation of individual character I think we may agree that the play contains no indications whatever, nothing therefore of his best excellence; but in this respect it is not much inferior to the Comedy of Errors, and it is perhaps not more destitute than that play of the effusions of his vein of impassioned and fanciful poesy. Still the play has characteristics which have led critics, without exception, to recognize the hand of Shakespeare, and these have been found in style and execution, and principally in the fifth act. With this verdict I cannot disagree, and I do not know that I can give the grounds of it more definite expression than they have hitherto found. But the indications are quite as distinct of a different pen or at least of the same at a different time, and perhaps the choice between these alternatives is the most difficult problem connected with the play. Speaking from impression, I am disposed to think that Shakespeare remodelled a play of another writer from beginning to end, and that the discrepancies we observe are due to his sometimes contenting himself with lopping and abridging, sometimes taking the trouble to alter and insert words and lines, and sometimes recasting speeches, and perhaps scenes entirely. We do not meet in the play with the doggerel verses that are so frequent in his known earlier plays, and what rhymed couplets occur are scarcely introduced with the judgment and system that are observable where he even is most lavish of them, but they seem rather interspersed and scattered like vestiges of an earlier half and only half obliterated creation. Again, the play is quite free from his vouthful tendency to redundance, and various and manifold as are its materials and incidents, its characters and combinations, its scenes and speeches have, to my mind, little of the goutiness, so to speak, and unwieldiness that are so contrasted with the correctness and sweep of outline, the cleanness of limb and mastery of the articulations that were realized by his pencil in his finished works. The style of the play is indeed remarkable for elliptical expressions that may in some instances have been the necessities of another writer in his metrical difficulties, but in others appear to result from a ruling feeling for conciseness sometimes carried to an extreme, terseness defying grammar in reliance on energy of thought. Looking, therefore, at those parts of the play where the hand of Shakespeare declares itself most markedly, I find that of all other of his plays The Winter's Tale is called most forcibly to my mind, by the combined effect of style, metrical tendencies and principle of versification, and the current of association generally. The Winter's Tale we have seen

reason to date about 1610-11, and if there be any value in the appreciation of their points of resemblance, this is a matter of internal evidence which corroborates what we have seen of the presumption from external sources, that Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was a new play in 1609.

If indeed Shakespeare put his hand to the play at this so late date in his life of dramatic authorship, it is clear that he must have done so much in the same way as he appears to have altered an earlier Timon, with the intention to render a production that he did not care entirely to recast, moderately attractive and stage-Indeed it may be taken as helping our date that, with more self-control than he might have exercised when younger, he bestowed most labour where it would be most worthy, and in no part wrought his materials to a finish that is much beyond what they were worthy and capable of bearing through. The scenes of coarser comedy among the fishermen and panders are, perhaps, as far beyond the capabilities of any other dramatist of the day, both in what they set forth and what they abstain from, as any other portion of the drama. After these I would indicate as another unapproachable characteristic, the steady flow and uhfaltering progress by which Shakespeare could conduct a scene unflagging from its commencement to its end, with none of those flaws of unrhythmical hastiness and tardiness that mar so much of the otherwise fine music of the secondary Elizabethan dramatists. And more I think of this harmonizing power is observable in the general distribution of the subject matter of the play at large than has hitherto been supposed.

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as Pericles must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader, who is also a playgoer, finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they slip from others entirely. Taking however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of Pericles is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the playwriter, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts. Old Gower interposes in each case, like the guard and sign and bound

of the compartment, and his narrative both bridges intervals and renders them defined, while the dumb show that he interprets is an intermediate term of the narrated and the enacted.

The single source of the play of Pericles is the story of Appolinus of Tyre, as told by Gower in his Confessio Amantis. A long worthless story in prose, borrowed largely from the same source, is reprinted in Shakespeare's Library, by Mr. Collier, but Edipus knows why, for nothing can be clearer, after the painful adventure of even an attempted perusal, than that the author of the play neither used it nor had read it, while in Gower we trace his borrowings and track his footsteps from beginning to end.

Gower was a contemporary of Chaucer, and in one respect at least fully worthy to be so. His strong point is his versification; in the composition we are concerned with at least, we find none of Chaucer's sympathy with external nature, none of his sense of the humorous and little of his diversified natural passion; the proper poetic vein of Gower it must be said is dry, and in default of this it is not much to say for his reputation as a poet, that he could adhere to and pursue a story with more conscientiousness than Chaucer in his idle moments compelled himself to; and he has the merit, not slight in itself, though one capable of large enhancement by addition of gifts that Gower had not, of a correct ear and happy power in guiding with tightened rein the paces that may be even stately, but that may so easily degenerate into the shambling of the rhymed verse of eight syllables. Hence came the inspiration of the spirited numbers in which the lines run that are assigned to Gower as Chorus, and this circumstance alone gives importance to Pericles in the history of English literature, for it is impossible to read them without perceiving that from this intermediate basin Milton drew the sweet waters of Gower's early English rhythm, as those of Chaucer from Midsummer-Night's Dream; that hence it was he caught some of those tones that complete the perfection of what I must call unaffectedly his most perfect poems-poems that are as entirely satisfactory as the art of Shakespeare and the Greeks however subordinate in scope, the Allegro and Penseroso. In acknowledgment of such obligations it is worth while to make the following extract, as well as for an interest of its own. It is the original of the recognition of Pericles and Thaisa.

"With worthy knights environed The king himself hath abandoned, Into the temple in good intent; The door is up and in he went, Where as in great devotion Of holy contemplation Within his heart he made his shrift, And after that a rich gift He off'reth with great reverence,

And there in open audience Of them that stooden all about, He told them, and declareth out His hap, such as him is befall, There was no thing forget of all. His wife, as it was Goddes grace, Which was professed in the place, As she that was abbess there, Unto his tale hath laid her ear, She knew the voice and the visage, For pure joy, as in a rage, She straught (stretched) unto him all at once And fell aswoon upon the stones, Whereof the temple floor was paved. She was anon with water laved Till she came to herself again, And then she began to sayn, "A blessed be the high soonde (qy. gift or sun) That I may see mine husband. Which whilom he and I were one." The king with that knew her anon, And took her in his arms and kissed, And all the town the soon it wist. Tho (then) was there joy manifold, For every man this tale hath told As for miracle and weren glad: But never man such joy made As doth the king, which hath his wife. And when men heard how that her life Was saved, and by whom it was, They wondren all of such a case. Through all the land arose the speech Of master Cerimon, the leach. And of the cure which he did. The king himself so hath him bid. And eke the queen forth with him, That he the town of Ephesym Will leave, and go where as they be, For never man of his degree, Hath do to them so mochel (muckle) good. And he his profit understood, And granteth with them for to wend; And thus they maden there an end, And tooken leave, and gone to ship, With all the whole fellowship."

There is every appearance in the story, and some from tradition, that the original invention was of Greek derivation, a novel of probably the late Byzantine period. Gower himself referred to—

"A chronique in days gone, The which is cleped Pantheon;"

that is, to the Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo, compiled, it appears, at the latter end of the twelfth century, though not printed until 1569. This was only one of many sources from which he might have obtained it; Latin MSS. of it as early as the tenth century, are said to be in existence, and an Anglo-Saxon edition of it has, within these few years, been passed Wynkyn de Worde printed the romance, through the press. under the title of Kynge Appolyn of Thyre, in 1510, as it had been translated from the French by Robert Copland. Late in the fifteenth century it found place in the Gesta Romanorum; and what is more immediately to our purpose, Belleforest, who inserted it among his Histoires Tragiques, in course of publication 1564, set forth as the authority he followed a manuscript that he had met with purporting to be tiré du Grec. Whatever may have been the relation of Belleforest's authority to that which guided Godfrey and Gower, it is not easy to believe that it could have borne more distinct internal evidence of Greek parentage and descent.

Omitting lesser points—thus the mere occurrence of the name of Simonides in such a story, reminds of him who sung so tenderly the lullaby of Danae, exposed and rocking in her ark on the wild waves with her infant Perseus; but passing over this and other like, a point that we may safely regard as decisive is the description of the games of Pentapolis, where, correctly to the use of classic Greece, the king and all the court and flower of the town are assembled to witness public games, not otherwise specified, in which according to the contest, and the custom and use of the place, the competitors strove, like the youths of noble blood whom Pindar celebrated, clad alone in the glory of Nature's first and own apparel, entirely naked. The play changes these games as Chaucer would have done, and in like cases did, into a tourney. and Pericles becomes a harnessed knight.

The variations of the drama from the old metrical narrative in point of incident are wonderfully few, but all judicious. Thus the regency of the realm of Pericles is provided for in his absence, by the elevation of Helicanus to permanent dignity, who in Gower's tale is a simple citizen of Tyre, who warns the king at Tharsus of the designs of Antiochus, after the apprehension of those designs had already caused his flight. Linking motives are supplied for other incidents, and the most important addition is the first interview of Marina with her future husband in the establishment of the leno. This may be a disagreeable necessity enough, but a necessity it is to vindicate her condition there in the minds of others from the uncertainties that attend obscurity, and could not possibly be managed better than we find it. It is in compression, however, that the greatest power is exercised; and a comparison of the adventures at Pentapolis especially, in

the two forms is remarkable, and in a certain sense amusing, as an example of dexterous as well as resolute subjugation of irregular, undisciplined, material poetic—of abbreviation without abridgment.

Thus the rambling and straggling story is brought to the best order its nature is susceptible of. The first act comprises the suit of Pericles for the hand of the daughter of Antiochus, and its immediate consequences; his flight from Antioch; and then, for more assured security, from his own kingdom and his arrival at Tharsus. In the second act the scene is, with one Tyrian episode. at Pentapolis, possibly the Cyrenean was in the original author's mind and its coasts. Pericles arrives here in contrasted guise. shipwrecked and destitute, but attracts the attention of the king. Simonides, and gains the heart and hand of his daughter, Thaisa. The fortunes of Thaisa occupy the third act; prematurely confined in a storm she is supposed dead, and from the superstition of the sailors hastily cast overboard. She is borne, however, ashore by the waves in her caulked and bitumined coffer, and restored to life by the leach Cerimon, who finds her refuge as priestess at Ephesus. The fourth act contains the adventures of her child, who left by Pericles in charge of the sovereigns of Tharsus, excites their envy, is carried off by pirates, extricates herself from foul harbour, and supports herself by her graceful accomplishments in the isle of Sappho at Mitylene. The fifth act re-unites Pericles and his daughter, and then restoring Thaisa to her husband and her child, now nobly betrothed, all ends in happiness. Thus Gower epilogizes:-

"In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard, Of monstrous lust the due and just reward: In Pericles, his queen, and daughter seen, (Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,) Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast, Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last."

Thus the moral function of the old rhymer comes in aid at last, as he picks up and pieces the fragments of a broken story, and as he picks up and pieces the fragments of a broken story, and marks a moral. Morals are apt to be looked at mistrustingly when they point to happy denouements, that are not very obviously dependent on the exertions and character of the rescued, and when the main difficulties vanish by indispensable agency of a goddess out of a stage machine, like the visionary Diana of our play. The poet is master for the time of the laws and order of nature, but when he brings all so smoothly to a close, we start and ask whether he be not laying flattering beguilement to our hopes, already sufficiently apt to be over sanguine? Is it nature and nature's truth that we look on at, or is it merely that the favourite of the creative genius is saved, by a favouritism that the order of accidents in daily experience is far from showing or bearing out, and

that we shall only betray ourselves by trusting to? Not so entirely: miserable indeed were man, if his right intentions and best endeavours were seconded by no aiding sympathy in the essential nature of things, and if the same law of harmony, or harmonizing tendency, between external nature and sentient being, which finds expression in the structure and the needs of every organization, and furnishes the river for the fish, and the air for the bird, ceases its agency at the very point where its solicitude be comes most wanted. Poetry at least has always illustrated, as devotion has ever relied on, such saving guardianship, which leads the worthy to the meed they hope for, or gives them another less welcome but more worth, and completes the beneficence by making them worthy that. In the happier and in the distressful aspects of life, whether in reality or reflected on the stage, this dispensation to the humbled view is a ministration of the kindly Providence that saves or rewards, or of the Avenger that prepares the downfal of pride, the punishment of wrong. What know we, and wherefore are we proud? The Greek who peered into the void beyond, and connected the wreck of a royal house, or the salvation of the oppressed, with the same law that originated the respective characteristic types of guilt or deservingthe Greek called the ultimate coincidence of the tendencies from without and within the accomplishment of destiny, the ultimate will of Powers who urged the helm of existence against the very force of Jove himself-the triform Fates, and the dæmonian Erinnyes; a myth to beguile imagination, when thought was weary and bewildered in the attempt to grasp an abstraction, to conceive or even to argue definitely of an idea that implies and postulates infinity.

To return to the play, then; not alone our desires, but somewhat also of our experience, is gratified when justice that is poetic, but not therefore utterly unreal, is fulfilled in the fate of Pericles. His original difficulties spring from his suit to the daughter of Antiochus, a suit unblessed by any better passion than deceptive beauty stimulates, and the politic desire to furnish his realm with an heir. His error, for by the standard of Shakespeare's moral feeling so it must stand, is recognized soon, but not so as to evade all its consequences; hence his exile and wanderings and vicissitudes; prudence and noble sensibility, and patience when fortune admits no better, help and preserve him, and weariness and melancholy are roused at last to renewed enjoyment of affection and prosperity.

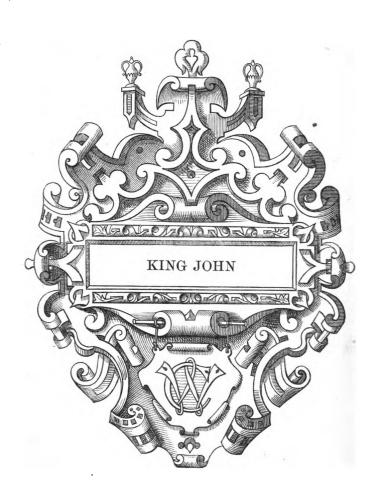
All through the piece we encounter from time to time reminiscences of other Shakespearian works—reminiscences, or it may be anticipations, but I think most frequently the former. Among the anticipations, however, I am disposed to class some remarkable adumbrations of The Winter's Tale. Not only in the style of writing, but even in the treatment of the plot that corresponds

IV. A

with it, are these distinguishable; from the commencement where the position of Pericles opens upon us, as unusually and with as little preparation as the passion of Leontes, to the concluding triple re-union of husband, wife, and child. For The Winter's Tale, of course, there is another source of story in the Dorastus and Fawnia, which forbids us to ascribe the suggestion of its plot to the Confessio Amantis; but I am not the less prepared to suspect that the vigour and vivacity with which Shakespeare addressed himself to the task of dramatizing the tale of Greene, gained something of their force and brilliancy from the effect on his imagination of comparison with the parallels and contrasts abundantly ministered by the romance of Gower.

. W. W. Ll.







KING JOHN.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

HIS historical play was founded on a former drama, entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawcon-

bridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Majesties Players in the honourable Cittie of London." This piece, which was in two parts, was "printed at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591," without the author's name: was again republished in 1611, with the letters W. Sh. in the title-page; and afterwards, in 1622, with the name of William Shakespeare at length. It is included, among the "Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded," &c.

published by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols in 1779.

Shakespeare has followed the old play in the conduct of its plot, and has even adopted some of its lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin and ballad metre; and, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour which, from their particular turn, were most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakespeare. Pope attributes the old play to Shakespeare and Rowley conjointly; but we know not on what foundation. It was written, I believe, (says Malone) by Robert Greene or George Peele. Dr. Farmer thinks there is no doubt that Rowley was the author; and when Shakespeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one under his name. Others have thought that it was by Marlowe, on account of the mention of Tamburlaine in the prologue; but from the difference of style in the two parts it is most probable that more than one writer was concerned.

Though, as Johnson observes, King John is not "written with

the utmost power of Shakespeare," yet it has parts of pre-eminent pathos and beauty, and characters highly interesting drawn with great force and truth. The scene between John and Hubert is perhaps one of the most masterly and striking which our poet ever penned. The secret workings of the dark and turbulent soul of the usurper, ever shrinking from the full development of his own bloody purpose, the artful expressions of grateful attachment by which he wins Hubert to do the deed, and the sententious brevity of the close, manifest that consummate skill and wonderful knowledge of human character which are to be found in Shakespeare alone. But what shall we say of that heartrending scene between Hubert and Arthur, a scene so deeply affecting the soul with terror and pity, that even the sternest bosom must melt into tears; it would perhaps be too overpowering for the feelings, were it not for the "alleviating influence of the innocent and artless eloquence of the poor child." His death afterwards, when he throws himself from the prison walls, excites the deepest commiseration for his hapless fate. The maternal grief of Constance, moving the haughty unbending soul of a proud queen and affectionate mother to the very confines of the most hopeless despair, bordering on madness, is no less finely conceived than sustained by language of the most impassioned and vehement eloquence. How exquisitely beautiful are the following lines :-

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child; Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me; Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, Remembers me of all his gracious parts, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form; Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

Shakespeare has judiciously preserved the character of the Bastard Faulconbridge, which was furnished him by the old play, to alleviate by his comic humour the poignant grief excited by the too painful events of the tragic part of the play. Faulconbridge is a favourite with every one: he is not only a man of wit, but an heroic soldier; and we lean toward him from the first for the good humour he displays in his litigation with his brother respecting the succession to his supposed father:—

"He hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face,

The very spirit of Plantagenet!"

This bespeaks our favour toward him: his courage, his wit, and his frankness secure it.

Schlegel has remarked that, in this play, "the political warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch are evident in the style of the manifesto; conventional dignity is most indispensable when personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge ridicules the secret springs of

politics without disapproving them, but frankly confesses that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived." Our commiseration is a little excited for the fallen and degraded monarch toward the close of the play. The death of the king and his previous suffering are not among the least impressive parts; they carry a pointed moral.

Malone places the date of the composition in 1596. Chalmers in 1598. It is mentioned by Meres in his list of Shakespeare's plays given in 1598, but may have been then a recent production.

It was first printed in the folio of 1623.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN:

PRINCE HENRY, his Son; afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, chief Justiciary of England.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge: PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his Half-brother, Bastard Son to

King Richard the First.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILION, Ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.



KING JOHN.

ACT I

Scene I. Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

King John.



OW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour¹, to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories;

1 In my behaviour, i. e. by me. "In the words and action I am now going to use." In the fifth act of this play the Bastard says to the French king:—

"Now hear our English king, For thus his royalty doth speak in me." To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways usurpingly these several titles; And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood.

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard³:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen⁴ presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't; Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said, How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

- ² Control here means constraint or compulsion. In the second act of King Henry V. when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, the king answers, "Or else what follows?" and Exeter replies:—
 - "Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown, Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."
- ³ I have before observed that the anachronism of anticipating the use of cannon was disregarded by the poet. It occurs again in Macbeth, Act i. Sc. 2.
- ⁴ Sullen, i. e. gloomy, dismal. Thus in King Henry VI. Part 11. Act i. Sc. 2:—
- "Why are thy eyes fixed on the sullen earth?" And in King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3:—
- "The sullen passage of thy weary steps."
 So Milton in his Sonnet to his friend Lawrence:—
 "Help waste a sullen day."

Till she had kindled France, and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented and made whole, With very easy arguments of love! Which now the manage 5 of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: So much my conscience whispers in your ear; Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy, Come from the country to be judg'd by you, That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff. Our abbies and our priories shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother⁶.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,

⁵ Manage, i. e. conduct, administration. So in K. Richard II :—
"For the rebels

Expedient manage must be made, my liege."

6 Shakespeare in adopting the character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, proceeded on the following slight hint:—

"Next them a bastard of the king's deceased,

A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."

The character is compounded of two distinct personages. "Sub illius temporis curriculo Falcasius de Brente, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat."—Matthew Paris. Holinshed says that "Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges to revenge the death of his father." Perhaps the name of Faulcon-

Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son, As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge; A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king, That is well known; and, as I think, one father: But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother; Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother.

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year;
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow: — Why, being

younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r' I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

bridge was suggested by the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, 6:—"One Faulconbridge, th' erle of Kent his bastarde, a stoute-hearted man."

Whe'r, i. e. whether, contracted on account of the metre.

And were our father, and this son like him;—O! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face, The accent of his tongue affecteth him: Do you not read some tokens of my son In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak, What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father; With that half face would he have all my land:

A half-faced groat 10 five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd, Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land; Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,

"Of every line and trick of his sweet favour."
And in King Henry IV. Part I.—"That thou art my son, I have

and in King nearly 1.7. Fact 1.— Institution art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye."

⁹ The old copy—"With half that face." Theobald made the manifestly requisite correction.

10 The poet makes Faulconbridge allude to the silver groats of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which had on them a half-face or profile. In the reign of John there were no groats at all, the first being coined in the reign of Edward III. The same contemptuous allusion occurs in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:—

"You half-faced groat, you thick cheek'd chitty face."

⁸ Shakespeare uses the word *trick* generally in the sense of "a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature." Thus in All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. Sc. 1:—

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's; Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak: But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores 11 Between my father and my mother lay (As I have heard my father speak himself), When this same lusty gentleman was got. Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd His lands to me; and took it, on his death, That this my mother's son was none of his; And, if he were, he came into the world Full fourteen weeks before the course of time. Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine, My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate; Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him: And, if she did play false, the fault was hers; Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother, Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, Had of your father claim'd this son for his? In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world: In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's, My brother might not claim him; nor your father, Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes 12,— My mother's son did get your father's heir; Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force, To dispossess that child which is not his? Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

¹¹ This is Homeric, and is thus rendered by Chapman in the first Iliad :-

[&]quot; Hills enow, and farre-resounding seas Powre out their shades and deepes betweene." 12 i. e. this is the decision of both fact and law.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, — be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land; Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence 13, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his 14, like him:
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings 15
goes!"

And, to 16 his shape, were heir to all this land, 'Would, I might never stir from off this place, I'd give it every foot to have this face; I would not be sir Nob 17 in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,

¹³ Lord of thy presence, means possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of The Happy Man we have a line resembling this:—

"Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all."

¹⁴ Sir Robert his for Sir Robert's; his, according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case.

15 Queen Elizabeth coined threepenny, threehalfpenny, and threefarthing pieces; these pieces all had her head on the obverse, and some of them a rose on the reverse. Being of silver, they were extremely thin; and hence the allusion. The roses stuck in the ear, or in a lock near it, were generally of ribbon; but Burton says that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear. Some gallants had their ears bored, and wore their mistresses' silken shoestrings in them.

16 To his shape, i. e. in addition to it.

IV.

¹⁷ Sir Nob, i. e. Robert. Old copy has, "It would not."

Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun; Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down, Philip, but rise more great:

Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet 19.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:— Now blessed be the hour by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?

Something about, a little from the right, In at the window, or else o'er the hatch 20:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch: Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire.

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.— Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed For France, for France; for it is more than need.

20 These expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.

¹⁹ Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished from his wearing a broom-stalk, i.e. planta genista, in his bonnet.

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Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee! For thou wast got i'the way of honesty²¹.

Exeunt all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
Good den ²², Sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective ²³, and too sociable,
For your conversion ²⁴. Now your traveller ²⁵,—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries ²⁶:—My dear sir,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)

The allusion is to the proverb:—"Bastards are born lucky."
 Good den, good evening. It is also sometimes used for good day.

²⁴ Conversion, i. e. change of condition.

²⁵ It is said in All's Well that Ends Well, that "a good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been, as it still continues, the discourse of the last travelled celebrity. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions. At my worship's mess, means at that part of the table where I, as a knight, shall be placed. See note on The Winter's Tale, Act i. Sc. 2, p. 17. "Your worship" was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as "your honour" was to a lord.

²⁶ My picked man of countries may be equivalent to my travelled fop: picked generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. Conquisite is explained in the dictionaries, exquisitely, pickedly: so that our modern exquisites and dandies are of the same race,

²³ Respective does not here mean respectful, as the commentators have explained it, but considerative, regardful. See Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1. Archdeacon Nares has given this word with three different meanings! In this passage he also makes it signify respectful; in other passages respectable, and elsewhere careful. In all the passages he cites it has but one signification, i. e. considerative, regardful.

And then comes answer like an absev-book 27:--O sir, says answer, at your best command; At your employment; at your service, sir:-No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours: And, so, ere answer knows what question would (Saving in dialogue of compliment; And talking of the Alps, and Apennines, The Pyrenean, and the river Po), It draws towards supper in conclusion so. But this is worshipful society, And fits the mounting spirit, like myself: For he is but a bastard to the time, That doth not smack of observation 28: (And so am I, whether I smack, or no): And not alone in habit and device, Exterior form, outward accoutrement: But from the inward motion to deliver Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth: Which, though I will not practise to deceive, Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.— But who comes in such haste, in riding robes? What woman-post is this? hath she no husband, That will take pains to blow a horn before her²⁹?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother;—How now, good lady? What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,

I shall be seech you—That is question now;

An ABC or absey-book, as it was then called, is a catechism.
 That doth not smack of observation, i. e. "he is accounted but

a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries." The old copies misprint smoak for smack.

³⁹ The allusion is double. To the *horn* which a *post* blows, and to such a *horn* as the Bastard's mother had bestowed on her husband.

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That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son? Colbrand the giant 30, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy, Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert? He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Philip?—sparrow³¹!—James, There's toys abroad 32; anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit GURNEY.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son; Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast: Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess!) Could he get me 33? Sir Robert could not do it; We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother, To whom am I beholden for these limbs? Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour? What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave? Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, -Basiliscolike34:

30 Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book in the poet's age. Drayton has described the combat very pompously in his Polyolbion, Song xii.

31 The Bastard means "Philip! Do you take me for a sparrow?" The sparrow was called Philip from its note, which was supposed to have some resemblance to that word, "phip phip the sparrows as they fly."—Lyly's Mother Bombie. The new made Sir Richard spurns the familiar Philip with affected contempt.

32 There's toys abroad, i. e. certain trifling changes have come to pass. 33 The folios print this line defectively, Could get me. It has been usual to supply the word he, which has more vivacity than the not substituted by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio.

34 This is a piece of satire on the stupid old drama of Soliman

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder. But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son; I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land; Legitimation, name, and all is gone: Then, good my mother, let me know my father; Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge? Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father; By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed:——Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge! Thou art the issue of my dear offence³⁵, Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again, Madam, I would not wish a better father. Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly: Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—Subjected tribute to commanding love,—Against whose fury and unmatched force The awless lion could not wage the fight,

and Perseda, printed in 1599, which had probably become the butt for stage sarcasm. In this piece there is a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown and seen through that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates; thus:—

Bas. O, I swear, I swear.

Pist. By the contents of this blade,-

Bas. By the contents of this blade,— Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco—

Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,-knight, good fellow, knight.

Pist. Knave, good fellow, knave.

35 The old copies read :-

"Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge, That art the issue of my dear offence."

The words being contractedly written yu and yt were often confounded.

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand. He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts ³⁶, May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, With all my heart I thank thee for my father! Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell. Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot, If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria¹, and Forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and Forces; Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.

Lewis.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood, Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart, And fought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,

³⁶ Shakespeare alludes to the fabulous history of King Richard I. which says that he derived his appellation of *Cœur de Lion* from having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he had been exposed by the Duke of Austria for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. The story is related in several of the old chronicles, as well as in the old metrical romance.

¹ Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the date of the events upon which this play turns. The cause of the enmity between Richard and the Duke of Austria is variously related by the old chroniclers. Shakespeare has been led into this anachronism by the old play of King John.

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At our importance?, hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death, The rather, that you give his offspring life, Shadowing their right under your wings of war: I give you welcome with a powerless hand, But with a heart full of unstained 3 love: Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love;

That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west

Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks, Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength, To make a more 4 requital to your love.

⁴ More, i. e. greater. So in K. Henry IV. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 3:—
"The more and less came in with cap and knee."

² Importance, i. e. importunity. See Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.
³ So the old copies, and the antithesis of the hand without power, but love without stain, is both lucid and forcible. Mr. Collier's corrector substitutes unstrained, which, in the sense of unconstrained, would be plausible, but Shakespeare twice applies strained to love, and to faith and troth, as expressive of purity; the implied sense is, therefore, not suitable to Shakespeare's phraseology.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be

Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy, Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood. My Lord Chatillon may from England bring That right in peace, which here we urge in war: And then we shall repent each drop of blood, That hot rash haste so indiscreetly 5 shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish, Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege, And stir them up against a mightier task. England, impatient of your just demands, Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds, Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time To land his legions all as soon as I. His marches are expedient to this town, His forces strong, his soldiers confident. With him along is come the mother-queen, An Até, stirring him to blood and strife:

⁶ Expedient, i. e. immediate, expeditious.

⁵ The old copy has indirectly. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substituted indiscreetly.

² The old copies have Ace. Até is the goddess of Discord.

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain; With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now, the English bottoms have waft⁷ o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[Drums beat.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence;

For courage mounteth with occasion:

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!

If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return From France to England, there to live in peace! England we love; and, for that England's sake,

"The iron of itself though heat red hot."

⁷ Waft, for wafted. So in another place in this play we have heat for heated:—

With burden of our armour here we sweat. This toil of ours should be a work of thine; But thou from loving England art so far, That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king, Cut off the sequence of posterity, Outfaced infant state, and done a rape Upon the maiden virtue of the crown. Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face :-These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his: This little abstract doth contain that large, Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time Shall draw this brief⁸ into as huge a volume. That Geffrey was thy elder brother born, And this his son; England was Geffrey's right, And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God, How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king, When living blood doth in these temples beat, Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world?

⁸ A brief is a short writing, abstract, or description.

^{9 &}quot;Surely," says Holinshed, "Queen Eleanor, the king's mo-

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother 10.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier 11.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone 12. You are the hare of whom the proverb goes, Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard 13. I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right; Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

ther, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in behalfe of the childe; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her son should come of lawful age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

10 Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis the VIIth, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards, in 1151, married our King Henry II.

11 Alluding to the usual proclamation for silence made by criers in the courts of justice, beginning Oyez, corruptly pronounced

O-yes. Austria had just said Peace!

Austria, who had killed King Richard Cœur-de-Lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him. This was the ground of the Bastard's quarrel.

13 The proverb alluded to is—" Mortuo leoni et lepores insul-

tant."-Erasmi Adagia.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe, That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him, As great Alcides' shoes 14 upon an ass:— But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back; Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears With this abundance of superfluous breath? Lewis, determine what we shall do straight¹⁵.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,— England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, In right of Arthur do I claim of thee: Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France. Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand; And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more Than e'er the coward hand of France can win: Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child. Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child; Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

14 Theobald thought that we should read Alcides shows; but Malone has shown that the shoes of Hercules were very frequently introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. Thus in The Isle of Gulls, 1606:—"As fit as Hercules' shoe for the foot of a pigmy;" and in Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579:—"To draw the lion's skin upon Æsop's asse, or Hercules' shoes on a childe's feete." See other citations in the Variorum edition.

¹⁵ This line is made part of Austria's speech in the folios, but has been given to Lewis, because king has been accid.ntally inserted at the beginning of it. The next speech has been also erroneously given to Lewis in the old copies; John, in his reply, evidently addresses the speaker as France, i. e. the King, who alone was competent to make the claim he does. He interrupts the reply of Lewis to Austria.

CC

IV.

Arth. Good my mother, peace! I would that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps. Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r 16 she does or no! His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames, Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes, Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights,

Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue;—plagu'd for her,
And with her plagued; her sin, his injury;
Her injury, the beadle to her sin 17;

¹⁶ Whe'r for whether.

¹⁷ The key to-this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the second commandment of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother, but also by her in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is plagued on her account, and plagued with her, i. e. by her. Her sin brings upon him, his injury, or the evil he suffers; and her injury, or the evil she inflicts, is as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of

All punish'd in the person of this child, And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate: It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim 18

To these ill-tuned repetitions .--

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak, Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,-

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage; —Therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here Before the eye and prospect of your town, Have hither march'd to your endamagement: The cannons have their bowels full of wrath; And ready mounted are they, to spit forth Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls: All preparation for a bloody siege, And merciless proceeding by these French,

the punishment annexed to it. The only variation from the old copy is in the pointing, and d added to the sentence "with her plagued."

¹⁸ Cry aim, i. e. to encourage. It is a term taken from Archery. See note on the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. 2, vol. i.

p. 254.

Confront 19 your city's eyes, your winking gates; And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones, That as a waist do girdle you about, By the compulsion of their ordnance By this time from their fixed beds of lime Had been dishabited, and wide havock made For bloody power to rush upon your peace. But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,— Who painfully, with much expedient march, Have brought a countercheck before your gates, To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,-Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle: And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire, To make a shaking fever in your walls, They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke, To make a faithless error in your ears: Which trust accordingly, kind citizens, And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits, Forwearied in this action of swift speed, Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both. Lo, in this right hand, whose protection Is most divinely vow'd upon the right Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet; Son to the elder brother of this man, And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys: For this down trodden equity, we tread In warlike march these greens before your town, Being no further enemy to you, Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, In the relief of this oppressed child, Religiously provokes. Be pleased then To pay that duty, which you truly owe,

¹⁹ The old copies have comfort. Rowe made the correction. Both Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier retain comfort, and interpret it as spoken ironically.

To him that owes²⁰ it; namely, this young prince: And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear, Save in aspéct, have all offence seal'd up; Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven; And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire, With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd, We will bear home that lusty blood again, Which here we came to spout against your town, And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace. But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer, 'Tis not the rondure 21 of your old-fac'd walls Can hide you from our messengers of war; Though all these English, and their discipline, Were harbour'd in their rude circumference. Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord, In that behalf which we have challeng'd it? Or shall we give the signal to our rage, And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects; For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in. Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king, To him will we prove loyal; till that time, Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed.—
Bast. Bastards, and else.

²¹ Rondure, from rondure, Fr. circle. Thus in Shakespeare's twenty-first Sonnet:—

"All things rare,
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems."
C. C. 2

²⁰ We have here the verb to ove used in two senses. The first for to be *indebted*; the second for to own, a sense in which it frequently occurs in Shakespeare.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well born bloods as those,——

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since.

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence;—[To Austria.] Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide 22,

And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; —[To Lewis.] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[Exeunt.

So in the old play of King John:—
"But let the frolic Frenchman take no scorn
If Philip fronts him with an English horn."

SCENE II. The same. Alarums and Excursions: then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in; Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made Much work for tears in many an English mother Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground: Many a widow's husband groveling lies, Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth; And victory, with little loss, doth play Upon the dancing banners of the French; Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd, To enter conquerors, and to proclaim Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:

King John, your king and England's, doth approach Commander of this hot malicious day! Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright, Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood1: There stuck no plume in any English crest, That is removed by a staff of France; Our colours do return in those same hands That did display them when we first march'd forth; And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen², come

¹ Shakespeare has used this image again in Macbeth, Act ii. "Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood." It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth Iliad:-"The curets from great Hector's breast all gilded with his gore."

Again in the same translator's version of the nineteenth Odyssey :- "And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore."

² It was anciently one of the savage practices of the chase for

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Our lusty Euglish, all with purpled hands, Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes. Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold, From first to last, the onset and retire Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured 4:

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows:

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even, We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power; ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run⁵ on?

all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Shakespeare alludes to the practice again in Julius Cæsar:—

"Here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

³ Cit. Heralds, &c. This speech and some others of the Citizen have the prefix Hubert in the old copies. We must either suppose that it was a mere indication that the player who personated Hubert was to make these speeches, or that Hubert was intended as a citizen of Angiers.

⁴ Censured, i. e. impugned. The remainder of the passage shows the meaning to be, that the sharpest eyes or judgments could not detect a superiority on either side—that they were other than

equal. "Both are alike."

⁵ The first folio reads rome: the change was made in the second folio. Mr. Collier reads roam, and Mr. Knight, who says, "Neither the poetry nor the sense appear to have gained by the fancied improvement." I differ from him, for surely a current does not roam, but "run right on." The whole context shows that this is the true reading.

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment, Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell With course disturb'd even thy confining shores; Unless thou let his silver water keep A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel; The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs; And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men, In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field, You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

² Climate is used here strictly in accordance with its primary sense,—the slope of the celestial sphere, relatively to a particular region of the earth.

6 "Mousing," says Malone, "is mammocking and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse," "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and mousing fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses."—The Wonderful Year, by Decker, 1603. —Shakespeare often uses familiar terms in his most serious speeches. In this speech we have "his dead chaps," which is not more elevated.

7 You equal potents, i. e. equal powers, or equi-potents. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read, "You equal potent fire ykindled."

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K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king. K. Phi. Knowhim in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this; And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fear⁸; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements, As in a theatre, whence they gape and point At your industrious scenes and acts of death. Your royal presences be rul'd by me; Do like the mutines 10 of Jerusalem, Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

⁸ The old copy has—"Kings of our fear." Warburton proposed to read, "Kings are our fear." I adopt the reading of Mr. Tyrwhitt "King'd of our fears," which was adopted by Malone, with a cogent argument in its defence. The meaning of the passage appears to be—A greater power than we, i. e. our fear, denies all this, and rules us like a king,—the only king we can acknowledge until it is deposed, i. e. until our fears are resolved by the certain superiority of one king or other. The speech is erroneously given to K. Phi. in the old copies.

⁹ Scroyles, i. e. escrouelles, Fr. scabby fellows.

10 The mutines are the mutineers, the seditious. Thus in Hamlet:—

" And lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes."

This allusion is not in the old play. Shakespeare probably received the hint from Ben Gorion's History of the Latter Times of the Jew's Commonweale, &c. translated by Peter Morwyng, 1558.

By east and west let France and England mount Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths; Till their soul-fearing¹¹ clamours have brawl'd down The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city: I'd play incessantly upon these jades, Even till unfenced desolation Leave them as naked as the vulgar air. That done, dissever your united strengths, And part your mingled colours once again; Turn face to face, and bloody point to point: Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth Out of one side her happy minion; To whom in favour she shall give the day, And kiss him with a glorious victory. How like you this wild counsel, mighty states? Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers, And lay this Angiers even with the ground; Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?
K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south, Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

¹¹ Soul-fearing, i.e. soul appalling; from the verb to fear, to make afraid.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south, Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth 12: $\Gamma A side.$

I'll stir them to it :--Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay, And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league; Win you this city without stroke or wound; Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds, That here come sacrifices for the field: Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear. 1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch 13,

Is niece 14 to England; look upon the years Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid: If lusty love should go in quest of beauty, Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch? If zealous love should go in search of virtue, Where should he find it purer than in Blanch? If love ambitious sought a match of birth, Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch? Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, Is the young Dauphin every way complete: If not complete of 15, say, he is not she; And she again wants nothing, to name want, If want it be not, that she is not he:

"By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon."

13 The Lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

¹² The poet makes Faulconbridge forget that he had made a similar mistake. See the preceding page:-

¹⁴ The old copy has neere. The error is an easy one, and is corrected in Mr. Collier's folio. Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX. king of Castile, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

¹⁵ Complete of, i. e. " If the young Dauphin is not fully as complete of, or in such beauty, virtue, &c. say he is not she."

He is the half part of a blessed man, Left to be finished by such a she 16; And she a fair divided excellence, Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. O, two such silver currents, when they join, Do glorify the banks that bound them in: And two such shores to two such streams made one, Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings, To these two princes, if you marry them. This union shall do more than battery can, To our fast-closed gates: for, at this match, With swifter spleen 17 than powder can enforce, The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope, And give you entrance; but, without this match, The sea enraged is not half so deaf, Lions more confident, mountains and rocks More free from motion; no, not death himself In mortal fury half so peremptory, As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a say 18,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;

¹⁷ Spleen is used by Shakespeare for any violent hurry or tumultuous speed. In A Midsummer Night's Dream he applies spleen

to the lightning.

¹⁶ The old copies have—" Such as she."

¹⁸ The felio has a stay, which the context shows was a mere misprint for a say. What follows, "Here's a large mouth that spits forth, talks," &c. is I think quite conclusive. Mr. Knight thinks that stay is here put for interruption, but he does not tell us how interruption could "shake old death out of his rags." A vehement speaker Shakespeare has described elsewhere as tearing "a passion to tatters, to very rags." And in a future scene in similar language Constance says:—

[&]quot;O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth, Then with a passion would I shake the world; And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy, Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,"

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce:
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match; Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been for-

ward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely

son,

Can in this book of beauty read ¹⁹, I love, Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen: For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, And all that we upon this side the sea

19 So in Pericles:-

"Her face the book of praises," &c.

Again in Macbeth:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters."

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow;
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table 20 of her eye.

[Whispers with BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!— Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!— And quarter'd in her heart?—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now, That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be, In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine: If he see aught in you, that makes him like, That any thing he sees, which moves his liking, I can with ease translate it to my will; Or, if you will (to speak more properly), I will enforce it easily to my love. Further I will not flatter you, my lord, That all I see in you is worthy love, Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

His arched brows, his hawking eve, his curls, In our heart's table."

²⁰ The table is the plain surface on which anything is depicted or written. Thus Helena, in All's Well that Ends Well:—

"To sit and draw

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom shall 21 vouchsafe to say

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen²², Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.— Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd, That I did so, when I was first assur'd²³.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made; For at St. Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—

²¹ The old copies have still, apparently caught from the line above.

This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*, in Latin Pagus Velocassinus. That part of it called the *Norman Vexia* was in dispute between Philip and John. This and the subsequent line (except the words "do I give") are taken from the old play.

²³ Assur'd, i. e. affianced, contracted.

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate 24 at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made.

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage 25.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[Except all but the Bastard.—The Citizen

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the Walls.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition! John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed 26 with a part: And France (whose armour conscience buckled on; Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

²³ Vantage, i. e. advantage.

²⁴ Passionate here means agitated, perturbed, a prey to mournful sensations, not moved or disposed to anger. Thus in the old play, entitled The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of York, 1600:—
"Tell me, good madam,

Why is your grace so passionate of late."

²⁶ To part and depart were formerly synonymous. So in Cooper's Dictionary, v. "communico, to communicate or departe a thing I have with another."

As God's own soldier), rounded²⁷ in the ear With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil; That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith; That daily break-vow; he that wins of all, Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—Who having no external thing to lose But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that; That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commo-

dity 28;—

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim 29,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?

To round or rown in the ear is to whisper; from the Saxon runian, susurrare. The word and its etymology are fully illustrated by Casaubon in his Treatise de Ling. Saxonica, and in a Letter by Sir H. Spelman, published in Wormius, Literatura Runica. Hafnise, 1651, p. 4.

²⁸ Commodity here is interest, advantage. So Baret:—"What fruite or commoditie had he by this his friendship?" Alvearie, letter C. 867. The construction of this passage is—"Commodity, he that wins of all,—he that cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity."

Henderson has adduced a passage from Cupid's Whirligig, 1607, which happily illustrates the word bias in this passage:—

"O, the world is like a byas bowle, and it runs All on the rich men's sides."

Peised, is poised, balanced."

²⁹ The old copies have aid. Mason suggested the correction.

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the ³⁰ power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels ³¹ would salute my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee! [Exit³².

ACT III.

Scene I. The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Constance.

ONE to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to
be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard; Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again: It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so: I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word Is but the vain breath of a common man;

31 Angels, coin of that name.

³⁰ The meaning is, "I rail at bribery, not because I have the power or virtue to keep my hand clenched when a bribe tempts me to open and receive it, but because, &c."

³² In the old copies the second Act commences here and extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division was made by Theobald, and is certainly right.

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man; I have a king's oath to the contrary. Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me, For I am sick, and capable 1 of fears. Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears; A widow², husbandless, subject to fears; A woman, naturally born to fears; And though thou now confess thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce3, But they will quake and tremble all this day. What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head? Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? What means that hand upon that breast of thine? Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum, Like a proud river peering4 o'er his bounds? Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? Then speak again; not all thy former tale, But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them false, That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow, Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die; And let belief and life encounter so, As doth the fury of two desperate men, Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

Capable is susceptible. So in Hamlet:— "His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable."

² This is an error. Constance was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Vicomte de Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Randulph, Earl of Chester.

³ Thus in Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. Sc. 1:— "Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt."

⁴ This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his Insatiate Countess, 1603:—

[&]quot;Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins Like a proud river overflow their bounds."

Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou? France friend with England! what becomes of me?—Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight; This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done, But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is, As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content. Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim, Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb, Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless⁵ stains, Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, Patch'd with foul moles, and eve-offending marks, I would not care, I then would be content: For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown. But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy! Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great: Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast, And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O! She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee; She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John; And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France To tread down fair respect of sovereignty, And made his majesty the bawd to theirs. France is a bawd to fortune, and King John; That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:-Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn? Envenom him with words; or get thee gone, And leave those woes alone, which I alone

"Over whose roof hangs this prodigious comet?"

^h Sightless is here used by the poet for the opposite to sightly, unpleasant to the sight. Swart is dark, dusky. See Comedy of Errors, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 166. Prodigious is portentous, so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil. Thus in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:—

Am bound to under-bear.

Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud; For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout⁶.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,

Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great, That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit; Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. [To Blanch.] 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival: To solemnize this day, the glorious sun Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist; Turning, with splendour of his precious eye, The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold: The yearly course, that brings this day about, Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!-

 $\lceil Rising.$

⁶ The old copies read, "makes his owner stoope." The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. We have in Daniel's Civil Wars, b. vi.— "Full with stout grief and with disdainful woe."

Malone has in an elaborate argument attempted a defence of the old reading; but, I think, without success. Nor am I convinced by the explanations of Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. The whole context shows that stoop could not be the word :-

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud; For grief is proud."

If so, how can it humble its owner? And then what stooping is there in the words?-

" Here I and sorrow sit; Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it." What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done; That it in golden letters should be set, Among the high tides, in the calendar? Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week?; This day of shame, oppression, perjury: Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day, Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd⁸; But⁹ on this day, let seamen fear no wrack; No bargains break, that are not this day made: This day, all things begun come to ill end; Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit 10, Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried, Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn; You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood, But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:

⁶ Be cross'd, i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

"Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity."

"By the almanack, I think

To choose good days and shun the critical."

So in Macbeth:-

"Let this pernicious hour Stand ave accursed in the calendar."

10 A counterfeit, i. e. a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A counterfeit formerly signified also a portrait. The word seems to be here used equivocally.

⁷ In allusion to Job iii. 3:—"Let the day perish," &c.; and v. 6, "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months."

⁹ But for unless; its exceptive sense of be out. In the ancient almanacks the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623:—

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war, Is cold in amity and painted peace 11, And our oppression hath made up this league;—Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings! A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! Let not the hours of this ungodly day Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings! Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria 12! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

11 This is the reading of the old copy, which there seems no excuse for disturbing. Painted peace is simulated peace. Yet the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would change it to faint in peace.

¹² Shakespeare, in the person of Austria, has conjoined the two well known enemies of Richard Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition (in 1193); but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell (in 1199) belonged to Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges. The archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. Austria in the old play is called Lymoges, the Austrich duke. Holinshed says, "The same year Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honour of Coniacke, killed the Viscount of Lymoges in revenge of his father's death," &c.

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs 13.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
 Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
 Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
 Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs 14.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven:

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen anchbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

¹³ Constance means to call him a coward; she tells him that the skin of the lion's prey would suit his recreant limbs better than that of a lion.

14 Pope inserted the following lines from the old play here, which he thought necessary "to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:"—

"Aust. Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Should be a precedent to right you all.

Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,

Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;

Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!—

Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

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And split thy heart for wearing it so long."

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories 15, Can task the free breath of a sacred king? Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, To charge me to an answer, as the pope. Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England, Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest Shall tithe or toll in our dominions; But as we under Heaven are supreme head, So under Him, that great supremacy, Where we do reign, we will alone uphold, Without the assistance of a mortal hand: So tell the pope: all reverence set apart, To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this. K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom.

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have, Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate: And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt From his allegiance to an heretick;

¹⁵ What earthly name subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to speak and answer them? The old copy reads earthy. The emendation was Pope's. It has also task instead of task in the next line, which was substituted by Theobald. Johnson observes that this must have been a very captivating scene at the time of our struggles with popery.

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, Canonized, and worship'd as a saint, That takes away by any secret course Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse, Let go the hand of that arch-heretick; And raise the power of France upon his head, Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent, And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them ¹⁶. K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal? Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal? Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference

This may be a proverbial sarcasm; but the allusion is now lost. We have something similar in the old play of King Leir, 1605:—"Mum. We'll have a pair of slops for the nonce Will hold all your mocks."

Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, Or the light loss of England for a friend: Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new uptrimmed 17 bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say. Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

17 Untrimmed is the reading of both the folios, but it is undoubtedly a slight typographical error for uptrimmed, which would easily occur. Trimmed up, and decked up were the current phrases applied to a bride dressed for her nuptials. We have both phrases in Romeo and Juliet. Capulet says to the Nurse:—
"Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up."

He had previously said to Lady Capulet:—

"Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up."
For this emendation we are indebted to Mr. Dyce. Theobald had long since read "and trimmed," which Hanmer adopted.

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself. This royal hand and mine are newly knit; And the conjunction of our inward souls Married in league, coupled and link'd together With all religious strength of sacred vows; The latest breath that gave the sound of words, Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love, Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves; And even before this truce, but new before,-No longer than we well could wash our hands, To clap this royal bargain up of peace, Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint The fearful difference of incensed kings:-And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood, So newly join'd in love, so strong in both 18, Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet 19? Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven, Make such unconstant children of ourselves, As now again to snatch our palm, from palm: Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed Of smiling peace to march a bloody host, And make a riot on the gentle brow Of true sincerity? O holy sir, My reverend father, let it not be so: Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless, Save what is opposite to England's love. Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church! Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse, A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

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¹⁸ i.e. so strong both in hatred and love; in deeds of amity or deeds of blood.

¹⁹ A regreet is an exchange of salutation.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue, A chafed 20 lion by the mortal paw, A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold. K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith. Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith; And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath, Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd; That is to be the champion of our church! What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself, And may not be performed by thyself: For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss, Is not amiss when it is truly done²¹; And being not done, where doing tends to ill, The truth is then most done not doing it: The better act of purposes mistook Is, to mistake again: though indirect, Yet indirection thereby grows direct, And falsehood falsehood cures: as fire cools fire. Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd. It is religion, that doth make vows kept; But thou hast sworn against religion: By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st; And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure

²⁰ The old copies have, "A cased lion." I unhesitatingly read, as Mr. Dyce suggests, chafed. Thus in K. Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2:—

<sup>2. 2:—
&</sup>quot;So looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him."

N Johnson proposed to read, "Ist not amiss," but the text as it stands is consistent, though purposely involved. The criminal act which thou hast sworn to do, is not amiss, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done truly, in the sense I have now affixed to truth; that is, if you do not do it; for, where doing tends to ill, where an intended act is criminal, the truth is most done by not doing the act.

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn 22; Else, what a mockery should it be to swear? But thou dost swear only to be forsworn; And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear. Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first, Is in thyself rebellion to thyself: And better conquest never canst thou make, Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts Against these giddy loose suggestions: Upon which better part our prayers come in, If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know, The peril of our curses light on thee So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off, But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Will't not be? Bast.

Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine? Lew. Father, to arms!

Upon thy wedding day? Rlanch. Against the blood that thou hast married? What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men? Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,— Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp? O husband, hear me !--ah, alack! how new Is husband in my mouth? even for that name, Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce, Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

22 The old copy reads:-

"The truth thou art unsure To swear, swears only not to be forsworn." The correction is by Pope, and has been thus explained, By what thou swear'st, &c. "In swearing by religion against religion, thou hast sworn by what thou swearest; i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, against the thing thou swearest by; i. e. religion." Even this is obscure, and Malone thought that something has been omitted. The casuistical argument was most probably intended to expose the subtle attempts of a similar kind in the controversies of the poet's age, and would no doubt be popular.

Against mine uncle.

O! upon my knee, Const. Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds, His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head. K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty! Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue. Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal? I am with both: each army hath a hand; And, in their rage, I having hold of both, They whirl asunder, and dismember me. Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win; Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose; Father, I may not wish the fortune thine: Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive: Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose; Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies. Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together,—

[Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath; A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot:

Some airy devil¹ hovers in the sky, And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there: While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert. K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip², make up:

¹ There is a minute description of numerous devils or spirits, and their different functions, in Nash's Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, 1592, where we find the following passage:—"The spirits of the aire will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of fire have their mansions under the regions of the moone."

Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name. Shakespeare has followed the old plays. The queen mother, whom King John had made regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army, with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief,

٧

My mother is assailed in our tent, And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not:

But on, my liege: for very little pains Will bring this labour to a happy end.

d. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [To Elinor.

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To ARTHUR.

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin [To the Bastard], away for England: haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags Of hoarding abbots: imprisoned angels¹ Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon: Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle² shall not drive me back:

which he immediately did. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The queen in the meanwhile remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Angels, as before, gold coin of that name.

² It appears from Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, that sentence of excommunication was to be "explained in order in English, with bells tolling and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences." The ceremony is referred to by

When gold and silver becks me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She takes Arthur aside.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh There is a soul counts thee her creditor, And with advantage means to pay thy love: And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished. Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—But I will fit it with some better time³. By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow, Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say;—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into 4 the drowsy race of night;

Fox and Strype, and described circumstantially in Bale's Pageaunt of Popes. See Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. xii. p. 397, ed. 1780.

3 The old copies have the evident error of tune for time. Pope made the correction.

⁴ Thus the old copies. Theobald substituted one for on, and

If this same were a churchyard where we stand, And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs; Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy, Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick, (Which else runs tickling up and down the veins, Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes, And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, A passion hateful to my purposes); Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes, Hear me without thine ears, and make reply Without a tongue, using conceit⁶ alone, Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words; Then, in despite of brooded7 watchful day. I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts. But ah, I will not: - Yet I love thee well: And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

unto was substituted for into. "The midnight bell" having been taken for the bell of a clock striking the hour. It has been proposed to read the line thus:—

"Sound one unto the drowsy eare of night."
And to this reading Mr. Dyce inclines, citing passages which indicate that one o'clock was sometimes loosely called midnight. But the tolling of a bell at midnight, sounding on into the drowsy course of night, may be what the poet intended. The bell was tolled at midnight to call religious recluses to their devotions.

⁶ Conceit, i. e. conception.

7 Pope proposes to read broad-eyed, instead of broaded. The alteration, it must be confessed, is elegant, but unnecessary. The allusion is to the vigilance of animals while broading, or with a broad of young ones under their protection. The king says of Hamlet:—

"There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood."
Milton also, in L'Allegro, desires Melancholy to—
"Find out some uncouth cell

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings."

Brooded may be used for brooding, as delighted for delighting, and discontented for discontenting, in other places of these plays. To sit on brood, or abrood, is the old term applied to birds during the period of incubation. All the metaphorical uses of the verb to brood are common to the Latin incubo.

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it.

Do not I know, thou would'st? K. John. Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye On yound young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend, He is a very serpent in my way; And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper. And I will keep him so,

Hub.

That he shall not offend your majesty. K. John. Death.

My lord? Hub.

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live. K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee; Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee; Remember. Madam, fare you well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin: go, Hubert shall be your man, attend on you With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho⁸! [Exeunt.

Scene IV. The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

⁸ King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. "This is one of those scenes," says Steevens, "to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties.

IV.

A whole armado of convented 1 sail

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well. K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone, O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd, Such temperate order in so fierce a cause²,

Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard, Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise.

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look! who comes here? a grave unto a soul; Holding the eternal spirit, against her will, In the vile prison of afflicted breath 3:-I prythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace! K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy4 all counsel, all redress,

¹ The old copy reads convicted, which Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight say, signifies here vanquished, overcome, or overpowered; a very unusual meaning, even would it serve the purpose. Mr. Dyce suggests convected, from the Latin convectus; but it is doubtful if such a word existed. I read convented, as suiting the context, for in the next line the assembled fleet " is scatter'd and disjoin'd." The word is used in this sense by Shakespeare in Coriolanus: "We are convented upon a pleasing treaty." It was an easy mistake at press, or in transcription.

² A fierce cause is a cause conducted with precipitation. Fierce wretchedness in Timon of Athens is hasty, sudden misery.

3 The vile prison of afflicted breath is the body; the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.

⁴ To defy formerly signified to refuse, to reject:-"I do defy thy commiseration."-Romeo and Juliet. But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath 5 with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

⁵ Gap of breath, i. e. this mouth.

⁶ A modern invocation, i. e. a common invocation. The sense in which the poet uses the word in other places. Mr. Knight here reads mother's, which Mr. Dyce justly calls "one of the rashest alterations ever attempted by an editor." Mr. Collier's corrected folio would substitute widow's, which is at least equally rash. The reader will recollect the following passage in Romeo and Juliet:—

[&]quot;Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead, Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?"

The negative particle is wanting in the three first folios. It was supplied in the fourth.

O! if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal:
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O! what love I note In the fair multitude of those her hairs! Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen, Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends? Do glew themselves in sociable grief; Like true, inseparable, faithful loves, Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will8.

K. Phi.

Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it? I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud, O that these hands could so redeem my son As they have given these hairs their liberty! But now I envy at their liberty, And will again commit them to their bonds, Because my poor child is a prisoner.——And, father cardinal, I have heard you say, That we shall see and know our friends in heaven; If that be true, I shall see my boy again; For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child, To him that did but yesterday suspire,

⁷ In the old copies fiends is misprinted for friends.

⁸ Probably Constance in despair means to apostrophize the absent King John:—"Take my son to England if you will."

⁹ To suspire Shakespeare uses for to breathe. Thus in King Henry IV. Part II.—

There was not such a gracious 10 creature born; But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud, And chase the native beauty from his cheek, And he will look as hollow as a ghost; As dim and meagre as an ague's fit; And so he'll die; and, rising so again, When I shall meet him in the court of heaven I shall not know him: therefore never, never Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son 11.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child 12, Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me; Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, Remembers me of all his gracious parts, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form; Then, have I reason to be fond of grief. Fare you well: had you such a loss as I, I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.

"Did he suspire, that light and weightless down Perforce must move."

In Bullokar's Expositor, 1616, we have suspiration, a breathing or

sighing.

Oracious is used by Shakespeare often in the sense of beautiful, comely, graceful. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, shows that this was no uncommon signification; he explains, gratioso, graceful, gratious, also comely, fine, well-favoured, gentle.

To the same purpose Macduff observes:—

"He has no children."

The thought occurs again in King Henry VI. Part III.

12 "Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum."

Lucan, .. 1x.

Maynard, an old French poet, has the same thought:—
"Qui me console excite ma colere,
Et le repos est un bien que je crains:
Mon déuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains."

FF2

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy; Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale 13, Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man; And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's 14 taste.

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness. Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease, Even in the instant of repair and health, The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave, On their departure most of all show evil: What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

13 " For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our yeurs to an end, as it were a tale that is told."—Psalm xc. Thus also in Macbeth:—

"Life's but a walking shadow,—
It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

Pope. The emendation is countenanced by Hamlet's:—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark:
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots 15; the times conspire with you: For he, that steeps his safety in true blood, Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue. This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal; That none so small advantage shall step forth, To check his reign, but they will cherish it: No natural exhalation in the sky, No scope 16 of nature, no distemper'd day, No common wind, no customed event, But they will pluck away his natural cause,

¹⁶ John lays you plots. A similar phrase occurs in the First Part of King Heary VI.—

[&]quot;He writes me here."
Again, in the second part of the same play:—

[&]quot;He would have carried you a forehand shaft," &c.

¹⁶ No scope of nature, i.e. no aim, purpose, or intent. Pope altered this to scape, and was followed by succeeding editors, but change seems hardly required.

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs, Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven, Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life, But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach, If that young Arthur be not gone already, Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts Of all his people shall revolt from him, And kiss the lips of unacquainted change; And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath, Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John. Methinks, I see this hurly 17 all on foot; And, O! what better matter breeds for you, Than I have nam'd !- The bastard Faulconbridge Is now in England, ransacking the church, Offending charity: If but a dozen French Were there in arms, they would be as a call 18 To train ten thousand English to their side; Or, as a little snow 19, tumbled about, Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin! Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful, What may be wrought out of their discontent: Now that their souls are topfull of offence, For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange 20 actions: Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[Execunt.]

¹⁷ Hurly is tumult.

¹⁸ The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.

¹⁹ Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their snowball did not gather as it went.

So the first folio; the second folio reads strong.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Northampton 1. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hubert.

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful! hence! and watch.

1 Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [Exeunt Attendants.
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

¹ There is no circumstance, either in the original play or in this of Shakespeare, to point out the particular castle in which Arthur is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned merely because, in the first act, King John seems to have been in that town. It has already been stated that Arthur was in fact confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death.

Only for wantonness?. By my christendom³, So I were out of prison, and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long; And so I would be here, but that I doubt My uncle practises more harm to me: He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven, I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day: In sooth, I would you were a little sick; That I might sit all night, and watch with you: I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bo-

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.] How now, foolish rheum! [Aside.

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.——

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. A oung boy, I must.

Hub.

And will you?

And I will.

² This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of his time by Shakespeare: which Lyly also ridicules in his Midas:—
"Now every base companion, being in his muble-fubles, says, he is melancholy." Again: "Melancholy is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says, he is melancholy."

³ By my christendom, i. e. by my baptism. The use of this word for christening or baptism is not peculiar to Shakespeare; it was common in his time. Hearne has published a Prone from a MS. of Henry the Seventh's time, in the glossary to Robert of Gloucester, in a note on the word midewinter, by which it appears that

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows (The best I had, a princess wrought it me). And I did never ask it you again: And with my hand at midnight held your head; And, like the watchful minutes to the hour, Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time; Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief? Or, What good love may I perform for you? Many a poor man's son would have lain still, And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you; But you at your sick service had a prince. Nay, you may think my love was crafty love, And call it cunning; do, an if you will. If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill, Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes? These eyes, that never did, nor never shall, So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it; And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it! The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,

it was the ancient orthography. "The childer ryzt schape & chrystyndome." It is also used by Lyly, Fanshaw, Harington, and Fairfax.

⁴ The participle heat, though now obsolete, was in use in Shakespeare's time. "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heat."—Daniel iii. 19.

⁵ The old copy has this.

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes, I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes are out, Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boist rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[Execunt Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

· Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair, Any annoyance in that precious sense! Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there, Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes; Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert! Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue⁶, So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes Though to no use, but still to look on you! Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold, And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes?: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre⁸ him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

7 "The fire being created, not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved."

⁸ Tarre him on, i.e. stimulate, set him on. The word occurs again in Hamlet:—" And the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy." And in Troilus and Cressida:—

"Pride alone must tarre the mastiffs on."

It has been derived from Tyrian, A.S. exacerbare, irritare. It occurs in the Wicliffite version of the New Testament, Collossians, c. iii. ad fin. and Ephesians, c. vi. ab init. We should remember that r was called the dog's letter arre from the sound made in exciting a dog to fight, or from his snarl when so excited.

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⁶ "This is according to nature," says Johnson. "We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us."

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes For all the treasure that thine uncle owes?: Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy, With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O! now you look like Hubert! all this while You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu: Your uncle must not know but you are dead: I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports. And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure, That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world, Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely 10 in with me;

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K.John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd, And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous¹: you were crown'd before, And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off; The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt; Fresh expectation troubled not the land, With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

9 Owes, i. e. owns.

"I'll entertain him here; meanwhile steal you Closely into the room."

¹⁰ Closely, i. e. secretly, privately. So in Albumazar, 1610, Act iii, Sc. 1:—

¹ Was once superfluous, i. e. this one time more was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the fourth time.

To guard² a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done, This act is as an ancient tale new told³; And, in the last repeating, troublesome, Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well, They do confound their skill in covetousness⁴; And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault, Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse; As patches, set upon a little breach, Discredit more in hiding of the fault, Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd, We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness

² To guard is to ornament. So in the Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

"Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows."
Shakespeare has here repeated an idea which he had fir

3 Shakespeare has here repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin:—

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

⁴ They do confound their skill in covetousness, i. e. not by their averice, but in an eager desire of excelling. As in King Henry V.—

"But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive." To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd; Since all and every part of what we would Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation I have possess'd you with, and think them strong; And more, more strong when blesser is my fear, I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask What you would have reform'd, that is not well; And well shall you perceive, how willingly I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these, To sound the purposes of all their hearts, Both for myself and them (but, chief of all, Your safety, for the which myself and them Bend their best studies), heartily request The enfranchisement⁶ of Arthur; whose restraint Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent To break into this dangerous argument:—

If, what in rest you have, in right you hold, Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up⁷ Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercise⁸?

question is elliptically expressed, "why then is it that your fears should move you?" &c.

8 In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble

⁶ The first folio reads, "then lesser is my feare." Then is frequently printed then. The second folio prints, "then less is my fear." If we read "then lesser is my fear," John would say, I have given you some reasons for this double coronation, and I shall furnish you with others which I am only afraid will prove not less strong, but far more so. But the simple change of then for when is quite satisfactory.

⁶ i. e. Releasement.

7 The construction of this passage is, "If you have a good title to what you now have in rest (i. e. in possession), why then is it that your fears should more you?" &c. The word then and should might change places with advantage to the lucidus ordo. Perhaps the

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no farther ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go, Between his purpose and his conscience⁹, Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set: His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick:

youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. Mental improvement might have been had in a prison as well as anywhere else.

The purpose of the king, to which Salisbury alludes, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might be still a conflict in the king's mind:—

"Between his purpose and his conscience."

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny? Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame, That greatness should so grossly offer it. So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee, And find the inheritance of this poor child, His little kingdom of a forced grave. That blood, which ow'd 10 the breadth of all this isle, Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while! This must not be thus borne: this will break out To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

Exeunt Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent; There is no sure foundation set on blood; No certain life achiev'd by others' death.——

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England 11.—Never such a
power

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,

Ow'd, i. e. own'd the breadth of all this isle. The two last Variorum editions erroneously read, "breath for breadth," which is found in the old copy.

11 The king asks how all goes in France; the messenger catches the word goes, and answers, that whatever is in France goes now into England. The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk? Where hath it slept 12? Where is my mother's care? That such an army could be drawn in France, And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst, Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd 13 Under the tide; but now I breathe again Aloft the flood; and can give audience

"Was the hope drunk

Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?"

Amaz'd, i.e. astonied, stunned, confounded, are the ancient synonymes of amazed, obstupesco. So in Cymbeline:—

"I am amazed with matter." And in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—

"You do amaze her, hear the truth of it."

¹² So in Macbeth:-

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet 14, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

Deliver him to safety 15, and return,

For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full
of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire), And others more, going to seek the grave

¹⁴ This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Holinshed, in anno 1213. Speed says that Peter the hermit was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The poet here brings together events that were separated by an interval of some years.

¹⁵ To safety, i. e. to safe custody.

Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go, And thrust thyself into their companies: I have a way to win their loves again; Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need Some messenger betwixt me and the peers; And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege [Exit. K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen tonight:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes ¹⁶. I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus, The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news; Who, with his shears and measure in his hand, Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet ¹⁷), Told of a many thousand warlike French, That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent: Another lean unwash'd artificer Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death? Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had 18, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant To break within the bloody house of life: And, on the winking of authority, To understand a law; to know the meaning Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

¹⁶ This may be compared with a spirited passage in Edward III. Capel's Prolusions, p. 75:—

"Our men, with open mouths and staring eyes, Look on each other, as they did attend Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks; A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour, And speeches sleep through all the waking region."

17 This passage called forth the antiquarian knowledge of many learned commentators, until, from the return of the rational fashion of right and left shoes, it became intelligible without a note.

18 No had. This archaical expression here signifying, Had not? has been hitherto changed to "Had none" in modern editions. It has been illustrated by numerous corresponding phrases by the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith in Notes and Queries, vol. vii. p. 520. See As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 3, p. 25.

More upon humour than advis'd respect 19.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did. K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done²⁰! Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted²¹, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,----

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause²²,

19 Respect, i. e. deliberate consideration. So in Hamlet:—
"There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life."

The old copies read, "Make deeds ill done," which is equivocal, and might signify "deeds unskilfully done."

²¹ To quote is to note or mark. See Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 1:—
"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not quoted him."

2" There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, ab ipsis recessibus mentis, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that to have bid him tell his tale in express words would have struck him dumb: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."——{alianon.

When I spake darkly what I purposed; Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face, As bid me tell my tale in express words; Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me: But thou didst understand me by my signs, And didst in signs again parley with sin 23; Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, And, consequently, thy rude hand to act The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.— Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd, Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers; Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath, Hostility and civil tumult reigns Between my conscience, and my cousin's death. Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage, And make them tame to their obedience.

²³ The folios read *sinne*, which gives a consistent sense, and in some respects, is preferable to *sign*, the otherwise plausible suggestion of a MS note in Mr. Collier's copy of the second folio.

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Forgive the comment that my passion made Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind, And foul imaginary eyes of blood Presented thee more hideous than thou art. O! answer not; but to my closet bring The angry lords, with all expedient 24 haste: I cónjure thee but skowly; run more fast 25.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wallis high; and yet will I leap down¹:—Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—There's few, or none, do know me; if they did, This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite. I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it. If I get down, and do not break my limbs, I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:

As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.

²⁴ Expedient, i. e. expeditious.

25 The old play of The Troublesome Raigne of King John is divided into two parts; the first of which concludes with the king's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins

with Enter Arthur, &c. as in the following scene.

¹ Shakespeare has followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word evanuit; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned.

IV. HH

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal? Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France; Whose private? with me, of the Dauphin's love, Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then. Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er's we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd blords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight. Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us; We will not line his sin-bestained 5 cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks. Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason⁶ now.

Whose private, i. e. private conference.

- ³ The use of or for ere, before, is at least as old as Chaucer's time. It is the Saxon ae p, prius, antequam, priusquam,—ere, or, sooner than; before. Ever is the Saxon ae pe—aliquando, unquam,—ever, e'er, at any time. Ere ever, or ever, or ere, is, in modern English, sooner than at any time; before ever: and this is the sense in which Shakespeare and our elder writers constantly use the phrase.
 - ⁴ Distemper'd, i. e. ruffled, out of humour. So in Hamlet:—

 "In his retirement marvellous distemper'd."
- ⁵ The folios have by error thin-bestained. The emendation is by the corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio.
 - B To reason, in Shakespeare, is not so often to argue as to talk:

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true: to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing ARTHUR.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld, Or have you read, or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object, Form such another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame, The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse?.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sins of time⁸,

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand,

so in Coriolanus:-

"Reason with the fellow Before you punish him."

7 Remorse, i. e. pity.

⁸ The old copy reads sinne of times. The emendation is Pope's.

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?— We had a kind of light, what would ensue: It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand: The practice, and the purpose, of the king :-From whose obedience I forbid my soul, Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life. And breathing to his breathless excellence The incense of a vow, a holy vow; Never to taste the pleasures of the world, Never to be infected with delight. Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 'Till I have set a glory to this head9, By giving it the worship of revenge. Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you: Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :--Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Must I rob the law? \(\Gamma\) Drawing his sword. Sal. Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again 10.

⁹ The old copy reads, "Till I have set a glory to this hand." This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. Pope suggested that we should read "a glory to this head," pointing to the head of the dead prince, and using worship in its common acceptation. The solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. Gray, the poet, says Dr. Farmer, was much pleased with this correction. The words "by giving it the worship of revenge," and the solemn confirmation of the other lords, seem decidedly to indicate this sense. The occurrence of the word hand several times in the preceding lines may have led to the error.

No in Othello:—"Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them." Both Faulconbridge and Othello speak contemptuously. "You have shown that your sword is bright, and now you may put it up again; you shall not use it."

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin. Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say; By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours: I would not have you, lord, forget yourself, Nor tempt the danger of my true 11 defence; Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman? Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false, Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge. Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury: If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame, I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron, That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge? Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Who kill'd this prince? Biq.

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well: I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep

My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss. Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, For villainy is not without such rheum; And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse 12 and innocency.

¹¹ True defence, i. e. honest defence, defence in a good cause. 12 Remorse, again for pity.

нн2

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house, For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there! Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[Exeunt Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death, Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what; Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black; Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer 13: There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,---

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

"Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell Hangs on performance of this damned deed; This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss, Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul." Which was embounded in this beauteous clay, Let hell want pains enough to torture me! I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.— I am amaz'd 14, methinks, and lose my way Among the thorns and dangers of this world .-How easy dost thou take all England up! From forth this morsel of dead royalty, The life, the right, and truth of all this realm Is fled to heaven; and England now is left To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth The unowed 15 interest of proud-swelling state. Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty, Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest, And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: Now powers from home, and discontents at home, Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits (As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast), The imminent decay of wrested pomp. Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture 16 can Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child, And follow me with speed; I'll to the king: A thousand businesses are brief in hand, And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [Exeunt.

¹⁴ Amazed. See before, p. 343.

¹⁵ The unowed interest, i. e. the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one. On the death of Arthur, the right to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.

¹⁶ Cincture, i. e. girdle. The old copy has center.

ACT V.

Scene I. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, with the Crown, and Attendants.

King John.

HUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand.

Take again [Giving John the Crown.

From this my hand, as holding of the pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French:

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties¹ do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up, Upon your stubborn usage of the pope: But, since you are a gentle convertite²,

Counties here most probably mean, not the divisions of the kingdom, but the lords and nobility in general. As in Romeo and Juliet, and Much Ado about Nothing.

² Convertite is used in its ecclesiastical sense, for a person who, having relapsed, has been recovered. But it was also used for a convert, one who had changed his notions.

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war, And make fair weather in your blustering land. On this Ascension-day, remember well, Upon your oath of service to the pope, Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon, My crown I should give off? Even so I have: I did suppose, it should be on constraint; But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers. Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer service to your enemy; And wild amazement hurries up and down The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again, After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the

streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life³
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

"An empty circle, since the jewel's gone."
So in King Richard II.—
"A jewel in a tent times haved an about

"A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast."

³ Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony, in All for Love:—

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust Govern the motion of a kingly eve: Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire; Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, That borrow their behaviours from the great, Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntless spirit of resolution 4. Away! and glister like the god of war, When he intendeth to become the field 5: Show boldness, and aspiring confidence. What! shall they seek the lion in his den. And fright him there? and make him tremble there? O, let it not be said !-Forage6, and run To meet displeasure farther from the doors: And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me, And I have made a happy peace with him; And he hath promised to dismiss the powers Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play offers⁷, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,

⁷ The old copy has orders instead of offers.

⁴ So in Macbeth :-

[&]quot;Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet i' the hall together."

⁵ Thus in Hamlet:-

[&]quot;Such a sight as this Becomes the field."

⁶ Forage here seems to mean to range abroad; which Dr. Johnson says is its original sense: but fourrage, the French source of it, is formed from the low Latin foderagium, food: the sense of ranging therefore appears to be secondary.

Mocking the air with colours idly spread⁸, And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace; Or if he do, let it at least be said, They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know, Our party may well meet a prouder foe⁹. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pem-Broke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out, And keep it safe for our remembrance. Return the precedent to these lords again; That having our fair order written down, Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes, May know wherefore we took the sacrament, And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear A voluntary zeal, and an unurged faith, To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince, I am not glad that such a sore of time Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,

We have the same image in Macbeth:—
"Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold."

From these two passages Gray formed the first lines of his "Bard."

Our party may well meet a prouder foe, i. e. I know that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder, and more confident of its strength than theirs.

1 The precedent, i. e. the rough draught of the original treaty. In King Richard II. the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, "It took him eleven hours to write it, and that the precedent was full as long a doing."

And heal the inveterate canker of one wound, By making many. O! it grieves my soul, That I must draw this metal from my side To be a widow-maker; O! and there, Where honourable rescue and defence. Cries out upon the name of Salisbury. But such is the infection of the time. That, for the health and physick of our right, We cannot deal but with the very hand Of stern injustice and confused wrong.— And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends! That we, the sons and children of this isle, Were born to see so sad an hour as this; Wherein we step after a stranger, march Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep Upon the spot² of this enforced cause), To grace the gentry of a land remote, And follow unacquainted colours here? What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove! That Neptune's arms, who clippeth³ thee about, Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself, And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore; Where these two Christian armies might combine The blood of malice in a vein of league, And not to-spend it 5 so unneighbourly !.

² The spot, i. e. the stain.

3 To clip is to embrace; not yet obsolete in the northern counties.

Shakespeare here employs a phraseology used before in the Merry Wives of Windsor: Act iv. Sc. 4, note 7:—

"And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight."
The hyphen is wanting in the old copy, but is absolutely necessary to the construction and sense of the passage.

⁴ Grapple. The old copies read cripple. The emendation was made by Pope. The poet alludes to the wars carried on by the Christian princes in the Holy Land against the Saracens, where the united armies of France and England might have laid their animosities aside and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen.

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this; And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom, Do make an earthquake of nobility. O, what a noble combat hast thou a fought, Between compulsion and a brave respect⁶! Let me wipe off this honourable dew, That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks: My heart hath melted at a lady's tears, Being an ordinary inundation; But this effusion of such manly drops, This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul?, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors. Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury, And with a great heart heave away this storm: Commend these waters to those baby eyes, That never saw the giant world enrag'd; Nor met with fortune other than at feasts, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping. Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep Into the purse of rich prosperity, As Lewis himself: -- so, nobles, shall you all, That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended,

And even there, methinks, an angel spake⁸: Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

Thou is wanting in the old copies.

7 "This windy tempest till it blow up rain Held back his sorrow's tide."—Rape of Lucrece.

IV.

⁶ This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who in his preceding speech calls it an enforced cause) could only be procured by foreign arms; and the brave respect was the love of country.

⁸ In what I have now said an angel spake: for see, the holy legate approaches to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of right to our cause.

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven; And on our actions set the name of right, With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France! The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, That so stood out against the holy church, The great metropolis and see of Rome: Therefore thy threat ning colours now wind up, And tame the savage spirit of wild war; That, like a lion foster'd up at hand, It may lie gently at the foot of peace, And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back; I am too high-born to be propertied, To be a secondary at control, Or useful serving-man, and instrument, To any sovereign state throughout the world. Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars, Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself, And brought in matter that should feed this fire: And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out With that same weak wind which enkindled it. You taught me how to know the face of right, Acquainted me with interest to⁹ this land. Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; And come ye now to tell me, John hath made His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me? I, by the honour of my marriage-bed, After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;

 $^{^{9}}$ This was the phraseology of the time. Thus in K. Henry IV. Part 11.—

[&]quot;He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession,"
Again in Dugdale's Warwickshire, vol. ii. p. 927:—"He had a
release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden,
before specified, of all her interest to the manor of Pedimore."

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns 10?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work. Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return

Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war¹¹,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook ¹² conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[Trumpet sounds.

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

As I have bank'd their towns, i.e. passed along the banks of the riser. Thus in the old play:—

"From the hollow holes of Thamesis Echo apace replied, Vive le roi! From thence along the wanton rolling glade To Troynovant, your fair metropolis."

We still say to coast and to flank; and to bank has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage.

11 Before I drew this gallant head of war, i. e. assembled it, drew it out of the field. So in K. Henry IV. Part 1.—

"And that his friends by deputation could not So soon be drawn."

12 To outlook, i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity. So before:— "Outface the brow Of bragging horror."

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Enter the Bastard, attended.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite, And will not temporize with my entreaties; He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd, The youth says well: -Now hear our English king; For thus his royalty doth speak in me. He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should: This apish and unmannerly approach, This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel, This unhair'd 13 sauciness, and boyish troops, The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms, From out the circle of his territories. That hand, which had the strength, even at your door, To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch 14; To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells; To crouch in litter of your stable planks; To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks; To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake, Even at the crying of your nation's crow 15, Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;-

¹³ Unhair'd, i. e. unbearded. The old copies read unheard: the emendation is Theobald's. It should be remarked that hair was often spelt hear.

¹⁴ Take the hatch, to take, for to leap. Hunters still say to take a hedge or gate, meaning to leap over them. Baret has, "to take horse, to leap on horseback."

¹⁵ Crow is here a metonymy for cock; Gallus being both a cock and a Frenchman. In the next line the old copies have this instead of his.

Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery 16 towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles 17 to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave 18, and turn thy face in peace:

We grant, thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well; We hold our time too precious to be spent With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak. Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:— Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out; And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start An echo with the clamour of thy drum, And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd, That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; Sound but another, and another shall, As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear, And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand (Not trusting to this halting legate here,

18 Brave, i. e. boast.

¹⁶ Aiery, i. e. nest.

¹⁷ Needles here and elsewhere seems to have been intended to be pronounced as a word of one syllable; it was formerly sometimes written and printed needl's, as it is indeed here in the folios.

Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need), Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits

A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

not doubt. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me, which way you go,

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply ¹, That was expected by the Dauphin here, Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands. This news was brought to Richard ² but even now: The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up, And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Execunt.

¹ Supply is here used as a noun of multitude, as it is again in Scene v. of this act, p. 369.

² The king had not long since called him by his original name of *Philip*, but the messenger could not take the same liberty.

Scene IV. The same. Another Part of the same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here. Sal. When we were happy, we had other names. Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold; Unthread the rude eye of rebellion¹, And welcome home again discarded faith. Seek out King John, and fall before his feet: For, if the French be lords of this loud day, He² means to recompense the pains you take, By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn, And I with him, and many more with me, Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury; Even on that altar, where we swore to you Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

¹ Theobald proposed to read—
"Untread the roadway of rebellion."
and is followed by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, but there is not the slightest reason for change.

² He, i. e. the Frenchman, i. e. Lewis means, &c.

Resolveth³ from his figure 'gainst the fire? What in the world should make me now deceive, Since I must lose the use of all deceit? Why should I then be false; since it is true That I must die here, and live hence by truth? I say again, if Lewis do win the day, He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours Behold another day break in the east: But even this night,—whose black contagious breath Already smokes about the burning crest Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,-Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire; Paying the fine of rated treachery, Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives, If Lewis by your assistance win the day. Commend me to one Hubert, with your king; The love of him,—and this respect besides, For that my grandsire was an Englishman, Awakes my conscience to confess all this. In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the field; Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts In peace, and part this body and my soul With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul But I do love the favour and the form Of this most fair occasion, by the which We will untread the steps of damned flight; And, like a bated and retired flood, Leaving our rankness⁴ and irregular course,

⁴ Rankness, as applied to a river, here signifies exuberant, ready to overflow; as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party it signifies wanton wildness. Petulantia.

[&]quot;Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank."

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd, And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight:
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[Execunt, leading off Melun.]

2 , 0 2

Scene V. The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set; But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush, When th' English measur'd backward their own ground, 1

In faint retire: O! bravely came we off, When with a volley of our needless shot, After such bloody toil, we bid good night; And wound our tottering² colours clearly up, Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:

¹ The old copies have

"When English measure backward."

Pope made the correction.

Tottering colours is the reading of the old copy, which was unnecessarily altered to tatter'd by Johnson, who is followed by the subsequent editors. It is obvious that tatter'd cannot be the right word, for how could their tatter'd colours be clearly wound up? The Dauphin means to put the best face on a drawn battle, and says: "Our colours which were tott'ring, and like to have gone down in the action were fairly furled up at its close without disaster. Though not lords of the field, we were the last to quit it." "To tottre," says Baret, "nutare, vaccilare, see shake and wagge." Mr. Collier, following Malone, reads tattering and explains it tattered.

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long, Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,

As this hath made me.—Who was he that said King John did fly, an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care tonight;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. \[\int Exeunt. \]

Scene VI. Night. An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend :--What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect¹ thought: I will, upon all hazards, well believe,

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well: Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please, Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets.

¹ Thou hast a perfect thought, i. e. a well informed one. So in Cymbeline:—

"I am perfect
That the Pannonians," &c.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night²,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me, That any accent, breaking from thy tongue, Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news; I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk³: I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil; that you might The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure⁴ known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

² The old copy reads, "endless night." The emendation was made by Theobald. The epithet is found in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:—

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

"O eyeless night, the portraiture of death." In Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece, we have:—

"Poor grooms are sightless night; kings glorious day."

3 Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it in his Chronicle as a report. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever.

4 At leisure, i. e. less speedily, after some delay.

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven, And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Execunt.]

Scene VII. The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house), Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief.

That, being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?

[Exit Bigor.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness; fierce extremes,

1 Prince Henry was only nine years old when his father died.

In their continuance², will not feel themselves.

Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

Leaves them insensible³; and his siege is now

Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;

Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should

sing.——

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death; And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude⁴.

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bring in King John in a Chair⁵.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room; It would not out at windows, nor at doors. There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

² Continuance here means continuity. Bacon uses it in that sense also. So Baret, "If the disease be of any continuance, if it be an old and settled disease." I should not have thought this passage needed elucidation, had not Malone proposed to read "in thy continuance."

The old copies read invisible. Sir T. Hanmer proposed the reading admitted into the text. Guided by the context, "will not feel themselves," I cannot but think the emendation a necessary and happy one. Malone has endeavoured to elaborate a meaning out of the old reading understood adverbially. Mr. Collier has recently advocated the still more unsuitable reading of his corrector, unvisited. Mr. Knight makes invisible signify unlooked at, disregarded!

A description of Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid:— Quem dixere Chaos rudis indigestæque moles.—Met. i. Which Chaos hight a huge rude heap:—

No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapeless world did view. Golding's Translation.

5 The old stage direction is merely, John is brought in.

IV. K K

That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment; and against this fire Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw⁶;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait⁷,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears, That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—Within me is a hell; and there the poison Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion, And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:

⁶ This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in A Wife for a Month, Act iv. Decker, in the Gull's Hornbook, has the same thought:—"The morning waxing cold thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome," and in "Lust's Dominion":—

"O I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast, And made a frost within me."

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus:—
"Philip, some drink. O for the frozen Alps
To tumble on, and cool this inward heat
That rageth as a furnace seven-fold."

7 You are so strait, i. e. narrow, avaricious.

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered:
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module⁸ of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward:
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood? [The King dies.
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus. P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop. What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended
faiths;

And instantly return with me again, To push destruction and perpetual shame Out of the weak door of our fainting land:

⁸ Module and model were only different modes of spelling the same word. Model signified not an archetype, after which some thing was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype, a copy or representation. In The London Prodigal a woman kissing the picture of her dead husband exclaims:—"How like him is this model."

⁹ This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought; The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we: The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already; For many carriages he hath despatch'd To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel To the disposing of the cardinal: With whom yourself, myself, and other lords, If you think meet, this afternoon will post To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince, With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd 10; For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on The lineal state and glory of the land! To whom, with all submission, on my knee, I do bequeath my faithful services And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make, To rest without a spot for evermore.

¹⁰ In crastino S. Lucæ Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newark obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigorniensi inter corpora S. Oswaldi et sancti [Wolstani] Chronic, sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstable, edit. a T. Hearne, t. i. p. 173. A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you 11 thanks.

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe, Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs 12 .--This England never did (nor never shall) Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, But when it first did help to wound itself. Now these her princes are come home again, Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but true 13. [Exeunt.

11 You is wanting in the old copies.

12 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs, i. e. as previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the time in superfluous sorrow.

13 This sentiment may have been borrowed from one of the

following passages in the old play:-

SC VII.

"Let England live but true within herself, And all the world can never wrong her state." Again at the conclusion :-

" If England's peers and people join in one

Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong." Shakespeare has used it again in K. Henry VI. Part 111.— " Of itself

England is safe, if true within itself." Such was also the opinion of the celebrated Duke de Rohan:-"L'Angleterre est un grand animal qui ne peut jamais mourir, s'il ne se tue lui-même." The sentiment has been traced still higher:-

"O Britaine bloud, marke this at my desire-If that you sticke together as you ought This lyttle yle may set the world at nought."

A Discourse of Rebellion, by T. Churchyard, 1570, 120. Andrew Borde, in his Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, printed in the reign of Henry VIII. says of the English, "if they were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them."

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CRITICAL ESSAY ON KING JOHN.

HAKESPEARE derived the subject of ten historical plays from the history of his own country, which in consequence possesses in the series a monumental work which Greece indeed rivals, and—I speak my thought

—surpasses, but such as no modern nation has anything of the kind to compare with in dignity and extent. The sequence of incidents of eight of the plays follows in close and unbroken connection from Richard the Second to Richard the Third. The last of these closes with the accession of Henry VII. whose reign is omitted, and the play of Henry VIII. closes the series by bringing it as far down towards the age of the writer as was practicable, or perhaps from his point of view desirable; for the chief morals to be drawn from the reign and character of Elizabeth are sufficiently salient in a truthful representation of those of her father.

The omission of the reigns immediately preceding Richard II, puts aside a period that might seem especially dramatic and picturesque; but references to it serve to enrich the play of Henry V. which lies nearer to the time of the poet and his audience, and has an effect that we cannot wish divided or anticipated. Thus there is a break of four reigns between Richard the Second and King John, the first of the properly historical English plays; and the reign of this monarch marks with great appropriateness the epoch at which English nationality, as it was known in after ages, and as distinguished from the coarse crudity of Saxon times which is alien to our sympathies, and from the unblended disorder of the early Norman which is repugnant, became first identified and consolidated.

It is an observation of Schlegel's that these two terminal plays, King John and Henry the Eighth, are in the position of prologue and epilogue to the other eight, and thus in the first we are introduced to all the political and national motives which play so great a part in the succeeding pieces. Regarding then the series as a connected whole—not composed, it is true, in the order of the history, but each later work carefully adjusted to each earlier performance, we must look for a governing idea which in the whole

and even in each play is dominant over that which is indicated by its separate title. The true hero of the series, heroic either in access of suffering, or height of action, or scope of aspiration, is a nationality; is the conception of the poet, which in the case of a true poet falls into identity with the natural essence, of the honour and dignity, the truest worth and interest of the English nation,—of his native land.

The play of King John then embodies the fortunes and destinies of England as affected by the character and position of this special monarch, and of like scope is each succeeding history bearing the title of the several kings. The poet fixes and realizes monarchical England, and all the accidents and liabilities, so far as developed to his time, of such a combination. It will prove accordingly that the personal element of the play owes its chief interest to its bearing on the national, of which it becomes the direct or indirect exponent. However the pomp of the swelling scene may appear to illustrate an individual, however our attention may be riveted by a picture of suffering or passion, the action is ever so conducted that the idea continues ever present, of the mightier interest that is behind. A national historical play necessarily excites, and therefore wisely considers and appeals to, the sentiment of patriotism, of nationality. Thus the main effectiveness of the play results from the fact that the spectators are animated with, or for the nonce assume, the spirit and instincts of Englishmen, and watch with concern the unfolding how the fortunes and fate of the country are affected for good, or ill, or uncertainty, by the character and position of the occupant of the

throne, the prime influence on the country's resources and energies. The hope of a nation rests on internal peace, prosperity and justice, on power and respect externally, and on the resulting of these blessings from such conditions as guarantee that they are not precarious; and the best warranty of those conditions is the actual sense and experience of the nation of the dependence of them on its own will and capacity, the most intimate assurance of consciousness of proper power to govern and sustain them. These, however, are blessings to be prayed for, hoped for, struggled for, for they are not spontaneous; and in the series of historical plays that we consider, we have a grand exposition of all forms and degrees of deficiency in the desired conditions, the evils and complications that are consequent, and the tendency at least of the mischiefs to work out their own cure,—to exhaust themselves or provoke extirpation.

Apparently the most frequent and pregnant theme is the unhappy consequence of disputed succession to the throne, but we trace without difficulty the origin of the troubles and disasters that fill the chronicle, still deeper to the unsettled and semibarbarous state of society. Custom, and indeed the very necessities of the case, gave in those days authority to a king that no human being can be trusted with and remain uncorrupted, and which in any case it required first-rate qualifications of intellect, resource and vigour to exercise. The lack of these, not unaided by some loose impressions of the law of succession, infallibly led to depositions and transferment of allegiance, and thence in the same generation, or the next, various lines of rival claimants to the crown, with all the aids of factions and parties; and now the prestige of tradition and legitimacy sustained the pretensions of one every way incapable, while the stigma, and still more unfortunately the consciousness of usurpation, was attached to the administration of the accomplished and efficient prince. Hence the fierce passions, and hence the frightful crimes of which it would never have been suspected that human nature was capable, but for its exposure to a combination of exciting and corrupting influences which hamper the better nature, and give license and stimulus to all that is inferior and faulty in man's constitution. The defective legal title of the able, the weakness of the imbecile, and the enormities of the vicious, are alike disastrous and damaging to the nation in honour and happiness, and if ever a happy coincidence of admitted title, of vigour and ability, and of adequate self-control does once come round, it briefly passes away, and when a single happy element is wanting the rest are neutralized—are nullities.

The monarchical, however, is not the only though the most conspicuous power that is out of joint for the well-being of the country; all the other political influences, whether of the turbulent military barons, of the accused and perhaps envied clergy, of the impetuous and ignorant commonalty, are alike undefined and irregular; and it is in the midst of such a chaos that some hope and promise of ultimate order is found in a manifestation of that spirit which the nation has always proudly asserted as its own.

The drama of King John prepares for the full development of all these complications, and at the same time expresses an epoch by marking them in one particular phase. A certain power of independence is the first condition whether in a man or a people for individuality as a self and for self-respect; and the exhibition of the concern of English honour, in regard to invasion or interference from abroad, is properly the leading point in the first of the English series. The dramatized reign of John excites and disciplines in every form of excitement, the repugnance to foreign intermeddling whether civil or ecclesiastical, in internal affairs. The shamefulness and mischievousness of admitting it whether with the best or worst of motives, is set before us most livelily, and the moral is even authorized in set words at the conclusion, that for glory and safety equally our own concerns must be in our own hands, and that the condition of this, indispensable and all-sufficient, is internal union,—that England to itself should rest but true.

The subsequent plays show England not only independent of France but even, though but for a time, successfully aggressive; in the last England stands with France in well guarded peace and cordial alliance, while it has finally made good the step of rejecting and repudiating allegiance to Rome.

There is a degree of uncertainty allowed to rest in the play, on the true claim of John or Arthur to the crown, which expresses, not so much the hesitations of historians with which a poet has nothing to do, but an actual condition of things. John is found in strong possession, strong in itself in his personal qualities and in national support; beyond this, Queen Elinor, it is true, hints at a will in his favour barring the claim of Arthur of Brittany the representative of the elder branch, but she scarcely cares to insist on it. Although, however, Elinor whispers a protest of conscience when John appeals to his right; though even Faulconbridge over the dead body of Arthur recognizes some sacred sanction of his prior claim, while it is assumed by the allies of Constance as self-evident; still there is in the abstract such superior fitness of John for his position, and backed by willing English arons, he appears to such advantage in opposition to the affies of Arthur, that we are left with the impression that with such allegiance he had in truth a better claim, had he understood the just principles of sovereign claim, than even he himself supposes.

Such however is the sickness of the immature time; his conscience is touched and defiant, and hence he is disposed to means of force rather than those arguments of peaceful negotiation in which even his mother saw a possible settlement of all. His enemies and those of England again are prompt to take advantage of the reputed flaw, and thus the action commences. The disputed title to the crown gives opportunity to the French king to intermeddle in the domestic affairs of England, by acceding to the solicitations of one claimant for support; then John in the interest of his usurpation sacrifices the national interest which he otherwise represents, by easily surrendering the provinces to conciliate peace. His surrender goes for nothing from the interference at this moment of the Pope on a quarrel of his own; the provinces have been given up, yet his right to the rest still impugned, his rival still supported. He grapples however with his difficulties manfully, and with equal courage, alertness and conduct conquers the French king and defies the denunciations of But again mistrust of his title and consciousness of his own motive confound him; he is tempted to the brutal crime of destroying Arthur, and brings upon himself by the suspected fact a domestic rebellion, which allies itself unadvisedly but dangerously with French power, and to escape from the difficulty thus brought on he submits himself without reserve to Papal dictation. By this time his failing energies would make wreck of the whole fortune of the state, but that better powers are at hand

in the true nationality and sound spirit and energies of a subject. The fair front and bold bearing of Faulconbridge despite disaster, and the returning allegiance of the barons whose better tendencies are recovered by accidental discovery of the treachery of their unnatural allies, bring all into position to take fresh and more promising commencement, and thus encouraged his successor is inaugurated:—

"Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born To set a form upon that indigest,

To set a form upon that indigest, Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude."

The title of national interests and national honour to over-ride inferior considerations of personal sympathy, devotion to an individual and class interests,—the dignity, that is of the historical or national motive, is set forth by exhibiting its preponderance when the opposite scale is weighed with the antagonist impulses in their most effective form. We are drawn towards John, that is, towards England and Faulconbridge, notwithstanding our personal sympathy is engaged so strongly for Constance and her hapless son. John and Elinor are selfish-guilty, but their fortunes, whether by accident or no, are those of nationality, and receive some consecration from the alliance. Usurpation, however, in availing itself of the indulgence accepts the bond to have like measure meted to it when it transfers itself to the false position of its now prostrate enemies, nor can legitimacy escape the law. In Richard III. we find again a murderous usurper, as later history furnishes an hereditary tyrant, opposed to pretenders invading with foreign aid; but in both instances the foreign power or interest is decidedly in subjection to the domestic, and gains neither immediate nor implicit ascendancy.

John therefore, however he attained his position, is able, energetic, and the spirit of nationality sides with him against a claimant under the tutelage of France and gaining aid by condonation to a treacherous poltroon of the death of Cœur de Lion. Still it is not the less revolted at his cold blooded cruelty to his nephew, and indignant at his concessions to France and cringing to Rome, and casts about with anxiety for some way out of the labyrinth—losing its way like Faulconbridge in a moment of dejection, amazed among the thorns and dangers of the world.

In the future historical plays, as in this, we shall find the weakening of the royal power that results from informal title, gives the aiding or accomplice barons inordinate power and presumption dangerous to the peace and to the united power of the state. Pembroke and Essex and Salisbury are antecedents of those who made and unmade kings, of the Warwicks, Northumberlands and Hotspurs, who rid the country of one tyrant only to endeavour to tyrannize over or virtually dismember it in the name of a puppet, and when he is contumacious, to tear society to pieces by rebellion.

Hence the expedients of the kings recorded in other plays to

employ the rash spirits of the nobility in crusades or wars with France, always disastrous in the end with whatever glory accompanied; or to decimate and destroy, at least to weaken the order to a degree not more injurious to its dignity than to its proper usefulness which will not be prematurely spared.

This however is for future development, in the present piece, as we have seen, the evil set forth is that unpatriotic concession to foreign powers from motives personal to the king, that reached its height under the later Stuarts, not till long after Shakespeare had exposed it for reprobation; but that was abundantly rife in our earlier chronicled history, and contrasted most strongly with the genius of the government of Elizabeth. Before and after the time of Shakespeare, the contested titles of the English kings, deriving from the dethronements caused or even necessitated by their vices and tyranny or by their general incapacity, induced the betrayal of the national interest or glory for the sake of protection against subjects, or to escape from contests which such weakness disabled them from carrying through.

The source of a remedy for these difficulties in the working of a monarchy, and they are as salient in our century as ever, is adumbrated in King John where the Bastard of Faulconbridge is an impersonation at once of loyalty to his sovereign and of truth to the national honour; and having committed to him, by the failing John, the delegated government "Take thou the order of the present time," is at the head of that scheme of administration that becomes possible when a nation at large or the efficient majority of it, is as sound at heart as Faulconbridge. This is the promise of that happier form of constitutional government, barbarous and bewildering though it may be in its fictions and anomalies, that relieves monarchy from the cares and consequences of undue responsibility, and allows the conduct of national affairs to proceed, if not entirely at least to a very great extent, uninfluenced by the defects of age, of ability, of disposition and caprice, that are incident to the convenience of hereditary succession; which gives an arm of youth unchanging, because ever changing to wield the vigour of the nation, and has ever the opportunity to mark the man that expresses the clear sense of the nation when its mind is resolved, or that it is prepared to follow with most confidence when doubtful and at a loss, or when action must respond to exigent emergency.

The character of the Bastard and its progress are most effectively realized, and contrast with the successive phases of the spirit of John. From the beginning to the end he is uniformly bluff and outspoken, but at first with a certain affectation of bluffness that smacks of the country and wears off without in any degage impairing his hearty sincerity, when he has seen more of the world, but never could be mistaken for bluster. Though not embarrassed by delicacy he preserves a principle of conscientious-

ness; and when, transferred to court, here cognizes the genius of the place, it is in self-defence alone that he proposes to cope with it. Interest and influence and power are the stakes on the board, the gamesters are unscrupulous, and he will cultivate the wit he does not lack to make sure he is not cheated.

In the scenes in France he is the brave soldier and little more; a looker-on in scenes of general treaty, and blurting out indignation with no cautious regard to his relative diplomatic position. Only when a course is to be adopted in active management he frames a plan that, in his own words, "smacks somewhat of the policy." After the unprincipled convention of the kings indeed he professes allegiance to gain in his personal capacity, but he does not graduate far; his ransacking the abbey chests is not noted as affected by private peculation and he rises by nobler means.

What we call in compliment to ourselves an English spirit.a spirit of independence, of fair play in hard fighting and of directness in negotiation, hatred of cruelty and meanness, and disgust at the pursuit of secular purposes under a religious pretext, especially in a foreign interest,—this is the spirit that animates the other English barons, but especially the Bastard. expressed casually and intermittently at first, but when the heart and health of John decline together he rises at once in consistency, dignity and force. He gains in elevation and composure, without relaxing one whit in energy; and sparing no exertion to keep the country together and place the quarrel on an open and healthy footing, he entertains the shrewd and only safe conviction that preparation for hard knocks will best support negotiation if unhappily too late to supersede it. He presents a prototype of the loyalty of which our history furnishes so many examples, loyalty to the ideal qualities that would best become the throne, and that it persists in assuming, -such is the assistance of personal association, to sustain its enthusiasm and for the encouragement of the cause that should be in itself motive

advert, allows him to appeal to the divine right:—

"I say 'tis shame and worthy all reproof
To wrest such petty wrongs in terms of right
Against a king anointed by the Lord.

Why, Salisbury admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subjects may not take in hand revenge
And rob the heavens of their proper powers,
Where sitteth he to whom revenge belongs,"

and stimulant enough. Thus there is still nothing slavish in his loyalty: the older dramatist, to whose work we must presently

But the Faulconbridge of Shakespeare directs his eye to a different point of right entirely, and loyalty is enjoined became patriotic, not patriotism on the ground of loyalty:—

IV.

"And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts, You bloody Neroes ripping up the womb Of your dear mother England, blush for shame,"

The introduction of Peter of Pomfret, and the indication of the popular agitation and uneasiness with which he is connected, could not be spared in a play that is to be introductory to the histories in several of which popular commotion was to play so large a part. We may recognize in these delusions the seed-bed of the wild and foolish sects, as in the indicated position of the clergy, the confiscation and plunder, that came on with the better consequences of the reformation. In this earliest play and remotest action it was easy to indicate without offence the necessity for harmonizing the influences of Church and State, so far at least that they might work if not together not in opposition.

For the rest the play presents a picture of almost chaotic turbulence; England and its body politic rocks and tumbles in disruptions, return and subsidence. In the first part in the war with France we have war and peaceful treaty and war again, in a sequence of scenes divided by no extended interval; in the second portion of the play allegiance, rebellion and reunited fealty succeed and alternate with like rapidity, and the relations with Rome change as quickly from open defiance to cringing submission, and from covert to declared antipathy, rendering altogether a wonderfully true impression of the history as recorded.

The picture of Popish interference and power makes the play peculiarly the picture of an epoch. The kingdoms of modern Europe are still in the gristle, and the remains of ancient Roman civilization is potent among the irregular communities which are yet unprepared to make terms of compromise or boldly to assert independence. The degraded position of both John and Lewis successively,—degrading and disastrous, provokes appeal to a national spirit which the centuries ripen. Thus is stated the problem that is scarcely solved at present, the harmony and identity of national sympathies with the true as distinguished from the counterfeit, cosmopolitan.

Pandulph, the legate, stands in group with the feudal princes like the representative of the adult fraud and heartlessness of priestcraft; the inheritor of high faculties cultivated to refined ill purposes from the old Roman pontifices; the root of evil living among the ashes of the empire and springing up amongst and poisoning the better and unsophisticated tendencies of the northern nations, apprentices in civilization it is true but also novices in deceit. In his elaborate explaining away of perjury, his authorization by religious sanction of secret, treacherous murder and revolt, and in his cold-blooded complacency as he speculates on the certain murder of Arthur if dextrously provoked and the advantages to result to Holy Church therefrom, we have most

striking contrast to the spirit of honour, of hatred of cruelty, and of compassion for the weak and afflicted, that characterizes the English Barons. The power of the natural affections over a rude nature is expressed most glowingly in the relenting of Hubert, but scarcely more touchingly than by the tears of Salisbury at the distress of Constance, or in his bitterness of heart at his false position as an enemy:—

"Where honourable rescue and defence Calls out upon the name of Salisbury,"

and by the generous indignation of the barons his companions, and of Faulconbridge no less, at the jeopardy and murder of Arthur. Formal religion is arrayed in the person of its official minister against the religion of humanity and sympathy; and the corruption of an artfully organized administration offends the spectator by assuming the honours and prerogatives of devotion and piety, when at war with all the feelings that by their essential qualities and in their own right are properly devout, moral and pious; and hence neither in falling off from their allegiance nor in returning to it do the barons admit the slightest weight, or even refer to the authority of Pandulph, a sign of the future which is quite as significant as the hankering of the kings and nobles after ecclesiastical hoards, which seconded the popular movement so efficiently at last.

Magna Charta is omitted in the play, and the obtaining of it from the reluctant and speedily recusant John was, in fact, as regards the leading movement of the reign, an episode, and omitted of necessity. The struggle that Magna Charta symbolizes awaited still its grandest manifestation when Shakespeare lived and wrote; and it was on the very day that he breathed his last at Stratford-upon-Avon, that a chief person in the action which is still undramatized, Oliver Cromwell, at the threshold of manhood was entering his name as a student at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Still the genius of Magna Charta is infused into the play, and in the concession which John is forced to make to the barons in the interest of humanity and conciliation of his subjects, we recognize the seal of the cause of justice against arbitrary administration.

It is observable that after the legate, the excess of unscrupulousness and cruelty is the patrimony of the kings,—to some extent of Philip of France, though he is not utterly incapable of compunction, but chiefly of King John and his rival the Dauphin. The atmosphere of high place and isolated dignity hardens their hearts and deadens their nature so far as to render them entirely different to the nobles who otherwise are stern enough.

For the rest it is of course natural enough that a national poet should give a national advantage, and accordingly Shakespeare is not guilty of unduly ennobling the French. Their interested desertion of Constance and Arthur, after holy and conscientious professions, is placed in contrast to the pity of Salisbury; and not even John himself, suborning Hubert not without conscious shame and agitation, is so hateful as Lewis entertaining and seconding the Macchiavellian prophecy of the Cardinal; even more degraded is the nature that appears in his misconception and mean consolation of the noble emotion of Salisbury:—

"Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself."

Shakespeare's play of King John is immediately founded upon and follows an earlier play in two parts of the same subject and title. There is so much of sterling gold in the old, or rather say the earlier, King John in language and versification, in poetical ideas and expression, in humour, in power of dramatization, so to express the digesting of desultory narrative into an orderly series of scenes, and in adumbration of character, that the author has good claim for some trouble to be taken to identify him. This must be bestowed by others; here be it simply noted that this case of adaptation is parallel to that of The Taming of the Shrew. and we are guided first to examine the claims of those whose names, as we have seen in speaking of that play, are connected loosely though it be, with hints of discontent at Shakespeare's freedom with their productions. These are Greene, Marlowe, Peele and Lodge, and I can only wish success to the investigator of the most likely claimant, for the work appears still to do. cannot admit for a moment the possibility that Shakespeare really wrote the earlier form of the play. Three early editions are known, the first anonymous in 1591, the next in 1611 bore on its title as index of the author W. Sh. which on that of the following year, 1612, was boldly advanced to W. Shakespeare. This is only one of many equally and still more evidently false ascriptions. Both the character of the defects of the play and the treatment of it in Shakespeare's adaptation, point to the conclusion that he was not completing and polishing a youthful conception, but simply breaking up the ruder workmanship of another hand and extracting what was valuable in it by the virtue of his own precious amalgam. An allusion in the prologue to the first edition indicates that it was first acted after Marlowe's Tamerlane, which seems to date about 1587.

King John appears among the plays enumerated as Shake-speare's by Francis Meres in 1598. No entry of it is to be found in the Stationers' books either separately or in the enumeration of pieces "not formerly entered for other men" for the original folio in 1623, nor is any earlier impression of the play known. Nevertheless an early unentered impression may have been printed and have perished for anything we can tell, such are the uncertainties that hover over these statistics.

Internal evidence in the form of allusion helps us no way. The passages of marked emphasis which invite such reference are invariably lineal from the earlier play which is strongly imbued with the antipapal purpose and interest. The parallel has constantly been remarked of the transactions between John and Hubert and those between Elizabeth and secretary Davison, to say nothing of her still viler tampering with the keepers of her unhappy prisoner. Doubtless we may be more familiar now, from the revelation of private documents, with the detailed meanness and cruelty of the Queen's Highness than even her contemporaries; but still so much was notorious at the time from Davison's defence, of the cajolery brought to bear upon him and his treacherous requital, that it seems impossible that the royal villainy of John could ever have been exhibited on the stage without receiving its application from every beholder. The application is salient even in the earlier play, but in Shakespeare's elaboration it is ten times more so. Could the play with these scenes, we ask ourselves, have been represented, like so many others of the author's, at Court. Scarcely, one would think; the King in Hamlet, as the inserted play proceeds, inquires, " Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in it?" and we know that Queen Elizabeth herself was jealous of the application to herself of the argument of the play of the deposed Richard II. But if the play might be obnoxious at Court, how came it to be written at all for players so directly connected with the Court? The difficulty, perhaps, admits only of this as its nearest solution:—The fervour of invention may have carried the poet further than he would have designed in all deliberateness, though he might not be disposed to mutilate his work on prudential review. This is the secret of the publication of much that is free spoken before the Epistle to the Pisoes, and thence downwards. The familiarity of the town with the earlier play gave some cover; the very absence of all attempt to mask the application gave an appearance of innocence. and the self-evident truthfulness of the natural picture would at once put an objector in the wrong. Some discretion may have been exercised in representation, but still, after all these possibilities weighed, the play remains as an exponent of the fact which is largely corroborated by the history and literature of the time, that under so powerful a monarch as Elizabeth, the tendencies of monarchy, and the characteristics of human nature as affected by the accident of royalty, were canvassed and set forth with such simplicity of speech and exposition, as to make the observances of the present time wear much the look of undignified adulation in comparison. A French writer, Philarète Chasles, could say of this play, in 1851—" Le Roi Jean est une révélation si poignante de la politique des camps et des cours qu' à moins de vivre dans une république, on ne peut, sans une espèce de crime de haute trahison, exiger qu'elle soit représentée." But matters are not come to this pass with us yet, and were still further from it in the days of Elizabeth. The Chronicles of the Kings of England are dedicated by Raphael Holinshed to Lord Burleigh in all humble and admiring devotion, but whether in quaint parenthesis or solemn paragraph, he speaks his mind of kingly and courtly no less than popular ways as religiously as Shakespeare himself, and to the best of his insight calls a spade a spade, with an honest unconsciousness of a necessity to call it anything else, that would have gratified Philip of Macedon.

The general course and outline of Shakespeare's play is that of the "Troublesome Raigne of King John of England," and very interesting it is to follow the comparison, and note what he adopted, what rejected, and what modified, ever with self-evident propriety and reason. He adopted in its fullest sense the moral of the story

thus expressed in the last speech of the Bastard :-

"Let England live but true within itself, And all the world can never wrong her state.

Of the differences in general conduct, it is not expedient here to give more than occasional illustrations. In the earlier play the two Faulconbridges are brought before King John by the Sheriff, as offenders against the peace by rioting, and their mother is present during the whole discussion of the grounds of contested claim. Shakespeare alters this; and, with like judgment, he varies from his precedent in managing that Constance shall be absent when the match is made up between Lewis and Blanche, and thus the touching scene between Constance and Salisbury is entirely his own. A jocund scene, the single comic scene of the old play, in which the bastard searches an Abbott's money chests and presses, and turns out a "smooth skinned nun" and a lively friar, who pleads that he is hiding her from laymen, is indited with much vivacity; and we must appreciate Shakespeare's selfcontrol in cancelling a scene, that was no doubt very popular and expected, in deference to the main purpose of his play. Compression and omission are liberally exercised at every stage of the story; but the relation between the original genius of our poet and the stimulating suggestion, will appear best by an example of development. In this, as in so many other instances, we must admit no inconsiderable glory to the writer who furnished the rudimentary motives susceptible of such elevation. From these few lines, then, sprung the long scene that closes the third act with the despair of Constance, and the devilish sagacity of Pandulph:--

" Enter CONSTANCE alone.

K. Phi. To aggravate the measure of our grief, All mal-content comes Constance for her son. Be brief, good madam, for your face imports A tragic tale behind, that's yet untold.

Her passions stop the organ of her voice, Deep sorrow throbbeth mis-befallen events. Out with it, lady, that our act may end,

A full catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap: When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale? Must Constance speak? let tears prevent her talk. Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh and say, She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy. Two words will serve, and then my tale is done, El'nor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son.

Lew. Have patience, madam, this is the chance of war.

He may be ransomed, we revenge his wrong.

Const. Be't ne'er so soon, I shall not live so long. K. Phi. Despair not yet, come Constance, go with me.

These clouds will fleet, the day will clear again. [Exeunt. Card. Now, Lewis, thy fortune buds with happy spring,

Our Holy Father's prayers effecteth this. Arthur is safe, let John alone with him, Thy title next is fair'st to England's crown. Now stir thy father to begin with John;

The Pope says, ay; and so is Albion thine.

Lew. Thanks, my lord legate, for your good conceit, 'Tis best we follow now the game is fair,

My father wants to work him your good words. Card. A few will serve to forward him in this,

Those shall not want; but let's about it then. Exeunt. In the old play the feud of Faulconbridge with Austria is very distinctly marked as having reference to the death of King Richard, his father; but Shakespeare merely indicates this indirectly, and the bastard seems to quarrel quite as much on the ground of general repugnance, natural between a bluff brave man and a blusterer.

Again, in the old play the motive of the monk who poisons King John, is distinctly set forth as malice against the plunderer and opponent of the Church, but Shakespeare leaves the inference to be made by the spectator.

In the old play, the poisoned monarch recognizes his torment as punishment for his grievous sins; in the later, there is but a faint glimpse of such sensitiveness of conscience :-

"Within me is a hell, and there the poison Is as a fiend, compelled to tyrannize On unreprievable, condemned blood."

With respect to exhibition and delineation of character, the earlier play is the same unweeded garden that it is in respect of rambling and disproportioned scenes. In most instances the writer evinces an intention to give speciality of character by

predominance of certain elements, but he always damages consistency by following a passion at the expense of the speciality. Thus Arthur to the scolding Constance:—

> "Good mother, cease these hasty madding fits For my sake, let my grandame have her will; O would she with her hand pull out my heart,

I could afford it to appease these broils."

In the two last lines we find the key-note of Shakespeare's con-

ception of the royal boy:—
"Good, my mother, peace,

I would that I were laid low in my grave,
I am not worth the coil that's made for me."
But what follows is quite out of harmony with this tenderness and simplicity:—

"But, mother, let us wisely wink at all, Lest farther harms ensue our hasty speech."

Yet given certain degrees and certain conditions, and the inconsistency may become consistent; and these Shakespeare supplies, when we perceive in Arthur's appeal to Hubert how danger and despair will quicken a certain degree of skilfulness, not to call it dexterity or artfulness, in a mind that is most artlessly disposed but still of good natural capacity.

Similar inconsistencies weaken the delineation of the Bastard of Faulconbridge, which nevertheless remains a very masterly sketch. He is described by Chatillon:—

"Next them a bastard of the king deceased,

A hardy wild-head, tough and venturous;" and all the motives of his person and nature as found in Shake-speare are supplied, though with much ill management and false combination. Thus, at his first appearance, he allows his brother, the legitimate Robert, to take the first word and open his exposition. His bantering spirit is well expressed in his application to his mother:—

"Mother, be brief, I long to know my name. Is't not a slackness in me worthy blame,

To be so old and cannot write my name;"—

but this is followed up by threats that are simply brutal. The original hint of the personal contrast of the two brothers is thus conveyed in the bastard's words:—

"His constitution plain debility Requires the chair, and mine the seat of steel."

Of the still more remote sources of the character of Faulconbridge there is more to be said; but in illustration of the reference of the contest of the brothers to the political play, it may be noted that Robert and Philip Faulconbridge are like John and Arthur, rival kinsmen claiming an inheritance on grounds where right and equity, possession and personal qualifications, are strangely contrasted and complicated; and the tendencies of lucre and ambition as interfering with the delicacies of natural affection or domestic sympathy, are prepared for by one brother's cool exposition of the lapse of his mother, and the off-hand appeal of the other to the lady herself.

I cannot satisfy myself that there is positive proof that Shakespeare applied to Holinshed's Chronicle, or any other, for assistance or suggestion. But even if he did, the merit will still remain with the earlier writer, of inventing the main scheme of the dramatic digest of a disorderly period. He it was who recognized the effectiveness of making the murder of Arthur the very hinge and turning-point between the high-spirited success of the commencement of the reign, and the disgrace and dejection that ensued; and he it was who gave such heightening emphasis to the indignation excited by the death of Arthur, as to place the selfish and heartless policy of the princes and legate in the most obvious and odious light; and who, lastly, had the clearness of sight to fix upon the assertion of national independence against invading Frenchmen and encroaching ecclesiastics, as the true principle of dramatic action of the time. Time and the hour do not allow me to follow out all his footsteps, but I have seen enough to convince me that he diligently consulted not only Holinshed but the more varied and remote authorities.

Confining, however, our attention to Holinshed, there might be some reason to suspect that he had been read carelessly in one chief matter, were not the artistic motive for the interpretation adopted so evident. The sympathy for Arthur was chiefly among his own subjects or allies in Poictou or Brittany, the Britains, as they are called by the Chronicler, and the term may have been applied too extensively. John, after the capture of Arthur, caused himself to be re-crowned and then returned to Normandy, where " true it is great suit was made to him to have Arthur set at liberty, as well by the French King as by William de Riches, a valiant Baron of Poictou, and divers other noblemen of the Britains, who, when they could not prevail in their suit, they banded themselves together and joining in confederacy," and so forth, p. 274. Presently after follows the account of the relenting of Hubert de Burgh, and the reluctance of the meaner instruments; and lower down the murmurs of John's own knights, not however in the pure disinterestedness of the play, but in apprehension that, if taken by the King of France, they would be "made to taste of the like cup." The nearest approach to this motive in the old play is in the words of Essex :-

"What hope in us for mercy on a fault,

When kinsman dies without impeach of cause."

But this, perhaps, may be enough to assure us that it was in deliberate preference that the dramatist invented the nobler motive, or rather its unusual and exclusive force, and thus brought another group into happy composition with that supplied to him by the historian, of the lamenting and supplicant Arthur.

I think we must note it also as a happy error or equally happy thought of the first dramatist, to unite Austria and Lymoges into a single character, and thus concentrate the odium both of the imprisonment and death of Cœur-de-lion on the antagonist of Faulconbridge. The research into the materials and hints that suggested the creation of the stalwart Englishman is interesting, but I can give the results of only a cursory examination. Holinshed has this passage which is usually cited, and, as far as it goes, is to the point:—"The same year also (the first of John) Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain as ye have heard in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The meagreness of this notice was remedied by the dramatist with fair dramatic skill, by combining the characteristics of another contemporary bastard who makes great figure for good or ill, but ever for energy as servant of King John. This is Foukes de Brent, or in the Latin of Matthew Paris, Falcasius, or Falco de Brenta, easily modified to Faulconbridge. At his first introduction he is mentioned as a knight who had been placed by King John in charge of the march of Wales, and then summoned to assist against the barons, A.D. 1212, and this is added—"Erat autem ruptarius nequissimus, Neuster natione et spurius; sed et ipse multo crudelius quam ei jussum fuit in ipsos desævit sicut dicetur inferius." The promised notice recounts his taking various castles, especially that of Bedford which was given him by the king with a housekeeper to boot, the noble lady Margareta de Ripariis, or Margaret de Rivers, for a wife, together with all her possessions and the lands of many of the Barons. Hence in the old play Faulconbridge appeals to a half promise that he should wed the Lady Blanche and have a fair dowry of lands; and Shakespeare retains at least a hint of his sense of the aid that knighthood gives the match and money seekers. "Well now I can make any Joan a lady." Less questionable activities are recorded of the worthy in the operations under Henry III, which resulted in the expulsion of Lewis from the country. A considerable detachment of the French party were in possession of Lincoln city and pressed the siege of the castle, which was held against them valiantly by a noble lady Nichola. The Earl of Pembroke invested the city and assaulted the gates and was opposed from the walls. In the meantime Foukes de Brent entered the castle at the back by a postern gate with considerable force, and rushing thence into the city took the defendants in the rear. On this diversion the gates were presently forced, and after a severe battle within the walls the French party was defeated

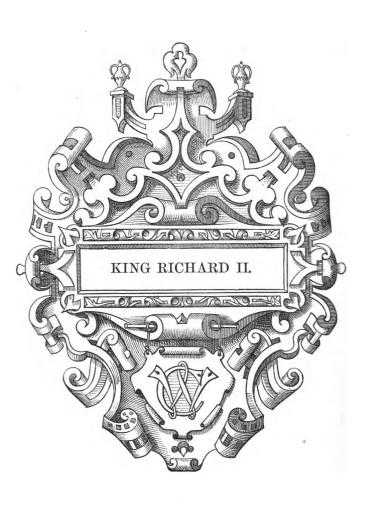
with great slaughter, and the day, which was Saturday in Whitsun-week, was called thereafter in derision, Lewis's fair. I am quite prepared to expect that the scheme of Faulconbridge to attack Angers simultaneously on opposite sides, which is indicated in the earlier play, was in fact borrowed from this exploit.

Restless and unquiet he was afterwards accused of disloyalty himself, made a dash at a whole bench of justices who had condemned him in a heavy fine to the king, and confined one of them in his castle of Bedford, which he caused to be defended against the king in person. His brother William de Brent and a garrison to the number of eighty were hanged. He himself obtained pardon of life but was exiled, proceeded to Rome, and persuaded the Pope to move for his restitution to his wife and his goods, but died abroad, it was said by poison, "making so an end of his unconstant life, which from the time that he came to years of discretion was never bent to quietness."

There is yet another and earlier play on this reign which it is sufficient to mention, as there is but the faintest appearance that it influenced either Shakespeare or the author he followed. It was entitled Kynge Johan, and was written in vehement Protestant interest, by John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, as the conclusion indicates in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but near its commencement. In construction it is half way between the moralities and the historical plays for which it prepared. The King, the Pope and Stephen Langton among others supply the tardiness and scantiness of action by argument and discourse with such personages as England a widow, Sedition, Civil Order, Usurped Power, and so forth. The wars with France and claim of Arthur are not in any way introduced, and the whole force of the writer is directed to promote the reformation by a forcible comment on John's defiance of Rome, and the circumstances of his surrender of his crown and death by poison at clerical hands. Thus it has ending:-"Civil Order-Pray unto the Lord that her Grace may continue

The days of Nestor to our soul's consolation,
And that her offspring may live also to subdue
The great Anti-Christ with his whole generation,
In Elias sprete to the comfort of this nation;
Also to preserve her most honourable council
To the praise of God and glory of the Gospel."

W. W. Ll.





THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

N the construction of this play Shakespeare has followed Holinshed, his usual historical authority; some passages of the Chronicle he has transplanted into the drama with very little alteration.

It was suspected that there was an old play on the subject of King Richard II. which the poet might have seen. Sir Gillie Merrick, who was concerned in the harebrained business of the Earl of Essex, is accused of having procured to be played before the conspirators "the play of the deposing of Richard the Second: when it was told him by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have lost in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was!" It was thought from a passage in the State Trials, quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, that this old play bore the title of King Henry IV. and not King Richard II. and it could not be Shakespeare's King Henry IV. as that commences a year after the death of King Richard. The discovery by Mr. Collier of a passage in the Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, seems to set the matter at rest. He there notices having been present at the Globe Theatre, on the 30th of April, 1611, when he saw the old play of Richard II. of which he gives the following account: -"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic, nor suspecting anything, was suddenly at Smithfield Bars stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London; and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also, remember how the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Erland and Bushy, were glad to fly: and raise a host of men: and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night

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to betray him, with 300 men; but having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember also, when the Duke (i. e. of Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them, and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army; upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it: and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c. because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word. Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them altogether by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the king, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king; and he told him no, but his son should be a king; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the Commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas's kiss to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."

This play may have contained the close of the reign of Richard and his deposition, and, as Mr. Collier suggests, was probably one of the plays which the adherents of Essex caused to be performed.

"It may seem strange," says Malone, "that this old play should have been represented after Shakespeare's drama on the same subject had been printed: the reason undoubtedly was, that in the old play the deposing of King Richard II, made a part of the exhibition: but in the first edition of Shakespeare's play, one hundred and fifty-four lines, describing a kind of trial of the king, and his actual deposition in parliament, were omitted: nor was it probably represented on the stage. Merrick, Cuffe, and the rest of Essex's train, naturally preferred the play in which his deposition was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen. It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament scene, as it is called, which was first printed in the quarto of 1608. was an addition made by Shakespeare to this play after its first representation: but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest, and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth; against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year, exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her. In 1599 Hayward published his History of the first year of King Henry IV. which is in fact nothing more than a history of the deposing King Richard II. The

displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play, which was published in 1602 [1598?]. Hayward was heavily censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison. In 1608, when James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne, and the fear of internal commotion, or foreign invasion, no longer subsisted, neither the author, the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller, could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign; the rejected scene was therefore restored without scruple, and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the oreas *."

Malone places the date of its composition in 1593; Mr. Chalmers in 1596. The play was first entered on the Stationers' books by Andrew Wise, August 29, 1597; and Meres mentions it in 1598 in enumerating the poet's works. There were four quarto editions published during the life of Shakespeare, viz. in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615. Of these by far the most accurate is the first of 1597. The folio appears to have followed for the most part the quarto of 1615; but it has a few variations and additional additional additional additional and additional addi

tional words.

This play may be considered the first link in the chain of Shakespeare's historical dramas, which Schlegel thinks the poet designed to form one great whole, "as it were an historical heroic poem, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies."

"In King Richard the Second the poet exhibits to us a noble kingly nature, at first obscured by levity and the errors of unbridled youth, and afterwards purified by misfortune, and rendered more highly splendid and illustrious. When he has lost the love and reverence of his subjects, and is on the point of losing also his throne, he then feels with painful inspiration the elevated vocation of the kingly dignity, and its prerogatives over personal merit and changeable institutions. When the earthly crown has fallen from off his head, he first appears as a king whose innate nobility no humiliation can annihilate. This is felt by a poor groom; he is shocked that his master's favourite horse should have carried the proud Bolingbroke at his coronation; he visits the captive king in his prison, and shames the desertion of the great. The political history of the deposition is represented with extraordinary knowledge of the world;—the ebb of fortune on the one hand, and the swelling tide on the other, which carries every thing along with it, while Bolingbroke acts as a king, and his adherents behave towards him as if he really were so, he still continues to give out that he comes with an armed band, merely for the sake of demanding his birthright and the removal of abuses. The usurpation has been long completed before the word

Malone's Chronology of Shakespeare's plays.

is pronounced, and the thing publicly avowed. John of Gaunt is a model of chivalrous truth: he stands there like a pillar of the olden time which he had outlived."*

This drama abounds in passages of eminent poetical beauty; among which every reader will recollect the pathetic description of Richard's entrance into London with Bolingbroke, of which Dryden said that "he knew nothing comparable to it in any other language," John of Gaunt's praise of England,

"Dear for her reputation through the world," and Mowbray's complaint at being banished for life.



^{*} Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii. p. 224.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND. EDMUND of Langley, Duke of York, Uncles to the King. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV. Duke of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York. MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Surrey. Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley. Bushy, Creatures to King Richard. BAGOT, GREEN, Earl of Northumberland. HENRY PERCY, his Son. Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater. Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster. Lord Marshal; and another Lord. SIR PIERCE of Exton. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP. Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard. Duchess of Gloster. Duchess of York. Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

Scene I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Richard, attended: John of Gaunt, and other Nobles, with him.

King Richard.

LD¹ John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band 2,

¹ Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster. Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as old whom we should now esteem as middle-aged. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, at that period when the commencement of this play is laid (1398), was only fifty-eight years old: he died in 1399, aged fifty-nine. This may have arisen from its being customary in former times to enter life at an earlier period than we do now. Those who married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years. But the increased longevity of the men of the present age, arising from improved habits of cleanliness and more efficient medical and surgical aid, may account for the change in our notions.

When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. Band and bond were formerly synonymous.

Brought hither Henry Hereford³ thy bold son; Here to make good the boisterous late appeal, Which then our leisure would not let us hear, Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray? Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argu-

On some apparent danger seen in him, Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

ment.

K. Rick. Then call them to our presence, face to face.

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—

[Exeunt some Attendants.
High stomach'd are they both and full of inc.

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire, In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

³ In the old play, and in Harding's Chronicle, Bolingbroke's title is written *Herford* and *Harford*. This was the pronunciation of our poet's time, and he therefore uses this word as a dissyllable.

⁴ Drayton asserts that Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. He is called earl of Hereford by the old historians, and was surnamed Bolingbroke from having been born at the town of that name in Lincolnshire, about 1366.

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us, As well appeareth by the cause you come⁵:

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record of my speech!) In the devotion of a subject's love, Tendering the precious safety of my prince, And free from other misbegotten hate, Come I appellant to this princely presence.-Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee, And mark my greeting well; for what I speak My body shall make good upon this earth, Or my divine soul answer it in heaven. Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant; Too good to be so, and too bad to live: Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky, The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly. Once more, the more to aggravate the note, With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat; And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move, What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword⁶ may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
"Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;

6 My right-drawn sword is my sword drawn in a right or just

cause.

⁸ By the cause you come, i. e. by the cause you come on. The suppression of the preposition has been shown to have been frequent with Shakespeare.

Which else would post, until it had return'd These terms of treason doubled? down his throat. Setting aside his high blood's royalty, And let him be no kinsman to my liege, I do defy him, and I spit at him; Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain: Which to maintain, I would allow him odds And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps, Or any other ground inhabitable? Where ever Englishman durst set his foot. Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:—By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bolina. Pale trembling coward, there I throw means the statement of the statement o

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise?

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear, Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder, I'll answer thee in any fair degree, Or chivalrous design of knightly trial; And, when I mount, alive may I not light, If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

⁷ Doubled is the reading of the quartos, the folio has doubly.
8 Inhabitable, i.e. uninhabitable. Thus used by Ben Jonson and others. Thus in Holland's Plutarch:—"Haply by the divine providence so ordering all, that some parts of the world should be habitable, others inhabitable, according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both."

Thus the first quarto. The quarto 1598 omits worse: the other quartos, to assist the metre, read "or what thou canst devise." The folio has "What I have spoken, or thou canst devise."

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit 10 us So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true:—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles, In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers; The which he hath detain'd for lewd 11 employments, Like a false traitor, and injurious villain. Besides I say, and will in battle prove,-Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge That ever was survey'd by English eve,-That all the treasons for these eighteen years Completted and contrived in this land, Fetch^b from false Mowbray their first head and spring. Farther I say,—and farther will maintain Upon his bad life, to make all this good,— That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death 12: Suggest¹³ his soon-believing adversaries; And, consequently, like a traitor coward, Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood: Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth, To me for justice, and rough chastisement; And, by the glorious worth of my descent, This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

Among fresh female buds shall you this night Inherit at my house."—Romeo and Juliet, Act i. Sc. 2.

¹³ Suggest, i. e. prompt them, set them on by injurious hints.

¹⁰ To inherit, in the language of Shakespeare, is to possess:—
"Such delight

^a Thus the quarto 1597. The other quartos and folios have said.
¹¹ Levol formerly signified knavish, ungracious, naughty, besides its now general acceptation. Vide note on Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 304.

Thus the first quarto, all the other editions have fetcht.
 Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. who was murdered at Calais in 1397. See Froissart, chap. ccxxvi.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears: Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir (As he is but my father's brother's son), Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow, Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize The unstooping firmness of my upright soul; He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou; Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart, Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest! Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais, Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear account 14,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen 15:
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's

death 16,----

14 The old copies have "a deere account," an evident press error for cleere. The word duly, three lines above, is only in the first quarto, but evidently necessary to complete the verse.

13 The Duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward Earl of Rutland (the Aumerle of this play) to go to France in the year 1395, to demand in marriage Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI. then between seven and eight years of age. Richard was married to his young consort in November 1396, at Calais; his first wife, Anne, daughter of Charles IV. emperor of Germany, died at Shene on Whit Sunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella was merely political, it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England for thirty years.

Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III. being committed on a charge of treason to the custody I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace, Neglected my sworn duty in that case.-For you, my noble lord of Lancaster, The honourable father to my foe. Once I did lay an ambush for your life, A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul: But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament, I did confess it: and exactly begg'd Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it. This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd 17, It issues from the rancour of a villain, A recreant and most degenerate traitor: Which in myself I boldly will defend; And interchangeably hurl down my gage Upon this overweening traitor's foot, To prove myself a loyal gentleman Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom: In haste whereof, most heartily I pray Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen^a, be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician ¹⁸;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

of the Duke of Norfolk, was smothered or strangled in the castle at Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, as it is said, pursuant to the king's orders.

IV. N N

¹⁷ Appeal'd, i. e. charged.

The quartos have gentleman.
18 Pope thought that some of the rhyming verses in this play were not from the hand of Shakespeare.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when 19?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot²⁰.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot: My life thou shalt command, but not my shame: The one my duty owes; but my fair name Despite of death, that lives upon my grave²¹, To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have. I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled²² here; Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear; The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood: Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards 23 tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his 24 spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord, The purest treasure mortal times afford, Is—spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest

20 There is no boot, or it booteth not, is as much as to say, there is no help, resistance would be vain, or profitless.

21 i. e. my name that lives on my grave in despite of death.

23 There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was

a golden leopard.

Thus the old copies. Pope altered it to their spots; but of the change from the plural to the singular and the converse, we have frequent examples in the phraseology of the poet's time. Mr. Knight observes that Mowbray uses the words of Scripture, Jerem. xiii. 23.

¹⁹ This abrupt elliptical exclamation of impatience is again used in the Taming of a Shrew:—"Why when, I say! Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry." It appears to be equivalent to "when will such a thing be done?"

Baffled in this place signifies abused, reviled, reproached in base terms; which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to deceive or circumvent. Vide Cotgrave in v. Baffouer. See also a note on King Henry IV. Part 1. Act i. Sc. 2.

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul ²⁵ sin! Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight? Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height Before this outdar'd dastard! Ere my tongue Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong, Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear The slavish motive of recanting fear; And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace, Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command: Which since we cannot do to make you friends, Be ready, as your lives shall answer it, At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day; There shall your swords and lances arbitrate The swelling difference of your settled hate; Since we cannot atone 26 you, we shall see Justice design 27 the victor's chivalry.—

²⁶ Atone you, i.e. make you friends, "to make agreement or atonement, to reconcile them to each other. Ad concordiam adducere. Lat. Mettre d'accord. Fr." Baret.

To design is to mark out, to show by a token. It is the sense of the Latin designo. I may here take occasion to remark that Shakespeare is remarkable for his choice of expressive terms derived from the Latin, and used in their original sense. The propriety of this expression here will be obvious, when we recollect that designator was "a marshal, a master of the play or prize, who

²⁵ The quartos have "such deep sin." The first folio has O Heaven, instead of O God. Two lines lower beggar-fear, which is the reading of the first quarto and first folio, is beggar-face in the other quartos.

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms, Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of GLOSTER 1.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's² blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when they see³ the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur? Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one, Were as seven phials of his sacred blood, Or seven fair branches springing from one root: Some of those seven are dried by nature's course, Some of those branches by the destinies cut: But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster; One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,—One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt; Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory." In the preceding line all the old copies, except the first quarto, have "you shall see."

The Duchess of Glo'ster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

² i.e. my relationship of consanguinity to Gloster. The quartos have "Woodstock's blood." . He was born at Woodstock; Richard created him Duke of Gloucester in the 9th year of his reign.

³ Who when they see, &c. Thus the old copies. It is not necessary to consider Heaven as a collective noun. A plural nominative was probably in the poet's mind, suggested by "these hands."

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe. Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb, That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee, Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st, Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent In some large measure to thy father's death, In that thou seest thy wretched brother die, Who was the model⁵ of thy father's life. Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair: In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd, Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life, Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee. That which in mean men we entitle—patience, Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life, The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute, His deputy anointed in his sight, Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully, Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself6? Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,

⁴ i. e. assent; consent is often used by the poet for accord, agreement.

⁵ The model is here used for the image.

^{*} The folio, in consequence of the statute, substitutes heaven

for God in this line and in Gaunt's next speech.

⁶ To complain is commonly a verb neuter; but it is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase, me complaindre; and is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife, With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls.

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so:
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy⁷ visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls⁸,

⁷ Plashy, i. e. her house in Essex.

⁸ In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenterhooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. (See the Preface to The Northumberland Household Book, by Dr. Percy.) The offices of our old English mansions were the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions, bread, wine, ale, &c. and for culinary purposes. They were always situate within the house, on the ground-floor (for there were no subterraneous rooms till about the middle of the reign of Charles L). and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open, and unlimited license given to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. The duchess therefore laments that, in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; "the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, and the offices unpeopled. All is solitude; her groans are the only welcome that her guests can expect." Malone reads cheer instead of hear, professing to follow the first quarto, but all the old copies have heare.

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Excunt.

Scene III. Gosford Green, near Coventry. Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE 1.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points: and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his Throne; Gaunt, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion The cause of his arrival here in arms: Ask him his name; and orderly proceed To swear him in the justice of his cause.

¹ The Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey (Thomas Holland) officiated. While serving that office he is addressed as Marshal, or Lord Marshal, and in the old copies Mar. is the prefix to the speeches. It has therefore been supposed that Shakespeare has made a slight mistake by introducing that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal in the present drama. Edward Duke of Aumerle (so created by his cousin-german Richard II. in 1397), was the eldest son of Edward Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art.

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms: Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel: Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath; As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk²:

Who hither come engaged by my oath, (Which heaven defend, a knight should violate!) Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

He takes his seat.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, in armour; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms, Both who he is, and why he cometh hither Thus plated in habiliments of war; And formally according to our law Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mor. What is the page 2 and wherefore can'

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard, in his royal lists?

² The Duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians.

* The quartos here have God.

3 "His succeeding issue" is the reading of the first folio: the quartos all read my. It is evident that the succeeding issue of the king is meant. In defence of my, the reading adopted by him, Johnson remarks that "Norfolk's issue were in peril of attainder, so that he might come on their account among other motives.

Against whom com'st thou; and what's thy quarrel? Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, Am I; who ready here do stand in arms, To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour, In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous, To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me; And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold, Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists; Except the marshal, and such officers Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand.

And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness, And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms. Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, So be thy fortune in this royal fight! Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed, Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear

For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;

As confident, as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord [To Lord Marshal], I take my leave

of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;— Not sick, although I have to do with death;

4 Thus all the quartos. The folio has just.

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[To Gaunt.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish 5 new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution; And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, Fall like amazing thunder on the casque Of thy adverse pernicious enemy: Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!

[He takes his seat.

Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne, A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest⁶,

⁵ The earlier quarto has furnish.

⁶ To jest, in old language, sometimes signified to play a part in

Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The King and the Lords return to their seats.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [Rising.] Strong & a tower in hope, I cry

-amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [To an Officer] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself, On pain to be found false and recreant, To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray, A traitor to his God, his king, and him, And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant, Both to defend himself, and to approve Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal; Courageously, and with a free desire, Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[A Charge sounded.

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

a masque. Thus in Hieronymo:-

"He promised us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest."

And accordingly a masque is performed.

7 A worder was a kind of truncheon or staff carried by persons who presided at these single combats; the throwing down of which seems to have been a solemn act of prohibition to stay proceedings. A different movement of the warder had an opposite effect. In Drayton's Battle of Agincourt, Erpingham is represented throwing it up as a signal for a charge.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again: Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound, While we return these dukes what we decree.—

> [A long flourish. [To the Combatants.

Draw near. And list, what with our council we have done. For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd With that dear blood which it hath fostered; And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords; And for we think the eagle-winged pride Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, With rival-hating envy, set you on a To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep⁸; Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums, With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray, And grating shock of wrathful iron arms, Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace, And make us wade even in our kindred's blood :-Therefore, we banish you our territories:-You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life^b Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields. Shall not regreet our fair dominions, But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me; And those his golden beams, to you here lent,

^{*} The old copies have "set on you." Pope made the transposition.

⁸ The five lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

b Thus all the quartos. The folio has "upon pain of death" here, but afterwards, in the king's address to Norfolk, has "upon pain of life."

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom, Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word 10 of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life 11.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege, And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit¹²; not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

⁹ The first folio reads "sly-slow hours." Pope reads "fly-slow hours," which is the reading of all the copies of the second folio I have seen, and conveys an image highly beautiful and just. It is remarkable that Pope, in the fourth book of his Essay on Man, v. 226, has employed the epithet which, in the present instance, he rejected:—

"All sly slow things with circumspective eyes."
For the use of dear in the next line see Twelfth Night, Act v.

Sc. 1, note 4, p. 463.

Word, for sentence; any short phrase was called a word. Thus Ascham, in a Letter to Queen Elizabeth, "Savinge that one unpleasaunte word in that Patent, called 'Duringe pleasure,' turned me after to great displeasure."—Conway Papers.

11 The quartos here and in the king's speech to Hereford have "upon pain of life." The folio has death in the former, and life

in the latter place.

12 As Shakespeare used merit in this place for the thing merited, in the sense of reward, he frequently uses the word meed, which properly signifies reward, to express merit. Thus in Timon of Athens:—

"No meed but he repays Sevenfold above itself."

And in the Third Part of King Henry VI.—
"We are the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our meeds."

Again, in the same play, King Henry says:—

"That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame."

IV. O

Than an unstringed viol or a harp:
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be so passionate 13;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee. Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands; Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven (Our part therein we banish with yourselves), To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!) Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised 14 purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,

¹³ The old copies have compassionate, evidently an error of the press, for "so passionate?" which gives the required meaning to the passage; passionate being frequently used to express passion or grief, to complain. "Now leave we this amorous hermit to passionate and playme his misfortune."—Palace of Pleasure, vol. ii. Ll. 5:—

[&]quot;And cannot passionate our tenfold griefs."

Tit. Andron. Act iii. Sc. 2.

14 Advised, i. e. premeditated, deliberated. In this line and two
preceding ones the quartos read "Nor never."

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy 15;—By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor, My name be blotted from the book of life, And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence! But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know; And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray; Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit 16.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [To Boling.] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word! Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs, End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

16 The Duke of Norfolk went to Venice, "where for thought

and melancholy he deceased."-Holinshed.

¹⁵ So far as to mine enemy. The first folio reads, "So fare." This line seems to be addressed by way of caution to Mowbray, lest he should think that Bolingbroke was about to conciliate him. Mr. Collier retains the old reading, explaining it "So fare as I wish mine enemy to fare." "A mode of expression," says Mr. Dyce, "to which I apprehend no parallel exists in our early writers." Farre as it was then written might easily be mistaken for fare.

He shortens four years of my son's exile: But little vantage shall I reap thereby: For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend, Can change their moons, and bring their times about, My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light, Shall be extinct with age, and endless night: My inch of taper will be burnt and done. And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live. Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give: Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrowa, And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow 17: Thou canst help time to furrow me with age, But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage; Thy word is current with him for my death: But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice 18, Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave; Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower? Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion MIT.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather, You would have bid me argue like a father :--[O, had it been a stranger, not my child, To smooth his fault I should have been more mild: A partial slander 19 sought I to avoid, And in the sentence my own life destroy'd 20.7 Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say, I was too strict, to make mine own away: But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue, Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

So all the quartos. The folios alone have sudden.

¹⁷ It is a matter of very melancholy consideration that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good.

Advice, i. e. consideration.
 A partial slander, i. e. the reproach of partiality.

²⁰ This and the three preceding lines are wanting in the folios.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so; Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flowrish. Exeunt K. Rich. and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I: for I will ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make 21 Will but remember me, what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven 22 visits,

22 So Nonnus:—"aiθέρος ὅμμα; i.e. the sun. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

²¹ This speech and that which follows, down to "and sets it light," are not in the folios.

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens: Teach thy necessity to reason thus: There is no virtue like necessity. Think not the king did banish thee: But thou the king23; woe doth the heavier sit, Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. Go, say-I sent thee forth to purchase honour, And not-the king exil'd thee; or suppose, Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, And thou art flying to a fresher clime. Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st: Suppose the singing birds, musicians; The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd24; The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more Than a delightful measure, or a dance: For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

"The eye of heaven is out."

And in Spenser's Facric Queene, b. i. c. iii. st. 4:—
"Her angel face

As the great eye of heaven shyned bright."

Shakespeare probably remembered Euphues' exhortation to Botonio to take his exile patiently. "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the, summer's blaze; where the same sunne and same moone shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sinoponetes had banished him from Pontus; Yea, said he, I them of Diogenes."

³⁴ We have other allusions to the practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the presence chamber in Shakespeare. So in Cymbeline:—

"Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd The chastity he wounded."

See Hentzner's account of the presence chamber in the palace a Greenwich, 1598.—*Itiner.* p. 135.

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand ²⁵,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension of the good,

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

Than when it bites ²⁶, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy

way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,——
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman²⁷.

[Excunt.

Scene IV. The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green; Aumerle meeting.

K. Rich. We did observe 1.—Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

25 There is a passage resembling this in the fifth book of Cicero's Tusculan Questions, which were translated and published by John Dolman, in 1561. There is also something which might serve for a hint in Euphues.

The quarto 1597 has "when he bites." The personal for the impersonal pronoun was used in our earlier language. It

refers to tooth here, and not to sorrow.

²⁷ Dr. Johnson thought that the first act should end here.

¹ The king here addressed Green and Bagot, who, we may suppose, had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people," at the time of his departure. "Yes," says Richard, "we did observe it."

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so, But to the next high way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none for 2 me: except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum: and so, by chance, Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave. Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours, And added years to his short banishment, He should have had a volume of farewells; But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt, When time shall call him home from banishment, Whether our kinsman come to see his friends. Ourself, and Bushy³, Bagot here, and Green, Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—How he did seem to dive into their hearts, With humble and familiar courtesy;

The first folio and the quarto of 1597 read "'Faith, none for me," i. e. none for my part. It was changed to "none by me" in the folio, 1632.

The earlier quarto copies read "Ourself and Bushy," and no more. The folio:—

[&]quot;Ourself, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene."
In the quarto the stage-direction says, "Enter the King, with Bushie," &c.; but in the folio, "Enter the King, Aumerle," &c. because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterward. On this account we have adopted a transposition made in the quarto of 1634.

What reverence he did throw away on slaves; Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles, And patient underbearing of his fortune, As 'twere, to banish their affects with him. Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench; A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well, And had the tribute of his supple knee 4, With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends; As were our England in reversion his, And he our subjects' next degree in hope 5.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland:— Expedient⁶ manage must be made, my liege; Ere farther leisure yield them farther means, For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war. And, for our coffers—with too great a court, And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light, We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm; The revenue whereof shall furnish us For our affairs in hand. If that come short, Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters; Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich, They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold, And send them after to supply our wants; For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy hastily.

Bushy, what news?

⁴ To illustrate this, it should be remembered that courtesying (the act of reverence now confined to women) was succently practised by men.

⁵ And he, our subjects' next degree in hope. "Spes altera Romæ."

⁶ Shakespeare often uses expedient for expeditious; but here its ordinary signification of fit, proper, will suit the context equally well.

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord; Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste, To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he? Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[Execunt.]

ACT II.

Scene I. London. A Room in Ely-house.

GAUNT on a Couch; the DUKE OF YORK¹, and others standing by him.

Gaunt.

ILL the king come? that I may breathe my last

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath:

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain.

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

¹ Edmond Duke of York was the fifth son of Edward III. and was born, in 1441, at Langley, near St. Albana, Herts; from whence he had his surname. "He was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion."—Lowth's William of Wykeham, p. 205.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose²;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and musick at the close³,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds, As, praises of his state: then, there are found Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound The open ear of youth doth always listen: Report of fashions in proud Italy ; Whose manners still our tardy apish nation Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity (So it be new, there's no respect how vile), That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard, Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard 6.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose; 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose. Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;

2 To glose is to insinuate, to lie, to flatter.

3 Shakespeare evidently means no more than that music is sweetest at its close; or when the last sounds rest on the delighted ear. So in K. Henry V. "Congreeing in a full and natural close like musick."

⁴ The two early quartos read: "As praises of whose taste the wise are found," which Mr. Collier thinks "makes admirable sense if we read fond for found." I must confess myself so dull as not to perceive it. It is remarkable that taste has been printed for 'state in a passage of Coriolanus, Act iii. Sc. 1, which has hitherto baffled the commentators.

⁵ The poet has charged the times of King Richard II. with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in his own time, and much lamented by the wisest of our ancestors.

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard, i.e. where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. Wit is often used for understanding. And thus, expiring, do foretell of him: His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last: For violent fires soon burn out themselves: Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short; He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes; With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder: Light vanity, insatiate cormorant, Consuming means, soon preys upon itself. This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise; This fortress, built by nature for herself, Against infection7, and the hand of war; This happy breed of men, this little world; This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall. Or as a most defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happy lands⁸; This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings, Fear'd by their breed9, and famous by their birth, Renowned for their deeds as far from home (For Christian service, and true chivalry), As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry, Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son: This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world,

8 The old copies have less happier lands. It seems probable that this is a misprint for happy, the old orthography being happie.

Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth, i. e. by reason of their breed. The folio reads thus:—

⁷ The poet may allude to the *infection* of vicious manners and customs. Farmer proposed to read *infestion*.

[&]quot;Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth."

In Greene's Farewell to Follie, 1598, we have a passage resembling this:—"My lordes of Buda, feared for your valour, and famous for your victories, let not the private will of one be the ruin of a mighty kingdom."

Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it),
Like to a tenement, or pelting 10 farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard, and Queen¹¹; Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross¹², and Wil-Loughby¹³.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth; For young hot colts, being rein'd 14, do rage the more. Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What, comfort, man! How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition! Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old: Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

10 "In this 22d yeare of King Richard, the common fame ranne that the king had letten to farme the realme unto Sir William Scrope, Earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Greene, Knightes." Fabian. Pelting is paltry, pitiful, petty.

11 Shakespeare has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the period at which the commencement of the play is laid; and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death.

¹² i. e. William Lord Ross, of Hamlake, afterwards lord treasurer to Henry IV.

13 William Lord Willoughby, of Eresby.

14 The old copies have rag'd. I adopt Ritson's correction of rein'd, as affording much better sense. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute urg'd.

IV. PP

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd; Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt: The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon, Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks; And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt: Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones. K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their

names 15?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself: Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dving men flatter those that live? Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die. K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be. K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill. Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill:

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy deathbed is no lesser than the land, Wherein thou liest in reputation sick: And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee. A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

15 Upon this question of the king Coleridge observes: - "Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to the drama, as by gesticulation, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits from any particular rank of life or mode of employment."

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land;
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd 16 now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so!
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law 17;
And——

K. Rich. And thou—a lunatick lean-witted fool, Presuming on an ague's privilege, Dar'st with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheek; chasing ¹⁸ the royal blood, With fury, from his native residence. Now by my seat's right royal majesty, Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son, This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son, For that I was his father Edward's son; That blood already, like the pelican, Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd: My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul, (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)

18 The folio erroneously has chafing.

¹⁶ i. e. mad. A play upon the word possessed.
17 "Thy legal state, that rank in the state and these large demenses, which the constitution allotted thee, are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary pelting farm that has been let on lease."

The first folio prints the preceding line:—

"Landlord of England art thou, and not king."
The quartos repeat the word not.

May be a precedent and witness good,
'That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants. K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens

have ;

· For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words To wayward sickliness and age in him:

He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he; His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be ¹⁹: So much for that.——Now for our Irish wars: We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns ²⁰;

19 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be, i. e. "our pilgrimage is yet to come."

Kernes were Irish peasantry, serving as light-armed foot

Which live like venom, where no venom else, But only they, hath²¹ privilege to live. And for these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards our assistance, we do seize to us The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage 22, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.-I am the last of noble Edward's sons, Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first; In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce, In peace was never gentle lamb more mild, Than was that young and princely gentleman. His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours; But, when he frown'd, it was against the French, And not against his friends: his noble hand Did win what he did spend, and spent not that Which his triumphant father's hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,

soldiers. Shakespeare makes York say, in the 2d Part of King Henry V. that Cade, when in Ireland, used to disguise himself as a shag-haired crafty kerne. "The kerne is an ordinary foot soldier, according to Stanihurst; kerne (kigheyren) signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than rake hells, or the devil's black-garde."—Description of Ireland, ch. 8, fol. 28.

21 The old copies read have. This alludes to the idea that no

venomous reptiles live in Ireland.

²² When the Duke of Hereford went into France after his banishment, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

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But bloody with the enemies of his kin. O Richard! York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York.
O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd Not to be pardon'd, am content withal. Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands, The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford? Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live? Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true? Did not the one deserve to have an heir? Is not his heir a well deserving son? Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time His charters, and his customary rights; Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day; Be not thyself, for how art thou a king, But by fair sequence and succession? Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!) If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights. Call in the letters patents that he hath By his attornies-general to sue His livery²³, and deny his offer'd homage, You pluck a thousand dangers on your head, You lose a thousand well disposed hearts, And prick my tender patience to those thoughts Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: My liege, farewell:

23 On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of ouster le main, i. e. livery, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him. To "deny his offer'd homage" was to refuse to admit the homage by which he was to hold his lands.—Malone.

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;

But by bad courses may be understood,

That their events can never fall out good. Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight; Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,

To see this business: To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England,

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part:

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. \(\bigcup Flourish. \)

[Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, GREEN, and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead. Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal 24 tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm! Willo. Tends that thou would'st speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more Of noble blood in this declining land.

24 Liberal, i. e. free.

The king is not himself, but basely led By flatterers; and what they will inform, Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all, That will the king severely prosecute 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons bath he pill'd 25 with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks 26, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath

not,

But basely yielded upon compromise That which his ancestors²⁷ achiev'd with blows: More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman; most degenerate king! But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing 28, Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

25 Pill'd, i. e. pillaged, plundered.

³⁶ Stow records that Richard II. "compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seales to blanks, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once: some of the commons paid him 1000 marks, some 1000 pounds," &c.

27 The quartos have:--

"That which his noble ancestors," &c.
The redundant word is omitted in the folio of 1623.

26 So in the Tempest:-

"Another storm brewing; I hear it sing in the wind."

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish 29.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer; And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,

I spy life peering; but I dare not say How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland: We three are but thyself; and, speaking so, Thy words are but our 30 thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,

That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald Lord Cobham ³¹,

²⁹ "And yet we strike not our sails, but perish by too great confidence in our security:" this is another Latinism. Securely is used in the sense of securus. Unavoided, in the next line but one, is used for unavoidable.

30 The old copy reads "as thoughts." The correction, which

the context warrants, is proposed in Mr. Collier's folio.

31 Malone inserted the following line in brackets, which he thought was necessary to complete the sense:—

"[The son of Richard Earl of Arundel.]"
The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus:—
"Aboute the same time the Earle of Arundel's sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house, escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishop of Canterburie (who, as you have before heard, had been removed from his see, and banished the realme by King Richard's means), got him down to Britaine: and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishoppe of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, son and heyre to the late Earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Regenalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.—Holinshed, p. 1105, ed. 1577.

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis

Quoint.——

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne, With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war, Are making hither with all due expedience 32, And shortly mean to touch our northern shore: Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay The first departing of the king for Ireland. If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke, Imp³³ out our drooping country's broken wing, Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown, Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt, And make high majesty look like itself, Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg: But if you faint, as fearing to do so, Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagor.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

Expedience, i. e. expedition.

"His navy's molten wings he imp'd once more."

When the wing feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called "to imp a hawk." It is often used metaphorically, as in this instance. The word is said to come from the Saxon impan, to graft, or inoculate. Milton has it in one of his Sonnets:—

[&]quot;To imp their serpent wings." And Dryden:—

To lay aside life-harming heaviness 1, And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself, I cannot do it; yet I know no cause Why I should welcome such a guest as grief, Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks, Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, Is coming towards me; and my inward soul With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves, More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows.

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so: For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears, Divides one thing entire to many objects; Like pérspectives², which, rightly gaz'd upon, Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry, Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, Looking awry upon your lord's departure, Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail; Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen, More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not

seen:

1 Life-harming heaviness. So the first two quartos; the other two have "half-harming," the folio "self-harming."

² It has been shown in a former note that perspective meant optical deceptions of the kind called anamorphosis. Thus Hobbes, in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gondibert :-- "You have seen a curious kinde of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass." -See Humane Industry, or the Manual Arts, 1651. This is again alluded to in Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1:-

"A natural perspective, that is, and is not." Thus also in Henry V.—" My Lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid." See vol. iii. p. 469, note 11.

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though in thinking on no thought, I think's,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit', my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known what,
I cannot name: 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met,
gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his

power⁵,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,

³ As,—though in thinking on no thought, I think. The old copies, except the first quarto, which has though for thought by mistake, read "As though on thinking," &c. Johnson substituted in for on, explaining the passage thus:—"As,—though musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity." It seems to me that reading in for on, and the punctuation adopted, make all clear. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute unthinking, which conveys an absurd counter sense. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometimes felt, is here very forcibly described.**

^{*}Conceit, i. e. fanciful conception. There is an old proverb:—
"Conceit can kill; Conceit can cure."

⁵ Retir'd his power, i. e. drawn it back; a French sense.

Who strongly hath set footing in this land: The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd

At Ravenspurg.

Now God in heaven forbid! Queen. Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,-The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland.

And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ?? Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship, And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe, And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir?: Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy; And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother, Have wee to wee, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Who shall hinder me? Queen.

I will despair, and be at enmity With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,

⁶ Thus the quartos, 1597 and 1598. The folio omits all, and the quartos, 1608 and 1615, read-

[&]quot; And the rest of the revolting faction, traitors?" 7 The queen had said before, that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming toward her." She talks afterward of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say in the same metaphorical style, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully in the following line:-

[&]quot;Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy."

A parasite, a keeper-back of death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life, Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!——
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts*:] Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief. Your husband he is gone to save far off, Whilst others come to make him lose at home: Here am I left to underprop his land; Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.——Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made; Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came. York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold, And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster; Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship: To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died. York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes

8 This line is wanting in the folios.

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth') had not provok'd him to it),
The king had cut off my head with my brother's 10.—
What, are there no posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister 11,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow [To the Servant.] get thee home, provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there .--

[Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley¹².
I should to Plashy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen. Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

⁹ Untruth, i. e. disloyalty, treachery.

11 This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

12 So all the quartos; the folio adds castle.

Not one of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was smothered or strangled at Calais. The poet may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was beheaded, with that of Gloucester.

But none returns. For us to levy power, Proportionable to the enemy, Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love

Lies in their purses; and whose empties them, By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we, Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well. I'll for refuge straight to Bristol

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
Castle:

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office

Will the hateful commons perform for us;

Except like curs to tear us all in pieces.—

Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry; Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever 13.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again. Bagot.

I fear me, never.

[Exeunt.

¹³ Thus the quartos. The folio gives this line to Bushy, and the next speech to Green.

SCENE III. The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now? North. Believe me, noble lord, I am a stranger here in Glostershire. These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways, Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome: And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar, Making the hard way sweet and delectable. But, I bethink me, what a weary way From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company: Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd The tediousness and process of my travel: But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have The present benefit that I possess: And hope to joy 1, is little less in joy, Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done By sight of what I have, your noble company. Boling. Of much less value is my company,

Enter HARRY PERCY.

Than your good words. But who comes here?

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.— Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

¹ To joy is here used for to enjoy.

Q Q 2

The household of the king.

North. What was his reason? He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there.

What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; that is not forgot, Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young; Which elder days shall ripen and confirm To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure, I count myself in nothing else so happy, As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends; And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense:

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by you tuft of trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard: And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour:

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pur-

A banish'd traitor: all my treasury Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd, Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster²;

And I am come to seek that name in England:

And I must find that title in your tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out's:—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will),
From the most gracious' regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time's,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

² "Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My answer is, It is not to him, it is to the *Duke of Lancaster*."

3 "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were erazed out of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memory was damned, I could show at large."—Camden's Remaines, 1605, p. 136.

⁴ Gracious is the reading of the quarto 1597, all the other old copies read glorious.

The absent time, i. e. the time of the king's absence.

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee, Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !— York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle?:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why a; ——Why have they dar'd to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of disposed⁸ arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault; On what condition stands it, and wherein?

- ⁶ Deceivable, i. e. able to deceive, deceiving. See Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 3.
 - 7 In Romeo and Juliet we have the same kind of phraseology:—
 "Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."
- ² But then more why? i. e. But to add more questions. Thus the first quarto, the subsequent copies have, "But more then why?" perverting the old idiom.
- 8 The old copies have "ostentation of despised arms," of which it would be difficult to conceive the meaning. It seems probable that it is a typographical error for disposed. The corrector of Mr Collier's folio would substitute despoiting, a very unlikely word.

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford: But as I come, I come for Lancaster. And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace, Look on my wrongs with an indifferent9 eye: You are my father, for, methinks, in you I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father! Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born? If that my cousin king be king of England, It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster. You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman; Had you first died, and he been thus trod down, He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father, To rouse his wrongs 10, and chase them to the bay. I am denied to sue my livery 11 here, And yet my letters patent give me leave: My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold; And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd. What would you have me do? I am a subject, And challenge law: Attornies are denied me; And therefore personally I lay my claim To my inheritance of free descent.

No judge indifferent."

See Baret's Alvearie, in letter I, 108, where he translates "Aequus judex, a just and indifferent judge; nothing partial."

Indifferent is impartial. The instances of this use of the word among the poet's contemporaries are very numerous. So, in King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4, Queen Katharine says:—
"Born out of your dominions, having here

Wrongs is probably here used for wrongers.
 See the former scene, p. 438, note 23.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd. Ross. It stands your grace upon 12 to do him right. Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great. York. My lords of England, let me tell you this.—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is But for his own: and, for the right of that, We all have strongly sworn to give him aid; And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms; I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

12 Steevens explains the phrase, It stands your grace upon, to mean, "It is your interest; it is matter of consequence to you." But hear Baret, "The heyre is bound; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend; it standeth him upon; or is in his charge. Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi." The phrase is therefore equivalent to, It is incumbent upon your grace. Shakespeare uses it again in King Richard III:—

"It stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may danger me."
Sir N. Throckmorton, writing to Queen Elizabeth, says, "Howsoever things do fall out, it standeth your majestie so uppon, for your own suretie and reputation to be well ware," &c:—Convay Papers. Vide Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2. "It lies you on" is used in Coriolanus in the same sense.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept. But we must win your grace, to go with us To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices, The caterpillars of the commonwealth, Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you :--but yet I'll

pause;

For I am loath to break our country's laws. Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are: Things past redress, are now with me past care ¹³.

 $\lceil Exeunt.$

Scene IV1. A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury², and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days, And hardly kept our countrymen together, And yet we hear no tidings from the king; Therefore we will disperse ourselves: Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman: The king reposeth all his confidence In thee.

Cap. Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay. The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd³,

¹³ "Things without remedy Should be without regard."—Macbeth.

Johnson thought this scene had been by some accident transposed, and that it should stand as the second scene in the third act.

² John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

³ This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. The poet received the hint from Holinshed: "In this yeare, in a manner throughout all the realme of Englande, old baie trees withered," &c. This, as it appears from T. Lupton's Syxt Booke of Notable Things, bl. 4to. was esteemed a bad omen. "Neyther falling sickness, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a bay tree is. The Romaynes call it the plant of the good angel," &c. See also Evelyn's Sylva, 4to. 1776, p. 396.

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven; The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth, And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change; Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,-The one in fear to lose what they enjoy, The other, to enjoy by rage and war: These signs forerun the death or fall of kings4.— Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled, As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. \[\int Exit. \] Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind, I see thy glory, like a shooting star, Fall to the base earth from the firmament! Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west, Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest: Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes: And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. $\lceil Exit.$

ACT III.

Scene I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Bolingbroke.

RING forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls

(Since presently your souls must part your bodies),

With too much urging your pernicious lives, For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here, in the view of men, I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

⁴ The words or fall are wanting in all copies after the first quarto.

You have misled a prince, a royal king, A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean. You have, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him; Broke the possession of a royal bed1, And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs. Myself-a prince, by fortune of my birth, Near to the king in blood; and near in love, Till you did make him misinterpret me,-Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries, And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, Eating the bitter bread of banishment: While you have fed upon my seignories, Dispark'd2 my parks, and fell'd my forest woods; From mine own windows torn my household coat, Raz'd out my impress3, leaving me no sign,-Save men's opinions, and my living blood,-To show the world I am a gentleman. This, and much more, much more than twice all this, Condemns you to the death :- See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me, Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

¹ There seems to be no authority for this. Isabel, Richard's second queen, was but nine years old at this period; his first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and he was very fond of her.

² To dispark signifies to divest a park of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of the chase therein; laying it open.

³ The impress was a device, or motto. Ferne, in his Blazon Gentry, 1588, observes that "the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed wheresoever they are fixed or set." For the punishment of a base knight see Spenser's Faerie Queen, b. v. c. iii, st. 37.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[Exeunt Northumberland and Others, with Bushy and Green.

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house; For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated : Tell her, I send to her my kind commends; Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away: To fight with Glendower and his complices; Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt⁵.

Scene II. The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King Rich-Ard, Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they¹ this at hand? Aum. Yea, my lord: how brooks your grace the air, After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy, To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;

⁴ Entreated, i. e. treated. In the next line, commends is commendations.

b Johnson says "here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act," but such a change is needless, and would be injudicious.

The quarto of 1597 reads they. All the later copies you.

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, And do thee favour with my royal hands. Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth, Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense: But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom, And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way; Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet, Which with usurping steps do trample thee. Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies; And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower, Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder; Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.-Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords; This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king Shall falter under foul rebellion's 2 arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king.

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all. [The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd³, And not neglected; else, if heaven would, And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse; The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss; Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security, Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortshle cousin! know'et they not

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not, That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

² Rebellion's arms. So the first two quartos; the other old copies have rebellious.

² Thus the folio; the quartos have power instead of friends.

³ This and the three following lines are wanting in the folio. If is wanting in the second line, and there are other misprints in the old quartos. At the end of Aumerle's speech all the quartos have "great in substance and in power." The folio changes power to friends.

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world, Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen, In murders, and in outrage, boldly here: But when, from under this terrestrial ball. He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines⁶, And darts his light through every guilty hole, Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs, Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves? So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,-Who all this while hath revell'd in the night, [Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,]7-Shall see us rising in our throne the east. His treasons will sit blushing in his face, Not able to endure the sight of day; But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin. Not all the water in the rough rude sea Can wash the balm from an anointed king: The breath of worldly men cannot depose The deputy elected by the Lord8: For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd, To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown, God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,

⁵ The quarto, 1597, has bouldy, a misprint for bouldly; all the

other editions read erroneously bloody.

⁷ This line is wanting in the folio.

⁴ The old copies read "that lights," &c. The alteration was made by Johnson.

^{6 &}quot;It is not easy," says Steevens, "to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this in any poet, ancient or modern." In the next line some of the old copies have *lightening* instead of *light*, an evident misprint.

⁸ Here is the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and of the passive obedience of subjects, expressed in the strongest terms. Johnson observes that it has been the fashion to impute the original of every tenet which we have been taught to think false or foolish to the reign of King James I. But this doctrine was never carried further in any country, than in this island, while the house of Tudor sat on the throne.

Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; And, till so much blood thither come again, Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be safe, fly from my side; For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard⁹ majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names ¹⁰?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

⁹ Awake, thou sluggard majesty! Thus the folio. All the quartos have "coward majesty." The following words "thou sleep st" are decidedly in favour of the reading of the folio.
¹⁰ So in King Richard III.—

[&]quot;Besides the king's name is a tower of strength."
See a speech of Antigonus, in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. ii. 4to.
p. 199, Gr. The quartos have twenty thousand.

Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high? High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege, Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd¹¹: The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay:
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clasp their feeble joints 12

12 This speech is incorrectly printed in the folio. We have "white beares" for "white beards," and "clap their female joints" for "clasp their feeble joints."

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^{11 &}quot;It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious."—Johnson.

In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew¹³ against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills:
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill: Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot? What is become of Bushy? where is Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our confines with such peaceful steps? If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke. Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Bogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence 15!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property, Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate;—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound ¹⁶, And lie full low, grav'd ¹⁷ in the hollow ground.

13 Yew is called double-fatal, because of the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood being used for instruments of death. From some ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of yew or some other wood.

15 The word offence is wanting in the quartos.

16 The folio has hand.

¹⁷ Grav'd, i. e. buried. The verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. We have it in Gower, and in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth Æneid:—

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads. Aum. Where is the duke my father, with his power? K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs: Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth. Let's choose executors, and talk of wills: And yet not so,-for what can we bequeath, Save our deposed bodies to the ground? Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's, And nothing can we call our own, but death; And that small module 18 of the barren earth, Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground, And tell sad stories of the death of kings :--How some have been depos'd, some slain in war: . Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd 19; Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd; All murder'd :- For within the hollow crown. That rounds the mortal temples of a king, Keeps death his court: and there the antick sits 20.

"Cinders, think'st thou, mind this, or graved ghosts?" Shakespeare uses it again in Timon of Athens:—

"Ditches grave you all."

George Cavendish, in his Metrical Visions, makes the Duke of Suffolk say:—

"And my hedles body, vouchsafe to se it graved."

¹⁸ A small module, or model, for they were the same in Shake-speare's time, seems to mean in this place a small portion or quantity. It is a Latinism from "modulus, the measure or quantity of a thing."

19 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed. Elliptical for

the ghosts of those they have deposed.

³⁰ It is not impossible that Shakespeare borrowed this idea from that beautiful emblematic book of engravings on wood the Dance of Death, or Imagines Mortis, attributed to Holbein. See the seventh print. Mr. Douce gave a copy of this print in his illustrations, and it is also to be found in Mr. Knight's edition of Shakespeare.

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition²¹, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjécted thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes²²,

But presently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
[And so your follies fight against yourself²³.]
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death²⁴;
Where²⁵ fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him; And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom. This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;

22 Thus the quartos. The folio reads:-

"My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes."

23 This line is wanting in the folio.

25 Where is here used for whereas.

²¹ Tradition here means traditional practices, i. e. established or customary homage.

²⁴ That is, to die fighting, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye;
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party. 26.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.——Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth.

To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more²⁷.
Go to Flint Castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear²⁸ the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich.

He does me double wrong,

²⁶ The folio has-" Upon his faction."

²⁷ "This sentiment," says Johnson, "is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts, which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer."

²⁸ To ear the land is to till it, to plough it, from the Saxon enian. So in All's Well that Ends Well:—

[&]quot;He that ears my land, spares my team."

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue. Discharge my followers, let them hence:—Away, From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Execunt.]

Scene III. Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn, The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed, With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord; Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would be seem the lord Northumberland, To say—King Richard:—Alack the heavy day, When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,

Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er our heads¹.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not

Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,

¹ So the two earliest quartos. The folio has "o'er your head."

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy.

Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of you lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O! Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord*, [To North
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Castle, with a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

Go, signify as much; while here we march

a Shakespeare frequently, in his addresses to persons, begins with an hemistich; and sometimes blends short prosaic sentences with his metrical dialogues.

That from the castle's totter'd battlements Our fair appointments may be well perus'd. Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet With no less terror than the elements Of fire and water, when their thundring shock³ At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven. Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water: The rage be his, while on the earth I rain My waters; on the earth, and not on him. March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King Rich-ARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear 4, As doth the blushing discontented sun From out the fiery portal of the east; When he perceives the envious clouds are bent To dim his glory, and to stain the track Of his bright passage to the occident. Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye, As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe, That any harm⁵ should stain so fair a show! K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood

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² Totter'd is the reading of the two first quartos, which Boswell suggested was probably used for tottering, according to the usage of our poet elsewhere. The other copies read tatter'd, meaning ragged. See King John, Act v. Sc. 5, note 1, p. 369. ³ Thus the quarto 1597; the other copies have smoke.

⁴ The six first lines of this speech are erroneously given to Bolingbroke, in the old copies, who is thus absurdly made to condemn his own conduct, and disculpate the king's.

⁵ Storme is substituted in both mine and Mr. Collier's corrected copies of the second folio, but surely without necessity. IV.

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[To Northumberland.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king: And if we be, how dare thy joints forget To pay their awful duty to our presence? If we be not, show us the hand of God That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship; For well we know, no hand of blood and bone Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. And though you think, that all, as you have done, Have torn their souls, by turning them from us, And we are barren, and bereft of friends;---Yet know,-my master, God omnipotent, Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf, Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike Your children yet unborn, and unbegot, That lift your vassal hands against my head, And threat the glory of my precious crown. Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he stands), That every stride he makes upon my land, Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope The purple testament⁶ of bleeding war; But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons Shall ill become the flower of England's face 7;

Mr. Whiter, in his Specimen of a Commentary, p. 108, cites the following apposite line from "Jeronimo," in Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii:—

⁶ Shakespeare uses the word testament in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. Purple is an epither eferring to the future effusion of blood. Thus in Julius Cæsar:—
"Now while your purpled hands do reek and smoke."

[&]quot;Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war."

Mr. Whiter thinks that the idea of a book with purple covering was in the poet's mind May it not rather have been the illuminations of old MSS.?

⁷ i. e. England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king Should so with civil and uncivil arms Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand; And by the honourable tomb he swears, That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones; And by the royalties of both your bloods, Currents that spring from one most gracious head; And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt; And by the worth and honour of himself, Comprising all that may be sworn or said,— His coming hither hath no further scope, Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg Enfranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy royal party granted once, His glittering arms he will commend⁸ to rust, His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart To faithful service of your majesty. This swears he, as he is a prince, is just; And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;

His noble cousin is right welcome hither; And all the number of his fair demands Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:

soil. The same mode of expression is used in Sidney's Arcadia, p. 2:—"Opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, ed. 1633:—"The sweet and beautiful flower of her fuce." And Drayton, in Mortimer's Epistle to Queen Isabel:—
"And in the field advance our plumy crest,

And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast."

There is a similar image in the first part of K. Henry IV. Sc. 1:—

"No more the thirsty entrance of the soil

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood."

8 Commend for commit. Vide Macbeth, vol. ix. p. 80, note 4.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast, Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.— We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

To Aumerle.

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rick. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine.

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth⁹! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd? The king shall be contented: Must he lose The name of king? o'God's name, let it go: I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads; My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage; My gay apparel 10, for an alms-man's gown; My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood:

⁹ Sooth is sweet, as well as true. In this place sooth means sweet-ness or softness. Thus to sooth still means to calm and sweeten the mind.

¹⁰ Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary. "He had one coate which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 3000 marks."—Holinshed.

My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff; My subjects, for a pair of carved saints; And my large kingdom for a little grave, A little little grave, an obscure grave:-Or I'll be buried in the king's highway, Some way of common trade 11, where subjects' feet May hourly trample on their sovereign's head: For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live; And, buried once, why not upon my head?-Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!--We'll make foul weather with despised tears; Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn, And make a dearth in this revolting land. Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, And make some pretty match with shedding tears? As thus:—To drop them still upon one place, Till they have fretted us a pair of graves Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There lies Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes? Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see I talk but idly, and you mock at me.-Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland, What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a leg 12, and Bolingbroke says—ay 13.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend To speak with you; may't please you to come down? K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering 14 Phaeton.

12 Make a leg, i. e. make an obeisance, a phrase scarcely yet ob-

¹¹ Some way of common trade, is some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, "a road of much traffic," i. e. frequent resort.

 $^{^{13}}$ It should be remembered that the affirmative particle ay was formerly written and sounded I, which rhymed well with die.

¹⁴ Glistering Phaeton. The epithet translates the name. Compare Theocritus, Idyl. xxv. v. 141, and numerous other passages.

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[North. retires to Boling.

In the base court? Base court 15, where kings grow base.

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down,

king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should

For night-owls shrick, where mounting larks should sing.

[Execut from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man: Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,

And show fair duty to his majesty.——

My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [touching his own head], although
your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rick. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: — They well deserve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get .--

¹⁵ That is, the lower court of the castle; basse cour, Fr. Thus in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey:—"My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, even at hand, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the base court."—Edition 1825, p. 211.

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes; Tears show their love, but want their remedies .-Cousin, I am too young to be your father, Though you are old enough to be my heir. What you will have, I'll give, and willing too; For do we must, what force will have us do.-Set on towards London: - Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no 16. Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene IV. Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care? 1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Twill make me think, The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune Runs 'gainst the bias1.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight, When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

16 "The duke, with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the Earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Gloucester's sonne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death), who led him straight to the castle."—Stowe (p. 521, edit. 1605), from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

1 The bias was a weight inserted in one side of a bowl, which gave it a particular inclination in bowling. "To run against the bias" became a proverb, by which the Latin adage, Invita Minerva, is rendered in Withal's Dictionary. See King John, Act ii.

Sc. 2, note 26, p. 305.

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other spor

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy²?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting, It doth remember me the more of sorrow; Or if of grief, being altogether had, It adds more sorrow to my want of joy: For what I have, I need not to repeat; And what I want, it boots³ not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou
weep.

1 Lady. Î could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing , would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee. But stay, here come the gardeners: Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins, They'll talk of state; for every one doth so Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe⁵.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

² All the old copies read—" Of sorrow or of grief," Pope made the necessary alteration.

³ It boots, i. e. profits, helps. See note on Act i. Sc. 1, p. 410.
⁴ And I could sing. This is the reading of all the old copies. It was altered to weep by Pope. If the old reading is retained, we must suppose it to mean—My state is so desperate, that the discovery that would help it would be occasion for joy. But I must confess I incline to Pope's correction, and cannot perceive the "fine logic" of the passage as it stands.

⁵ The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

Gard. Go, bind thou up you' dangling apricocks, Which, like unruly children, make their sire Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight: Give some supportance to the bending twigs.— Go thou, and, like an executioner, Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays, That look too lofty in our commonwealth: All must be even in our government.-You thus employ'd, I will go root away The noisome weeds, that without profit suck The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale, Keep law, and form, and due proportion, Showing, as in a model, our firm estate, When our sea-walled garden, the whole land, Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up, Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd, Her knots⁶ disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs Swarming with caterpillars?

Hold thy peace:-Gard. He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring, Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf: The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter, That seem'd in eating him to hold him up, Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke; I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Sero. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are: and Bolingbroke Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity it is, That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land, As we this garden! We7 at time of year

⁶ Knots are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersected each other in the old fashion of gardening. So Milton :-

"Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art In beds and curious knots, but nature boon Pour'd forth."

We is not in the old copy. It was added by Malone.

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees;
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches⁸
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What! think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd, 'Tis doubt', he will be: Letters came last night To a dear friend of the good duke of York's, That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking 10! — [Coming from her concealment. Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden, How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,

⁹ 'Tis doubt. This uncommon phraseology has already oc-

curred in the present play:-

"He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt When time shall call him home," &c.

The folio, 1623, reads—"Tis doubted." It also omits good in the next line, and then in the speech of the 1st Servant.

10 O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking. Malone is probably right in thinking that there is an allusion to the peine forte et dure, a system of legal torture inflicted on those who, being arraigned, refused to plead,—they were often literally pressed to death through want of speaking.

⁸ So the quartos and first folio. All was inserted probably on account of the metre in the folio 1632. Three lines lower the folio has—" Which waste and idle hours."

Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch. Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this 11 news; yet, what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go, To meet at London London's king in woe.—What! was I born to this! that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—Gardener, for telling me this news of woe, I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall ¹² a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Execunt.

12 Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598 and the folio read drop. Shakespeare elsewhere uses fall in an active sense.

¹¹ See note on Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 124. The folios and quarto, 1597, has "these news." A very remarkable instance of the uncertainty of our ancestors in treating this word as singular or plural. See Notes and Queries, vol. ii. p. 180.

ACT IV.

Scene I. London. Westminster Hall¹.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey², Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Bolingbroke.

ALL forth Bagot:---

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless³ end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
 Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
 Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

¹ The rebuilding of Westminster Hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

² Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, brother to John Holland, Earl of Exeter, was created Duke of Surrey in 1597. He was half-brother to the king, by his mother Joan, who married Edward the Black Prince after the death of her second husband Thomas Lord Holland.

3 Timeless, i. e. untimely. Vide note on King Henry VI. Part 1.

Act v. Sc. 4.

The offer of a hundred thousand crowns, Than Bolingbroke's return to England; Adding withal, how blest this land would be, In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest, And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false, In thy heart-blood, though being all too base, To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up. Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies⁵,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

⁴ The birth is supposed to be influenced by stars; therefore the poet, with his allowed licence, takes stars for birth. We learn from Pliny's Nat. Hist, that the vulgar error assigned the brightest and fairest stars to the rich and great:—"Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus," &c. lib. i. c. viii.

⁵ This is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars, explained in the preceding note. Fitzwater throws down his gage as a pledge of battle, and tells Aumerle that if he stands upon sympathiee, that is upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. Sympathy is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature; and hence the poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

IV.

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day. Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true, In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point

Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off, And never brandish more revengeful steel Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. [I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle; 6 And spur thee on with full as many lies As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear From sun to sun?: there is my honour's pawn; Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast⁸,

To answer twenty thousand such as you.]

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. Tis very true: you were in presence then; And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

- ⁶ This and the seven next lines are not in the folios. "To task the earth," is to burden it with something to be done, which he does by throwing down his glove. Some of the quartos read take.
 - 7 i. e. from sunrise to sunset. So in Cymbeline:— "Imo. How many score of miles may we well ride "Twixt hour and hour?

Pisa. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too."
The old quartos read—"From sin to sin." The emendation is
Steevens's.

⁸ "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom."

King Richard III.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy! That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, That it shall render vengeance and revenge, Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie In earth as quiet as thy father's scull. In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn; Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse! If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies, And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith, To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say, That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage, That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this 11, If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage, Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be, And, though mine enemy, restor'd again To all his lands and seignories. When he's return'd,

9 I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So in Macbeth:—
"Or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword."

Thus also in The Lover's Progress, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Maintain thy treason with thy sword? with what

Contempt I hear it! in a wilderness I durst encounter it."

10 i. e. in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has just called him boy. Or it may relate to the new dynasty, the new order or state of things.

11 Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood

that he had borrowed.

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth¹²,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants, Your differences shall all rest under gage, Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne 13.

Bishop. Marry, God forbid!— Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,

^a Thus the quarto, 1597. All the other old copies have "As

¹² This is not historically true. The Duke of Norfolk's death did not take place till after Richard's murder.

¹³ Hume gives the words that Henry actually spoke on this occasion, which he copied from Knyghton, and accompanies them by a very ingenious commentary.—Hist. of Eng. 4to. ed. vol. ix. p. 50.

Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth. Would God, that any in this noble presence Were enough noble to be upright judge Of noble Richard; then true nobless14 would Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. What subject can give sentence on his king? And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject? Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear, Although apparent guilt be seen in them: And shall the figure of God's majesty¹⁵, His captain, steward, deputy elect, Anointed, crowned, planted many years, Be judged by subject and inferior breath, And he himself not present? O, forfend 16 it, God, That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed! I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king. My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king, Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king: And if you crown him, let me prophesy,-The blood of English shall manure the ground, And future ages groan for this foul act; Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels, And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:

¹⁴ Nobless, i. e. nobleness; a word now obsolete, but common in Shakespeare's time. The first quarto alone has nobless. All the rest have nobleness.

¹⁵ This speech, which contains in the most express terms the doctrine of passive obedience, is founded upon Holinshed's account. The sentiments would not in the reign of Elizabeth or James have been regarded as novel or unconstitutional. It is observable that usurpers are as ready to avail themselves of divine right as lawful sovereigns; to dwell upon the sacredness of their persons, and the sanctity of their character. Even that "cutpurse of the empire," Claudius, in Hamlet, affects to believe that—

[&]quot;Such divinity doth hedge a king."

Thus all the quartos. The folio has forbid.

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
O! if you raise 17 this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child's child's children 18 cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your
pains.

Of capital treason we arrest you here:— My lord of Westminster, be it your charge To keep him safely till his day of trial.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ¹⁹.

[Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view He may surrender; so we shall proceed

Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct 20. [Exit. Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest, Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—Little are we beholding to your love, [To Bishop. And little look'd for at your helping hands.

18 Child's child's children, i.e. grandchildren. Pope altered it to "children's children," and was followed by others. The old

copies read, "Lest child, childs children."

¹⁷ The folio has rear.

What follows, almost to the end of the act, is not found in the first two quartos. The addition was made in the quarto of 1608; in which Bolingbroke's speech forms part of that of Northumberland, but in the folio it is given to Bolingbroke. In the quarto, 1597, after the words "his day of trial," the scene thus closes:—

[&]quot;Bol. Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next We solemnly proclaim our coronation.

Lords, be ready all."

20 Conduct, i. e. conductor. So in King Henry VI. Part 11.—

"Although thou hast been conduct of my shame."

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king, Before I have shook off the regal thoughts Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee²¹:—Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me To this submission. Yet I well remember The favours²³ of these men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me? So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none. God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen? Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen. God save the king! although I be not he: And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will, Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——The resignation of thy state and crown To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown; — [Seizes the crown. Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; and on that side, yours ²³.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well, That owes²⁴ two buckets filling one another;

²¹ The quartos read limbs.

²² Favours, i. e. countenances, features.

²³ In the quarto, 1608, and that of 1615, this passage stands:— "Rich. Seaze the crowne

Heere coosin, on this side my hand, on that side yours." In the folio:—

"Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize ye Crown: Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine." I have no doubt that the words "Seize the Crown," were intended as a stage-direction.

24 Owes, i. e. owns, possesses.

The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are
mine:

You may my glories and my state depose, But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done²⁵; Your care is—gain of care, by new care won: The cares I give, I have, though given away; They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm²⁶,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous rites²⁷:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

²⁵ Shakespeare sometimes obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here that "his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;"—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of care to which he had been accustomed.

²⁶ Balm, i. e. oil of consecration. He has before said, "Not all the water of the rough rude sea, can wash the balm from an anointed king."

²⁷ Thus the quartos. The folio has oaths.

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego; My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny: God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me! God keep all vows unbroke, are made 28 to thee! Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd: And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd! Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit, And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit! God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says, And send him many years of sunshine days!-What more remains?

North.

SC. I.

No more, but that you read Offering a Paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes, Committed by your person, and your followers, Against the state and profit of this land; That, by confessing them, the souls of men May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out My weav'd up follies? Gentle Northumberland, If thy offences were upon record, Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop, To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st 29, There should'st thou find one heinous article.— Containing the deposing of a king, And cracking the strong warrant of an oath.-Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :--Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me, Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,— Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands, Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross, And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

²⁸ Thus the folio. The quartos read that swear.

²⁹ That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy own deeds.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort 30 of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,----

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught 31, insulting man.

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good),
An if my word 32 be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his 33 majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth

come. Read o er this paper, while the glass doth

A sort is a set company, or pack. So in King Richard III.— "A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

³¹ Haught, i. e. haughty. Thus in King Richard III.—

[&]quot;And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud."

³² The quartos have name instead of word.

³³ His for its. It was common in the poet's time to use the personal for the neutral pronoun, which occurs but twice or thrice throughout his works.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men³⁴? [Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink³⁵:]
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the Glass against the ground. For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—'
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again. The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within 36;
And these external manners of laments

³⁴ "To his household came every day to meate ten thousand men."—Chronicle History.

³⁵ The quarto omits this line and the four preceding words.
³ "But I have that within which passeth show,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe."—Hamlet.

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king: For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects: being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower. K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers³⁷ are you

all

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall 38.

[Exeunt K. Rich. some Lords, and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and AUMERLE.

³⁷ To convey and its derivatives were formerly often used in an ill sense. Pistol says of stealing "convey the wise it call;" and "to convey" is the word for slight of hand or juggling. Richard means that it is a term of contempt, "jugglers are you all."

38 This is the last of the additional lines first printed in the quarto of 1608. In the first editions there is no personal ap-

pearance of King Richard in this act.

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I. London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen.

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower¹,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

¹ By ill-erected is probably meant erected for evil purposes.

IV. U U

Thou map² of honour; thou King Richard's tomb, And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn³, Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee, When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother*, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken5 down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart? The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw, And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like, Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod, And fawn on rage with base humility, Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed: if aught but beasts,

I had been still a happy kiug of men. Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:

The quartos have thrown, which spoils the metre.

² Model anciently signified, according to the dictionaries, "the platform or form of any thing." And map is used for picture resemblance. In The Rape of Lucrece, Shakespeare calls sleep "the map of death."

³ Inn does not here mean a house of public entertainment, but a dicelling or lodging generally. In which sense the word was anciently used.

⁴ Sworn brother alludes to the fratres jurati, who, in the age of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together. Vide note on King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st, As from my death-bed, my last living leave. In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales Of woful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit⁶ their grief, Tell thou the lamentable tale⁷ of me, And send the hearers weeping to their beds. For why, the senseless brands will sympathize The heavy accent of thy moving tongue, And, in compassion, weep the fire out: And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black, For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. Mylord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd; You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——And, madam, there is order ta'en for you⁸: With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;

⁶ To quit, is to requite their mournful stories.

⁷ The quartos have tale, both folios fall, which Malone was induced to think was Shakespeare's own alteration.

⁸ Thus in Othello:---

[&]quot;Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it."

That fear, to hate: and hate turns one, or both, To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end. Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me; And then, betwixt me and my married wife.— Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me: And vet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made'.-Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north, Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime; My wife 10 to France; from whence, set forth in pomp, She came adorned hither like sweet May, Sent back like Hallowmas 11, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part? K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me. North. 12 That were some love, but little policy. Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe. Weep thou for me in France. I for thee here; Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near' 13. Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans. K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short.

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

⁹ A kiss appears to have been an established circumstance in our ancient marriage ceremonies. So in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613, the duke, on parting with his wife, says to her:— "The kiss thou gav'st me in the church here take."

10 The folios have queen, but she was no longer queen.

11 Hallowmas, All Hallows, i. e. All Saints, Nov. 1.

12 The quartos give this speech to the king.

13 Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near', i.e. "it is better to be at a great distance than being near each other, to find that we are yet not likely to be peaceably and happily united."

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief, Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief. One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part: Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart 14.

Kiss again.

So now I have mine own again, begone, That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK, and his Duchess1.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest, When weeping made you break the story off, Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord, Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops, Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-broke,—

So in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2:—
"The king hath kill'd his heart."

UU 2

¹ The first wife of Edward Duke of York was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the Duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her the poet has departed widely from history; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows spake, So many greedy looks of young and old Through casements darted their desiring eyes. Upon his visage; and that all the walls, With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke! Whilst he, from one side to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck, Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen: And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode? he the

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men³,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on a Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,

² So the first quarto, the other copies have rides.

³ "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language."—Dryden; Pref. to Troilus and Oressida.

⁴ The quartos have "on gentle Richard." The folio omits gentle, possibly on account of the metre; but the word is applied to Richard's sorrow a few lines lower, and therefore redundant here.

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York.

Aumerle that was;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend;

And, madam, you must call him Rutland⁵ now:

I am in parliament pledge for his truth, And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now, That strew the green lap of the new-come spring⁶?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;

God knows, I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time, Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime. What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom??

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

6 So in Milton's Song on May Morning:—

"Who from her green lap throws

^{5 &}quot;The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon."—Holinshed.

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

7 The seals of deeds were formerly affixed to them by pendent slips or labels of parchment.

York. No matter then who sees it;

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day's.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.] Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—

Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain. [Exit Servant. Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

⁸ The folio omits day, which is recovered from the quartos.

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king. Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—

[To the Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like the? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond⁹ mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none; We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him? York. Away,

Fond woman! were he twenty times my son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him, As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful. But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect, That I have been disloyal to thy bed, And that he is a bastard, not thy son: Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind: He is as like thee as a man may be, Not like to me, or any of my kin, And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

⁹ Fond here, as in other places, signifies foolish.

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse; Spur, post; and get before him to the king, And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee. I'll not be long behind; though I be old, I doubt not but to ride as fast as York: And never will I rise up from the ground, Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away! Begone!

Scene III. Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son? 'Tis full three months since I did see him last:— If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found: Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there, For there, they say, he daily doth frequent, With unrestrained loose companions; Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes, And beat our watch, and rob our passengers; While¹ he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy, Takes on the point of honour, to support So dissolute a crewa.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince:

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

¹ The old copies misprint *Which* for *While*. The correction was made by Pope.

This is a very proper introduction to the future character of King Henry V. to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood, as the poet has described them. But it has been ably contended by Mr. Luders that the whole story of his dissipation was a fiction. At this period (i.e. 1400) he was but twelve years old, being born in 1388.

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews; And from the commonest creature pluck a glove, And wear it as a favour; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both

I see some sparks² of better hope, which elder days May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [Exeunt Percy and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If but 3 the first, how heinous e'er it be,

To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key, That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [Aum. locks the door. York. [Within 4.] My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

the door, and crieth."

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

- ² Thus the first quarto and folios. The other quartos have sparkles.
- The old copies read "If on," &c. Pope made the alteration.
 The old stage direction in the quartos is, "York knocks at

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face? Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Bolingbroke opens the door.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak; Recover breath; tell us how near is danger, That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past: I do repent me; read not my name there, My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer⁵, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages,

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

Her face," &c. Again, b. iii. c. 11:—

"That she at last came to a fountain shere."
And in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587:—
"The water was so pure and sheere," &c.

⁵ Sheer is pellucid, transparent. So in Spenser's Facric Queene, b. iii. c. 2:—

"Who having viewed in a fountain shere

This deadly blot in thy digressing 6 son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd; And he shall spend mine honour with his shame, As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold. Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies: Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath, The traitor lives, the true man's put to death. Duch. [Within.] What ho, my liege! for God's

sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager crv?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I. Speak with me, pity me, open the door; A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to The Beggar and the King7.— My dangerous cousin, let your mother in; I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray, More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may. . This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound, This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man; Love, loving not itself, none other can.

" Digressing from the valour of a man." To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular.

Thus in Romeo and Juliet:-

⁷ It is probable that the old ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" is here alluded to. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. There may have been a popular Interlude on the subject, for the story is alluded to by other cotemporaries of the poet. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. Sc. 2.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make⁸ here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [Kneels.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel⁹ upon my knees, And never see day that the happy sees, Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

Kneels

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

Kneels.

[Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace 10!] Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast; He prays but faintly, and would be denied; We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside: His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow: His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity. Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up; But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

10 This line is not in the folio.

⁸ What dost thou make here? i. e. what dost thou do here? Thus in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—

"What make you here?"

Thus the folio. The quarto copies read walk.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, pardonnez moy 11.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, That sett'st the word itself against the word!—Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land: The chopping 12 French we do not understand. Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there; Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear; That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce, Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duck. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee! Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again; Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain, But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law 13,—and the abbot 14.

¹¹ The French moy being made to rhyme with destroy, would seem to imply that the poet was not well acquainted with the true pronunciation of that language, perhaps it was imperfectly understood in his time by those who had not visited France.

12 The chopping French, i. e. the changing or changeable French. Thus "chopping churches" is changing one church for another; and chopping logic is discoursing or interchanging logic with another. To chop and change is still a common idiom.

13 The brother-in-law meant was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother to Edward II.), who had

married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

14 i. e. the abbot of Westminster.

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels 15.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too 16, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee
new.

[Excunt.

Scene IV. Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear? Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not? Serv. He did:

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me; As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart; Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go; I am the king's friend, and will rid 2 his foe.

[Exeunt.

15 "Death and destruction dog thee at the heels,"

King Richard III.

16 Too, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

¹ The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have wishtly, a non-existent word. The other old copies have wistly, a word of frequent occurrence for wistfully, i. e. with earnest and eager attention. Shakespeare has it again in Venus and Alonis:—

"O! what a sight it was wistly to view, &c."

² To rid and to despatch were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old Dictionaries, "To ridde or dispatche himself of any

Scene V. Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare 1 This prison, where I live, unto the world: And, for because the world is populous, And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it ;-Yet I'll hammer it out. My brain I'll prove the female to my soul; My soul, the father: and these two beget A generation of still-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people this little world? In humours, like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better sort,— As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd With scruples, and do set the word itself Against the word³: As thus, -Come, little ones; and then again, -It is as hard to come, as for a camel

As thus,—Come, tittle ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves

man."—"To dispatche or ridde one quickly." Vide Baret's Alvearie, 1576, in Ridde and Dispatche. So in King Henry VI. Part 11.—
"As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young prince."

The first quarto has "how I may compare," all the other old copies "how to compare."

i. e. his own body. So in King Lear:—

"Strives in this little world of man outscorn

The to and fro conflicting wind and rain."

³ By the word is meant the Holy Scriptures. The folio reads the faith itself against the faith.

Thus the folios. The quartos have "a small needle's eye."

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves, Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars, Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame That many have, and others must sit there: And in this thought they find a kind of ease. Bearing their own misfortune on the back Of such as have before endur'd the like. Thus play I, in one person, many people4, And none contented: sometimes am I king: Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar, And so I am: Then crushing penury Persuades me, I was better when a king; Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by, Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am, Nor I, nor any man, that but man is, With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd With being nothing.—Musick do I hear? [Musick. Ha, ha! keep time: --How sour sweet musick is, When time is broke, and no proportion kept! So is it in the musick of men's lives. And here have I the daintiness of ear To check⁵ time broke in a disorder'd string: But for the concord of my state and time, Had not an ear to hear my true time broke: I wasted time, and now doth time waste me. For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock: My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch6,

⁵ Thus the quartos. The folio reads "to hear."

⁴ This is the reading of the quarto, 1597; alluding, perhaps, to the custom of our early theatres. The title pages of some of our Moralities show that three or four characters were frequently represented by one person. The folio, and other copies, read "in one prison."

⁶ It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour.

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch on in this all-hating world.

To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring or ticking of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or outward watch, to which the king compare his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears (or minute drops, to use an expression of Milton), his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. Part II. tears are used in a similar manner:—

"But Harry lives that shall convert those tears

By number into hours of happiness."

⁷ The old copy has "sound that tells," but the context shows that sounds ought to be in the plural.

His Jack o' the clock, that is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 3:—

"Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke Between thy begging and my meditation." Again, in an old comedy, entitled, If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it, 1612:—

"So would I,

And we their Jacks o' the clockhouse."

See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, part ii. sect. 2.

Brooch is here figuratively used for ornament. It is frequently mentioned as an ornament worn in the hat. Thus in the Poetaster:—

"Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times."

Love to Richard would be a strange ornament to display in such an adverse world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich.

Thanks, noble peer 11;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king, When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York, With much ado, at length have gotten leave To look upon my sometimes 12 royal master's face. O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld, In London streets, that coronation day, When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary! That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid; That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbery? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground ¹³. K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back! That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down (Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck Of that proud man that did usurp his back? Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,

13 Froissart relates a tale of a favourite greyhound of King Richard's, "who was wont to leape upon the king, but left the king and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same frendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the king."—Froissart, by Berners, v. 11. fo. cccxxx.

¹¹ There is a play upon the words royal and noble as coins differing in value; the noble was probably worth ten groats.
¹² Sometimes was used for former, as well as sometime. Aliquando.

Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse; And yet I bear a burden like an ass, Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing ¹⁴ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away. Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
Exit.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do. Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, who

Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Beats the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, and then Exton strikes him down 15.

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

15 These stage directions are not in the old copies.

¹⁴ Jauncing is hard riding, from the old French word jancer, which Cotgrave explains "To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withall; or (as our) to jaunt."

!

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of roval blood: Both have I spilt! O, 'would the deed were good! For now the devil, that told me—I did well, Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell. This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;— Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, and York, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire Our town of Cicester in Glostershire: But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news? North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

16 The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed (who copied from Fabian, with whom the story of Exton is thought to have its origin). But it is said that he refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterburne, the Monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the History of Croyland, and the Godstow Chronicle. His body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, was brought to London, and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, "his heade on a black cushion, and his visage open," when it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's Cathedral. Stowe seems to have had before him a manuscript history of the latter part of King Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales. He says "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England."

The next news is,—I have to London sent The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent¹: The manner of their taking may appear At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains; And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely; Two of the dangerous consorted traitors, That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot; Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster².

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy, Hath yielded up his body to the grave: But here is Carlisle living to abide Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom³:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

¹ So the folio. The quarto reads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent. The folio is right according to the histories.

² This Abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the con-

spiracy; at least nothing was proved against him.

The Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the Pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishoprick in partibus infidelium; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire. More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life; So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife: For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand, Upon my head, and all this famous land. Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need, Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead, I hate the murderer, love him murdered. The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, But neither my good word, nor princely favour: With Cain go wander through the shades of night, And never show thy head by day nor light .-Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe, That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow: Come, mourn with me for that I do lament, And put on sullen black incontinent⁵: I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:-March sadly after; grace my mournings here, In weeping after this untimely bier. $\lceil Exeunt.$

i. e. Immediately.

deed.

⁴ Slander is the correct reading of the first quarto, all the other copies read erroneously slaughter.



CRITICAL ESSAY ON KING RICHARD II.

published in 4to. but without his name; this was followed by three other editions in the same form, each with his name on the title, and dated respectively 1598, 1608, and 1615. The two last of these editions contain new matter, set forth on the title page as "with new additions of the Parliament scene and the deposing of King Richard;" in fact, the 154 lines in the fourth act, from Bolingbroke's command to fetch the king, down to Richard's last speech and exit. In other respects these editions correspond with the elder, as they appear to have been copied again, though with much carelessness in the matter of omission of lines that may not be spared, in the original folio of 1623.

Was this scene coeval in authorship with the rest of the play, and omitted by accident or design from the first editions? Certainly though not necessary to its continuity, the interest of the act seems to require it, and we cannot recognize in its style any such diversity from other portions as would argue later date. The question of design leads us to enquire what may be the date

of the composition of the play.

The first edition falls in the same year as one of Richard III. and precedes by one year only the enumeration of Francis Meres, which avouches the existence and popularity of such plays as The Merchant of Venice, All's Well that Ends Well, King John, and the quarto edition of the First Part of Henry IV. The internal evidence of style may make us confident that Richard II. was written before all these,—scarcely, therefore, written only a single year earlier. Three years earlier, that is in 1595, Samuel Daniel published the portion of his Civil Wars that contained the reign of Richard II. at great length, and Mr. Knight has indicated certain parallelisms with Shakespeare, who he thinks was the later writer. My own impression is different. Of the description of the entry into London of Richard and Bolingbroke, Dryden said, "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any

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other language." Daniel, in recounting the same incident surmounts himself, inditing thus:—

"He that in glory of his fortune sate, Admiring what he thought could never be. Did feel his blood within salute his state, And lift up his rejoicing soul to see So many hands and hearts congratulate The advancement of his long desired degree; When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by, He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on,
The unregarded king, that drooping went
Alone, and but for spite scarce looked upon:
Judge if he did more envy or lament.
See what a wondrous work this day is done,
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present:
In th' one, to show the best of glory's face;
In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace."

On turning to Holinshed and Stow, we find the original suggestion of all, -- slight, it is true, yet sufficient, as we know by abundant parallel and precedent, for the responsive imagination of Shakespeare; but I believe it will be hard to find a like instance of the poetic fire of Daniel blazing up so brightly from such stubble, and therefore must infer that in the present instance he drew not immediately from the Chronicles or his own resources, but caught reflected beams from the previous poetic rendering of Shakespeare. Thus, however, runs the plain prose of the historian :- " After this they rode forth (that is Richard and Bolingbroke, quitting Newcastle and Stafford) and lodged at these places issuing and so to London. Neither was the king permitted all this while to change his apparel, but rode still through all these towns, simply clothed in one suit of raiment, and yet he was in his time exceedingly sumptuous in apparel, in so much as he had one coat which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 3000 marks; and so he was brought the next way to Westminster.

"As for the duke, he was received with all the pomp and joy that might be of the Londoners... it was a wonder to see what great concourse of people and what number of horses came to him on the way as he passed... and such joy appeared in the countenances of the people, uttering the same also with words as the like not lightly been seen." He then relates that it was not without difficulty that the king was protected from the mob the next day when he was carried to the Tower. The demeanout of the duke, after his proclamation as king, is thus described a page forward:—" These things done, the king rose from his seat, and with a cheerful and right courteous countenance regarding

the people, went to Whitehall, where the same day he held a great feast." Stow found in a contemporary MS. the following account of the departure of Richard from Conway Castle-" The duke, with a high, sharp voice, bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little worthless nags, not worth forty francs, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the earl of Salisbury on the other, and then the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester." I think, then, it is probable that the original transmutation of this metal is due to Shakespeare, whose work will therefore be carried back beyond 1595, the date of Daniel's poem, to a period when we have little aid. Richard the Second may have been written at almost any date between 1589, when Titus Andronicus seems to have been already produced, or 1592, when Greene's posthumous libel attests the position and pretensions of Shakespeare, and the date of the first quarto, 1597. It is highly probable that, as in the case of King John, so in this play, Shakespeare wrought upon some earlier play, though none such has come down to us; and in this case we have to entertain the possibility considered in previous essays, that the carping of Greene imputed plagiarism on the ground of the alterations that resulted in this work.

To the researches of Mr. Collier is due the recovery of a notice of an old play on the reign of Richard the Second of considerable interest in itself, and, from a certain point of view, in illustration of Shakespeare also. Dr. Symon Forman, quack and astrologer, and otherwise of ill reputation, saw a play of Richard II, at Shakespeare's own theatre of the Globe, on 30th April, 1611, and entered an abstract in his note book of plays and the hints of caution and conduct thence deducible, or, as he styled it, "A book of plays and notes thereof for common policy." This play comprised the tumult of Jack Straw and the death of the duke of Gloucester, and the intrigues of John of Gaunt to create discord in the country and make the king unpopular, with a view to his own son achieving the throne. The notice is loosely expressed, and scarcely implies that the actual deposition of Richard was represented. Besides, therefore, giving a different version of the character of John of Gaunt, this play comprised the earlier portion of the reign, which Shakespeare passes over, and appears therefore to have been a first part, introductory to a second, which would set forth the conclusion, and which, it is likely enough, was supplanted by the entirely revised version now in our hands. The caution which Dr. Forman deduced from the play he saw. is sensible enough, I dare say; but he failed to act upon it. He wrote down, "Beware, by this example, of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them," and so forth; but it was very shortly after that he was implicated in the conspiracy of a nobleman to murder Sir Thomas Overbury, escaping public accusation. however, by sudden and opportune death.

There is still another contemporary mention of a play of Richard II., which it is not without the limits of possibility may have been that of Shakespeare. The circumstances are well condensed by Mr. Knight, from whom I transcribe them, with the mere omission of the inferences that I claim to disallow. On the afternoon previous to the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, in February, 1601, Sir Gilly Merrick, one of his partisans, procured. to be acted before a great company of those who were engaged in the conspiracy, "the play of deposing Richard II." The official pamphlet of the declarations of the treasons of the Earl of Essex. states, that when it was told Merrick "by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play it; and so thereupon, played it was." In Bacon's account of the arraignment of Merrick, it is said that he ordered this play "to satisfy his eyes with a sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lord should bring from the stage to the state." In a passage in Camden's annals, it is charged against Essex that he procured by money the obsolete tragedy (exoletam tragediam) of the abdication of Richard II. to be acted in a public theatre before the conspiracy. Bacon hints at a systematic purpose of bringing Richard II. "upon the stage and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time." Elizabeth herself. in a conversation with Lambarde, the historian of Kent, and keeper of the records in the Tower, going over a pandect of the rolls which Lambarde had prepared, on coming to the reign of Richard II., said, "I am Richard II.; know ye not that." This was soon after the insurrection of Essex and Southampton in 1601,-but even before that time, Haywarde, in 1599, very narrowly escaped a state prosecution for his "First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.,"-the bringing Richard II. "into print," to which Bacon, in the passage cited, alludes. The jealousy respecting the application of the precedent of deposition to the Queen was therefore in existence, and popularly known before the attempt of Essex, and was a cause and not a consequence of the use made of the play on that occasion. This, therefore, perfectly accounts for the omission of the deposition scene, whether we suppose it to have been already written and acted or not, in the first quarto edition only two years or less before Haywarde's publication and jeopardy. There is nothing inconsistent with the play Sir Gilly Merrick engaged being Shakespeare's. that the players pleaded for a consideration to boot, or that it was considered old, or even obsolete. The playgoers of the day were used to constant novelty; and it is ever by length of run, not length of days, that a piece becomes at last unattractive, and to their satisfied apprehensions, provisionally obsolete; but of course it remains quite possible, and I think is far more likely, that the earlier play, which it is so probable furnished the groundwork of Shakespeare's, the assumed sequel of the play reported by Dr. Forman, that presents both nobility and royalty so obnoxiously, was still more susceptible of the factious interpretation

sought after, and is the play in question.

There is, however, assuredly nothing in the deposition scene that Shakespeare might not have written at the date of the first quarto edition; but on the contrary a great deal, in my opinion that is quite in keeping with both the strongest and weakest portions of the play, and could scarcely have been written by him later. The circumstances altogether seem to indicate that players might consider it safe to act what publishers did not think it safe to print; and this may account, as well for the suppressions in the quarto editions of Shakespeare's Richard II., as for the absence of any edition of King John which we have already remarked upon.

The position of Essex, with his popular manners and popularity, returned from Ireland against his sovereign's will, complaining of calumny, despoiled of his valuable patents, and appealing the royal councillors of disloyalty or treason, was quite susceptible of comparison at this time with that of Bolingbroke, at least to partizans and partial hearers; but it must have been at some earlier conjuncture that Elizabeth first started at the parallel to her own position, and there would be some interest in the recovery of the circumstances. She told Lambarde with bitterness, "This tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses;" and as this certainly was not the case in 1601, we are carried back to a time when the play that was the groundwork of Shakespeare's Richard II. was a novelty. I leave others to examine whether political records of popular discontent furnish any hint when this time might be.

It is clear to me that Shakespeare's play pre-supposes the familiarity of the audience with the earlier portion of Richard's reign, and that it is in truth a second part, of which the first was such a play, whether Shakespeare ever corrected it or not, as Dr. Symon Forman reports of. On this account the report at large

deserves transcription.

"In Richard II. at the Globe, 1611, the 30 April, Thursday.

"Remember therein how Jack Straw by his overmuch boldness, not being politic nor suspecting any thing, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth the mayor of London, and so he and his whole army overthrown. Therefore in such case, or the like, never admit any party (qv. parley) without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise nor keep himself too safe.

"Also remember how the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Erland (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men. And being in his castle, how the Earl of Erland came by night to betray him with three hundred men; but having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast and would

not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in battle.

"Remember, also, when the duke (i. e. of Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them and met them, and gave them fair words and promised them pardon, and that all should be well if they would discharge their army: upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it; and after the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them and cut off their heads, &c. because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word."

This, I apprehend, formed the catastrophe of the play, in the conduct of which we may recognize the same free handling of materials that distinguishes the old King John. The other notes of Dr. Forman refer to incidents anterior in the course of the action, and that were introduced as premonitory of, and to prepare for, the dramatic action of a second part, on the plan that is as familiar to the Greek dramatists as to Shakespeare.

"Remember therein also how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility envy the king and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which

was Henry Bolingbroke.

"Remember also how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself ever should be king, and he told him no, but his son should be a king: and when he had told him he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villainy and a Judas' kiss, to hang a man for telling him the truth. Beware, by this example, of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."

Dr. Forman's last moral, though of wider application, had a special reference to his own functions as a prophetical wise man; and the temper of his note betrays pique at the "commonwealth's opinion," which I take to mean the approving applicate of the theatre, which must have touched him closely enough.

The variation from the Chronicles here is very considerable. Gloster escapes a trap which seems copied from the very one into which he fell when attached by King Richard in person at Plashy. The Duke of Ireland was not slain in the battle of Radcot-bridge, but escaped before it was joined. The circumstances of the arrest of Arundel are transferred from an incident in the reign of Henry IV.; and Gloster was not beheaded, but, it appears by usual accounts, smothered or strangled at Calais. King Richard, however, is distinctly charged with his death, and could scarcely be represented otherwise in any version of the dramatized history.

Shakespeare makes Hereford charge Mowbray with "sluicing" out Gloster's soul "through streams of innocent blood," and York

speak of him as beheaded—thus following his brother dramatist in the form of his death. When therefore the play opens as a sequel and continuation, Richard is understood as guilty of his uncle's murder, and the spectator is not left to learn it for the first time in the second scene. Hence Mowbray is the accomplice of Richard, and his instrument; and Bolingbroke attacks the reputation of the king through him, and bullies him through his proxy. Hence, even in these earlier scenes, where the demeanour of Richard is at least kingly and dignified in appearance, if not vigorous, there is indicated the taint of weakness, of facility in yielding to a bold front, as of insolence when the front is withdrawn or out of sight. The accusation would appear the more shameless, if the first play followed the Chronicles in setting forth how Bolingbroke had himself been in arms against the king, with Arundel who suffered for it after pardon revoked, and Warwick who was exiled, and with Gloster who was murdered. The very boldness of public defence of the memory of Gloster, apart from allusion to the circumstance of his death, expresses to the spectator familiar with the circumstances a spirit of most resolute effrontery, inasmuch as Gloster had at least been in arms against the king, whether justifiably or not.

The next scene, between Gaunt and the Duchess of Gloster. states the issue distinctly of divine right and private wrong. It might seem that the action would gain in clearness if this scene preceded that which now opens the play, and thus informed the spectator of the relative position of the persons; the complicity of Mowbray and Richard, the conscious reluctance of the loyalty of Gaunt, the effrontery of Bolingbroke and the mere hollowness of his pretended attachment to Richard. But Shakespeare exhibits tone and character in speech and action, and leaves them -with what the spectator already knows—to tell for themselves. In the combat scene we can, however, with all this enlightenment, fully appreciate the dissimulation of Richard in folding Hereford in his arms, and that of Hereford in requesting to kiss his sovereign's hand before engaging his sovereign's accomplice. Hence is also intimated the timidity of Richard, as well as his ill counsel. He takes pains to reconcile wrangling lords, whose disagreement is rather to his interest; exposes the weakness of his will and power by having to permit his injunctions to be disregarded; deserts his instrument or accomplice by laying on him the heavier penalty of banishment for life, and thus discourages all adherents; opposes to the high-pitched resolution of Hereford, whose ill-will he knows, but vacillating measures,—severe without reason ostensible, and then as unreasonably lenient, and suggesting treason by exacting the engagement to withhold from foreign plotting.

In the fourth and fifth acts, Bolingbroke has changed places with Richard, and has to play a part in very similar circum-

He, like Richard, stands as arbiter while turbulentspirited barons give each other the lie, and challenge proof by combat. But Henry speaks little, and then decisively: he looks on with that pause and taciturnity that the chroniclers more than once remark of him, and is evidently not ill pleased at the dissension. No aside is introduced to indicate this,-no dialogue specially to explain it. Shakespeare set the fact before the eyes of the spectators, and presumed that to them it would be selfevident. This policy of a sovereign at the head of a confederacy of powerful allies, whether kings or nobles, is indicated as current kingcraft by Homer himself, both when Jove looks on quiet and with complacency at the gods debasing and vexing themselves by personal conflict, and when Ulysses and Achilles quarrelled. and Agamemnon looked on well pleased. Already the spirit of Henry IV, was bodied forth in this earlier play, and the action of Bolingbroke here corresponds with the policy that is constantly pursued but only coldly stated by him in his lecture on kingcraft to his son,—his inculcation of the necessity to keep the barons exercised in foreign war, to prevent them indulging their spirit of violence against himself and his weak title.

In the last act, again Henry has to entertain the charge of his loyalest and best ally against his disloyal and dangerous son; and York urging the punishment of Aumerle on Bolingbroke is in the same relative position as Gaunt giving a party verdict in the council of Richard for the banishment of his own son Bolingbroke. Richard takes Gaunt at his word too eagerly, with little thought or consideration for his true feelings, and still does so in a manner to gain no influence by decision. Bolingbroke is so far stern as to assert his vigour, and though intending to relent from the first to the prayers of the duchess, enforces persevering supplication; while, by relenting at last, he rewards York's loyalty, granting his true hopes and wishes, in denving his suit, and we do not doubt obtains thereafter an attached adherent in Aumerle. In the last scene of all, we see him among friends and enemies, bold, promising, clement, and dissimulating, as occasion asks. The realm of England assuredly has passed from a child's caprice to the vigorous sway of a grown and exercised man.

In this play as in King John the central interest, despite the special title of the individual king, is still strictly national; national as expressing the difficulties of the country in the special conjuncture of such a reign as that of Richard, and combating as best it may, but at best only to fall again into turmoil and desolation. Richard II. is in all his circumstances a contrast to John. His title is undoubted in seniority of birth and through long generations and successions; and acceding to the throne a boy of eleven years old he occupied it for twenty years and more, strong in the prestige of descent and sanctioned right. Weakness, wantonness, and extravagance are unable to resist the

temptation of his position and opportunities; and private rights, common justice, public wealth and public honour, are at last compromised to an intolerable extent. The murder of the Duke of Gloucester, the administration by upstarts to the disgust of a nobility too powerful to be neglected, the blank charters, the seizure of the inheritance of Hereford, the Irish war slackening for want of funds nevertheless, possessions won by the Black Prince basely yielded upon compromise, the realm itself let in farm, alienate alike commons and nobles; and crowning all, an individual enemy is wrought to the highest exasperation, and that one is most injured who has all the personal and political qualifications for wielding and ordering the gathered discontent, to take advantage of a favourable moment like the absence in Ireland, and the consenting chances of delaying winds.

The national aspect of the quarrel is fairly brought forward by Hereford's proud assertion of his nationality though banished, and by Gaunt's eulogy of England, by much of the plaint of the discontented Lords, and by the reflection of the last scene on the murder of Richard bringing obloquy on this famous land. The conscientious hesitations of York and Gaunt bring the difficulty to its plainest issue. Gaunt is bewildered; he bows to the right divine; and when the deputy of heaven administers injustice, he sees no outlet but to leave the remedy to heaven. Here the strongest exposition of the right divine of the anointed king is recognized by the subject, as claimed by the king himself. This repeated emphasis is laid on the virtue of the consecrating balm by Richard, his adherents, and partizans. This is a trait suggested by the detail of Richard's coronation; the traditional anointing which has been solemnized, in deference to weak minds, as gravely, if not quite so grotesquely, in our own times. Not till he is on his death's bed, and at his death hour, and belonging more to another world than this, does the old duke give full way to his indignation, and then in language only of prophecy, or at most of reproof and rebuke, addressed to the king himself, by no means in sanction of resistance in any form.

York, on whose narrower mind the weakness of age tells more, would restrain even this—the blindest loyalty is the essence of his very nature; he has borne every form of most exaggerated injustice, but the mere cumulative power of a last instance turns the scale, or sets it on the turn, and outstepping Gaunt, he entertains at last the idea of cancelled allegiance. He allows himself to admit the thought of trying royal rights and private by the same standard, and pleading the precedent of the king's own act against himself. When the last step is fully taken, the servility of his nature subjects him as absolutely to Henry as to Richard before. The instinct of simple self-defence is sufficient for the other lords, and they rush at once into rebellion.

The results of this alternative are fairly set forth. Remedy is

sought altogether irregularly, and through broken caths and lawa. The country, to rid itself of a tyrant, flies to a deliverer who is utterly unscrupulous, who will make those who take part with him accessaries to deception, fraud, and ultimately murder. Thus have tyrannies ever been founded; whenever national self-control and self-administration are out of the question from mere ignorance, credulousness, sloth, or general passion and self-seeking, or from faction disabling the otherwise capable, the first great emergency or terror drives public support at full tide to some unprincipled man of vigour, who is able to stem the difficulty he may have had more or less hand in fomenting; and whose crimes, or the mere falseness of whose position relatively to a section of his subjects, prepares for a succession of the same evils that he was called in to put an end to.

Thus the tyranny of Richard is brought to an end by a catastrophe that introduces a broken succession, and entails the long horrors of the wars of the Roses. This is solemnly and pointedly foretold in the protest of the Bishop of Carlisle. The knot of the story is handed over, therefore, by the play unloosed; or, more correctly, it is loosened by a catastrophe that necessarily induces new entanglements. The play accomplishes the fate and fall of Richard II. that gives its name; but it is left to future histories to show how far the general course of England's weal has been permanently advanced, or what new evils are to take their rise from the very efforts that abated the old. The strong vitality which the play exhibits as belonging to the feeling of legitimacy and divine right in England, is announcement of the difficulties that must arise from infringing it, however urgent and even unavoidable may be the necessity. Such blind royalism as that of Gaunt and of York does not vanish with a generation, or with two: and whether reasonable or not, its existence is an element that cannot be neglected when the policy of a public course is in question. The continuance under such rule as that of Richard is set forth by the poet as clearly out of the question for men with the spirit of Englishmen; the shamefulness and degradation to the island of such a reign is painted vividly; yet the available means for escaping from it are such as to entail most serious evils. Certainly there is no inculcation in the play of tame submission to tyranny; we honour, and we are incited to honour, Gaunt and York most when their spirits rise highest, nor can we discern a course which York, with his wretched capacity and in his position, could follow with more advantage to the nation. The agency of such rescue as comes by the unjust Bolingbroke brings however the curse of injustice with it, and thus much is at least thoroughly worked out in the play;—the tyranny that is fostered by the rulers' overweening conception of divine right and hereditary succession, mischief of which subjects who admit and encourage the idea are plainly parties and accomplices, and the certainty that

this tyranny will drag down its own destruction by whatever instruments, good or bad, though with no security that the mischief will end there. The political philosophy of monarchical institutions is illustrated by dramatic example to that point at which the theory of constitutional government has birth;—to the recognized duty of the governed and those who can instruct and influence them, to fix a solid and respected government on a base independent of such vain and delusive superstitions as divine right or indefeasible claim to false prerogative right in the governors, and to harmonize the conditions of tranquil demise of power with efficiency and probity in its exercise. It is a conclusion for weak King Richard,—

——whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.

Individually, or associated in states, it is well to have better hope for humanity, and struggle in faith for some sounder ultimate out-come at least than this, and much is to be learnt from the play before us of the true course to be given to exertion.

Thus Shakespeare, drawing from nature, exhibited as forcibly as possible the natural fact of the tyranny that results from the assumption and admission of divine and indefeasible right in an hereditary sovereign. With like copy before him he set forth as true a model of the national miseries that are to be expected when the deposition of such a tyrant is carried through by a confederacy of selfish ambition, meanness, cruelty, and murder. Contrasted with such enemies, imbecility is compassionated, and errors are palliated, and the superstition of slavish submission grows respectable or honourable, and the contest can only be lulled to be again renewed, and give matter for a series of hurtling dramatic histories. But one clear discovery overgleams all other false and lurid splendours, and it is conveyed not doubtfully that the primal mischief lies in the conditions of society which engender both tyrant and slave, or worse still sycophant, and which cause the task of abating the nuisance when no longer tolerable to be left for guilt-acquainted hands to undertake. What these conditions are a child may understand from the dilemma that is set forth in the play, and a political philosopher can only enlarge on, for they are nought else than the defect and absence of the Virtues, of Justice and Courage, of Prudence and of Moderation, thoroughly diffused among the population and developed not merely in private but in public efficiency.

In the meantime, with a prospect for a nation and for the world of ages of instability and conflict, there is something not uncheering for the present in the mere triumph of vigour and apprehensiveness; for the way of the world shows that the fierce and the active are sooner disciplined by the force of varied events

and their capacity of profiting by experience, than the torpid and the lax are braced and excited to energy.

The best commentator on the character of Richard would be a great actor; and the same remark applies to other characters in this play. It is scarcely possible, in reading the play to oneself, to appreciate the exact feeling which dictates words that in literal acceptation are at variance with the feeling of the speaker. Henry speaks words of truth and repentance when he purposes to wash off his guilt in the Holy Land, and yet his speech is dictated by politic hypocrisy; precisely as at the commencement of the ensuing play he smoothly opens the council with happy words on the end of civil conflict, while he all the while has letters in his pocket and the messenger waiting his summons, to announce the contumacy of the Percies. reader, or the spectator, must form his own judgment how far a character is to be understood as wilfully deceiving others, or unconsciously deceiving himself; and the poet appears to desire to reduce the positive indications of insincerity to the lowest degree, and leave as much as possible to the sagacity of his audience, recognizing motive in the flow and rhythm of lines which in purport are at entire variance with these motives. Thus the hollow loyalty of the challenger, Bolingbroke, in the first act. is expressed, but not in words; by what he does not say it appears, rather than by what he does; or by what he says as betraying by tone and occasion, that it must be interpreted by reverse. I am inclined to think that this refinement is sometimes overwrought, even for the spectator, now the actors are gone who enjoyed the author's own instructions, or could dispense with them; but of course we cannot impeach Shakespeare, who wrote for the stage, for not considering a reader. . The interpretation of many scenes can only be correctly obtained by the same study that an actor must give of his entire part, and that only an accomplished actor is capable of giving. His rendering and intonation of one scene is governed by those which he knows must follow, but that the reader for the first time is of course ignorant of, and gaining no aid from previous scenes, is unprepared for when they arrive. So refined is the finesse that I believe that, in some instances, the clue to the spirit of the speaker is only obtainable from the impression of the flow and rhythm of his words in actual recitation.

Simply on this account the purport of much of the first act of Richard II. is obscure to the reader, and the difficulty is enhanced by the assumption of his familiarity with circumstances that perished for him with the earlier play; and if Richard II. is ever to be successfully revived on the stage, I think that a chorusprologue should recite these—but who shall write it?

It is curious to extract from the chroniclers their views and statements of the character and feelings of Richard. The general tone of Richard after the invasion is derived from the account of an eye witness—the author of the metrical history that was accessible in Stow. Thus, at the meeting with Salisbury—"At the meeting of the king and the earl, instead of joy, there was very great sorrow. Tears, lamentations, sighs, groans, and mourning quickly broke forth. Truly it was a piteous sight to behold their looks and countenances, and woeful meeting." The germ of another fine scene is thus expressed—"The king went up again upon the walls and saw that the army was two bowshots from the castle; then he, together with those that were with him, began new lamentations."

The account that Froissart gives of these contemporary events is full of inaccuracies, all set forth with that easy and entertaining circumstantiality that sometimes marks truth, and sometimes the designed imitation of it, and sometimes nothing more than a lively imagination that goes partners with memory, share and share alike. He makes the earl place himself in the power of Richard with only eleven attendants. "Consider," he pleasantly proceeds, "the great risk the Earl of Derby ran, for they could as easily have slain him when in the castle, (which they should have done, right or wrong,) and his companions, as birds in a cage." The ensuing conversation, as he gives it, respecting the journey to London, is traceable in the play, and then an anecdote follows of a favourite greyhound quitting the king to fawn on his enemy, that is not unrelated to the groom's description of the pride of pace of the transferred roan Barbary.

The free speech of the Bishop of Carlisle is from Holinshed, and so also is his arrest; his pardon I do not find, but the spirit of it is given in the reception to favour by King Henry of Jenico Dartois, a Gascoigne knight, the last of Richard's servants who obstinately persisted in wearing his cognizance, the white hart, still seen in his hall at Westminster, and suffered prison in consequence, and all men thought would have lost his life. This is the type of the one faithful groom, whose attachment vindicates at least the instincts of humanity, in the last scene of the weak and guilty, but still compassionable king.

Hall, who wrote under Edward VI., and is one of the authorities of Holinshed, describes the king in the Tower as "being for sorrow withered, broken, and in a manner half dead,"—"desperate, pensive, and full of dolour, so that, in only hope of his life and safeguard, he agreed to all things that of him were demanded."

Shakespeare sufficiently intimates this motive for Richard's submissiveness, but he spares him the humiliation of admitting it, and, in the words of Hall, "of beseeching the duke to grant him the safeguard of his life, and to have compassion of him now, as he before that time had been to him bountiful and magnificent."

So, again, the pusillanimity of the deposed king is somewhat relieved in the added scene by his repulse of the base-minded Northumberland, and his rejection, however indirectly, of the last indignity of reading openly the confession of his grievous crimes; but this is distinctly in contradiction to the histories, where he submits to all, "and then, with a lamentable voice and a sorrowful countenance, delivered his sceptre and crown to the Duke of Lancaster, requiring every person severally by their names to grant and assent that he might live a private and a solitary life, with the sweetness whereof he would be so well pleased, that it should be a pain and a punishment to him to go abroad."

Sooth to say, there are few of the historical personages whom Shakespeare has brought upon the stage whom he has not found it necessary to represent more favourably than history bears out. Another example from the present play may be adduced, referring to the sentiment of honour and loyalty which the idea of the drama required to be at once embodied and idealized.

· The sacred indignation of York at the treason of his son Aumerle is found in the chronicle in no more venerable form than this:—

"Thou traitor thief, thou hast been a traitor to King Richard; and wilt thou now be false to thy cousin King Henry? Thou knowest well enough that I am thy pledge borowe and mayneperner, body for body and land for goods, in open parliament, and goest thou about to seek my death and destruction; by the holy rood, I had liefer see thee strangled on a gibbet."

Hall again, and not his abbreviator, Holinshed, is very exactly followed in the death scene of Richard; even the very words are preserved—"The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee together;" but the poet substitutes a beating of the keeper for a blow on the head with the carving-knife, and reduces the number of assassins slain from four, out of eight, to two. The chronicler, in his own reflections on the story, and in those he ascribes to the French king, correctly strikes that note that was to be made by Shakespeare the key of his composition—the astounding downfal of a consecrated monarch; but how much the advantage lies on the side of the poet, both in fairness and consistency, will appear by the extract:—

"What trust is in this world, what surety man hath of his life, and what constancy is in the mutable commonalty, all men may apparently perceive, by the ruin of this noble prince; which being an indubitable king, crowned and anointed by the spiritualty, honoured and exalted by the nobility, obeyed and worshipped of the common people, was suddenly deceived by them which he most trusted, betrayed by them whom he had preferred, and slain by them whom he had brought up and nourished; so

that all men may perceive and see that fortune weigheth princes and poor men all in one balance."

The sudden change of Richard's demeanour, the conversion of his character, ensues on danger and disaster, as that of John on temptation and crime. The crisis expresses the revulsion of a life and death, a progress of body as well as mind in their most intimate and corresponsive dependence. Res sacra est miser, and the offender who is so far subdued as to be utterly wretched, is felt to have vindicated the better tendency in his nature, and to have made some compensation, and to claim a commiserating tear; and Richard, in his abject self-abandonment, acquires a touch of dignity from the appearance that he is not so much actuated by alarm or caution, as divesting himself in hurried shame and self-disdain, of all the trappings and recollections of a course that was a mistake, and an absurdity, and a falsehood throughout, and is irrecoverable now by any aid from earth or heaven.

The preparation for the continuation of the history through the reign of Henry IV. appears in the prominence given to Northumberland, the introduction of Hotspur his son, and the prophecy of Richard, and in the allusions to the excesses yet promise, of the Prince of Wales, the future Henry V.; lastly, in the allusion to the penitential crusade, a topic that recurs more than once in the succeeding play. These anticipations are paired with as marked a reminiscence in Henry IV., where Hotspur recals the very words that are put into the mouth of Bolingbroke—of "gentle Harry Percy," and "fair cousin," and "when my infant fortune comes to years."

It is in the first act, and in the conclusion of the latest scene, that we trace the chief indications of early origin in Richard II. in couplets, alternate rhymes, and an occasional limp, an occasional stiltedness and formality of the verse, that remind of the first King John, and confirm the conjecture of a similar antecedent here. In these respects, as well as in a certain desultoriness in its conduct, and a flatness of effect, dependent on the large space occupied by weak, however well defined characters, the play is secondary to King John, and in general force, variety, and balance, cannot be considered on a par with it, still less, notwithstanding all its excellencies, can it be placed in the most distinguished rank of the Shakespearian collection.

W. W. Ll.

END OF VOL. IV.

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